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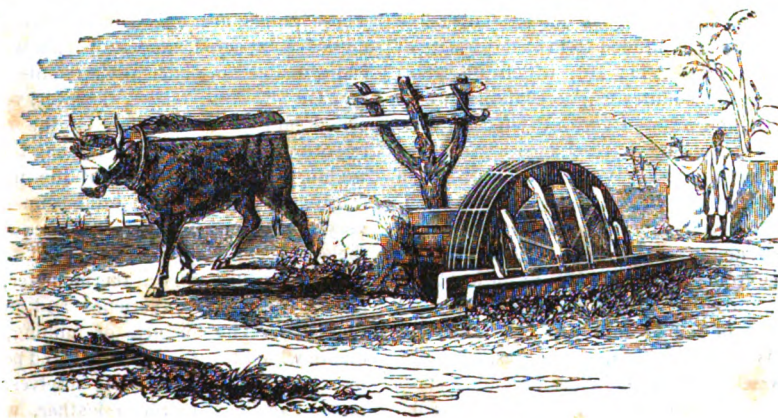
# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XX.—No. 1.....JULY, 1864.....WHOLE No. 115.  
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## EGYPT AND THE NILE.

WE intend to take the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* to Egypt, and a short distance up the Nile. We shall not try and discover the source of the river, for Captain Speke says that he has done that, and we are willing to take his word for the fact, without further discussion, although the captain has not been so fortunate in Europe, where the *savans* pretend to know everything, yet practically know but little. The river is supposed to be two

Egypt is now called by the natives, and throughout the East generally, *Misr* or *Masr*, a name evidently connected with the *Misraim* of Scripture; and this name being in the dual number, seems to refer to the division of the country into Upper and Lower Egypt, which were always considered, under the native dynasties, as different kingdoms, symbolized by different crowns. The ancient Egyptian name of the country, *Khemi* (whence *Cham* or



SAQYAH FOR RAISING WATER.

thousand three hundred miles long, from its source, wherever it is, to its mouth, and as some of our patrons might object to such a lengthy voyage, we will simply glance at the river, avoid alligators, hippopotamuses, rhinoceroses and snakes, and if our readers do not like the trip after such a promise, they must turn over the leaves until they come to the rich treat of tales, poems and descriptive articles, which we have provided in this number. But to our subject.

*Ham*), signified black, and was probably suggested by the dark color of the sedimentary soil. As to the origin of the name Egypt (*Ægyptus*), no one has yet been able to offer a plausible explanation of it. The attempts to derive the word from Greek roots are merely puerile, and Bruce's assertion, that *y-gypt* signifies in Ethiopic the land of canals, requires confirmation. Besides, the Ethiopic (or Geez) language is apparently too modern a source to allow us to hope that it could

furnish any elucidation of the Egyptian archæology.

There is in fact no winter in Egypt; the distinction of the seasons depends immediately on the Nile, and with the state of the river, the aspect of the country undergoes the greatest changes. The seasons are there reduced to three—the inundation, spring, and harvest. At the beginning of June, the hot winds being over, and most of the crops cut, the country begins to resemble the adjacent desert, and the parched ground cracks and opens in all directions, when, in the third week of the month, the river is observed to rise. The increase of the water becomes in a short time regular, till it reaches the maximum, about the second week of September. Its progress is watched with much anxiety, for, should the flood fall short of the expected measure, famine must ensue; but should it, on the other hand, exceed the ordinary limits, it may break down the embankments, sweep away villages, and carry desolation in its course. The Nile may rise at the present day twenty-eight feet, without occasioning any damage. As the canals become filled, the water is allowed to run over the fields and gardens, the low dams which protect them being successively trodden down. This mode of proceeding is alluded to in that passage of Scripture (Deut. 11: 10), which describes Egypt as the country “Where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst with thy foot.” During this season, Egypt resembles a great sea, in which the towns, villages, and groves of trees, figure as so many islands. By the middle of November, the river has returned to its old bed, and, as the waters retire, the fields emerge from the inundation in a most un-  
sightly guise, covered with blackish mud; but this state of things does not last long; the seed is quickly sown, the refreshed earth teems with life, and, in an incredibly short time, the face of the country, lately so deformed, is clothed with the richest verdure. This spring time lasts till the Khamsin or hot winds, after which comes the harvest, and occupies the period that intervenes till the return of the inundation, or from April till June. And here it may be observed that even when the Nile is low, the work of irrigation may be carried on to some extent by means of the sakyah, as seen in the engraving on our first page, which is a rudely-constructed wheel, placed vertically, and turned by oxen, buckets being fixed to its circumference, the lower part of which passes through the water;

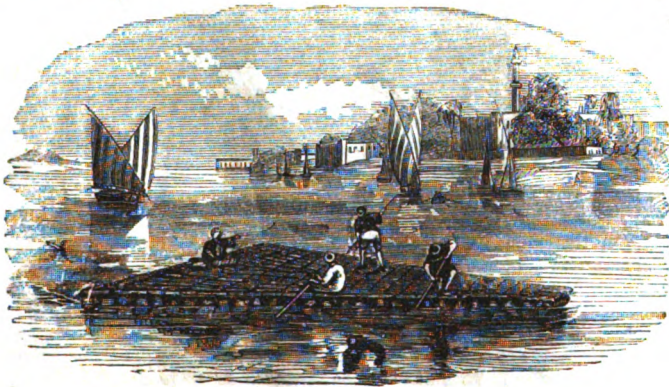
or whose circumference is divided by partitions into separate water compartments, with outlets at the side, as seen in the figure. It is said that there are 50,000 sakyahs in Egypt, notwithstanding the tax injudiciously levied on them.

But let us turn from the Nile, which is still a river of wonders, although visited each year by hundreds of travellers, and see what the industry of Egypt looks like, for the branch of industry for which Egypt is peculiarly adapted by nature, is agriculture; yet in that country, where three successive crops may be gathered in the year, agriculture is still in a very low state; the necessary consequence of the wretched condition and extreme poverty of those engaged in it. The Egyptian husbandman is ill supplied with the implements of agriculture; he has little stock; he knows nothing of the rotation of crops, or of the use of manure, and, being habitually oppressed, he cherishes no hope of personal advantage to be derived from the improvement of his art. The Egyptians still adhere to their ancient custom of uniting the followers of each business or profession into a guild or corporation, governed by their chief or sheikh, who acts, if need be, as their representative. These guilds are exceedingly numerous, as might be expected, among a people whose social organization reaches to a remote antiquity. Of all these trades, however, very few can claim especial mention on the score of importance or singularity. Among these few, we must place the business of the mahm-al-faruj, or egg-hatching establishments. A very steady heat (about 140°) is required for the success of this process; yet the keeper of the ovens never uses a thermometer, but is guided wholly by experience and practised sensation. The business of tanning, also, is one in which the Egyptians succeed perfectly, by a process peculiar to themselves. They make excellent morocco leather, which is goatskin dressed and dyed in a particular manner. The pottery of Egypt, also, deserves a word of praise, chiefly for the merit of the bardaks or water-jars. The best bardaks are those made at Keneh, which, besides being impregnated with a fine and lasting perfume, are, in various degrees and forms, permeable to water; so that while some serve as filters, others exude the purified fluid, and keep it cool by evaporation, which effect, in such a climate as Egypt, is a matter of great importance. These jars are transmitted to Cairo in a singular manner. They are tied



together in large numbers, with their mouths downwards, and thus forming long rafts, are floated down the Nile. But what may be called the indigenous industry of Egypt, though it could supply a long list of trades and occupations, is too rude and primitive to figure in commerce, or even to supply the wants of the country under the new system of things. The manufactures, on a large scale, in Egypt, which are carried on with skill and capital, and the aid of machinery, all owe their establishment to the late Mahomed Ali, and are, in fact, the property of the government. The energetic ruler had incautiously embraced the doctrine that it is always more advantageous to produce than to purchase, and, consequently, he sought to supply all the wants of the country from within, imagining that every branch of industry which

of the peasant class, or Fellahs, as they are called—are undoubtedly indigenous, and may be regarded as descendants of the ancient Egyptians. These having embraced Mahomedism, are now generally denominated Arabs, though easily distinguished from the true Arab, who invariably regards the Fellah with contempt. The Copts are the Egyptians who still cling to the Christian faith; though comparatively few, they contrive to hold a respectable position in society, by means of their education and useful talents. They are thus widely separated by their faith and social lot from the Fellahs, though of kindred race with them. The Fellahs are generally peasants and laborers; the Copts fill the posts of clerks and accountants. With these aboriginal Egyptians are mingled, in various proportions, Turks, Arabs (chiefly Bedouins), Armenians,



POTTERY FLOAT ON THE NILE.

flourished elsewhere, would prove profitable in Egypt also. He established above twenty cotton-mills, on a large scale, horses or oxen being employed as the moving power. His linen manufactories deliver annually 3,000,000 pieces, and compete in Italy with those of Germany and England. The manufacture of silk, as well as the rearing of the silk-worm, received from him a powerful impulse. Then woollen cloth, hempen cordage, sugar, indigo, oil, gunpowder, and various chemical products, all engaged his attention; and in every case he established manufactories, to be conducted on the public account. He even went so far as to establish an iron-foundry at Boulak, a suburb of Cairo, on the Nile.

The engravings on pages 8 and 9 represent the people who till the ground, and live outside of the cities. Of this portion of the inhabitants of Egypt, the great majority—those

Greeks, Berbers, Negroes, Jews, and Franks. The Turks form a privileged class, or kind of aristocracy, and hold the principal offices under government. The Arab tribes considered as belonging to Egypt, and to whom lands have been assigned, are the Bedouins, who supply the country with camels, sheep, and, to some extent, with horses. Their haunts are on the borders of El-Fayoum; their numbers about 250,000. The Armenians are generally bankers or jewellers; the Greeks are all merchants and traders. The Berbers, from Lower Nubia, below the second cataract, do all porters' work; while the Negroes are preferred as domestic servants.

Among the fixed and stereotyped forms of the Eastern world, the method of travel and transit from one part of the land to another is as unique and established as in the most ancient times. In Egypt the ass seems to be



the most important animal for this purpose. An English writer, narrating his experience in that kingdom, gives the following description of the manner of training and use of this animal. He says:

An Egyptian donkey is, indeed, "the horse's godson," as the fellaheen proverb asserts. In England the donkey is well known as a small, long-eared animal, with a black cross on its back, not disposed to prolonged speed, intensely stubborn, and except at seaside places, not much patronized by the richer classes, who, indeed, rather despise its demure and stiff-necked patience. In Egypt, it is bestrode by all classes, being no longer slow, no longer obstinate. Its pace, if not tremendous, is untir-

mel, and to some part of the under part is generally fastened (perhaps as a talisman against the evil eye and the bad genii) some ring or other ornament of blue porcelain. The stirrups are often brass and of strange shape, and the jogging of the rider's feet is the chief incitement used to the animal; sometimes, at special moments, as at the final race home, aided by a long-drawn shout of "Ah—h!" and a screw of the vertebræ of the tail not altogether unknown among Britons. There is generally a saddle-cloth; it is often a very gay red and blue carpet, sometimes a mere little rug of brown wool, rudely simple, but sufficient. Too often the Egyptian, who is not merciful to animals (he has only just escaped



FELLAHS EMPLOYED IN AGRICULTURE.

ing; and as for appearances, what the prophet loved to ride the wealthiest spice merchant of the bazaars dare not despise. The basha's favorite wives ride donkeys when they pay their morning calls or go shopping for perfumed silks. The first thought of the son of a pilgrim returning from Mecca, who hears that the caravan has been sighted, is to run and saddle an ass, that his tired father may dismount from his wearisome camel, and at least enter the "victorious city" in peace and comfort. Troops of these long-suffering animals stand in the Usbeekieh, or chief square of Cairo. The Caïreen saddle has a raised round pommel, mounting into a smooth hump, and covered neatly with red leather. The bridle ties up with a slip-knot to a ring in this pom-

mel, and to some part of the under part is generally fastened (perhaps as a talisman against the evil eye and the bad genii) some ring or other ornament of blue porcelain. The stirrups are often brass and of strange shape, and the jogging of the rider's feet is the chief incitement used to the animal; sometimes, at special moments, as at the final race home, aided by a long-drawn shout of "Ah—h!" and a screw of the vertebræ of the tail not altogether unknown among Britons. There is generally a saddle-cloth; it is often a very gay red and blue carpet, sometimes a mere little rug of brown wool, rudely simple, but sufficient. Too often the Egyptian, who is not merciful to animals (he has only just escaped

from the animal kingdom of slavery himself), allows the girth to fret the poor beast into raw patches and streaks that distress the European rider perhaps even more than they do the animal itself. The periodical donkey market held at Cairo is a pretty and a curious sight. It is held near Boulak, about a quarter of a mile out of the town. There you may see the genus donkey to perfection; of all ages, of all sizes, from the sleek fawn-colored foal to the mature old donkey who has seen the world. Anxious men in blue gowns, mouthing wrangling and guttural Arabic, wander through this world of donkeys, examining eyes, teeth, flanks, and heels with as much severity of criticism as if their own eyes were not ophthalmic and their own



teeth half out. Brown children stand in a cluster round a barber who is shaving a donkey, or cutting the hair of his legs into striped and zig-zagged patterns; while opposite—under a mud wall topped with a chevaux-de-frize of dead palm branches, against which lean rows of jointed sugar-cane for sale—sits one of the donkey owners, having his Moslem head shaven by the dry razor of a skilful barber. What perfect sympathy between the men and the sometimes inferior animal! A good donkey is worth, I believe, about 5*l.*; and as he lives on chopped straw, he must return a good percentage on the money invested.

The donkey-boys are seldom the owners; generally several asses belong to one man, who

parting gift to his faithful donkey-boy. Achmed, a member of the fraternity, assured me that "Merrian Howaga" (gentleman, literally merchant) "promise buy me wife; but I say, no—no want wife, than'ee sare." Upon being pressed, Achmed assured me that the piastres were offered in a bona fide manner, and poured out from the one hand of the Howaga to another.

To see these boys to advantage, go to the rude stone platform outside the door of Shepherd's Hotel, at Cairo, the morning after the English steamer has arrived.

It is about half-past eight o'clock, and the first breakfast gong has sounded. The early risers are already seated on chairs outside the



FELLAH DRESSED IN THE HABA, AND FEMALE WEARING FACE VEIL.

pays the boys a mere pittance, for which they sometimes run about twenty miles a day in a burning sun, jostled by camels, horses, carriages heavily laden, and foot-passengers irritable with the heat, noise, dust and confusion of Cairo. The native pays them one-and-sixpence, the everywhere-plundered Englishman two shillings a day, half of which goes to the owner. Yet even these boys have an ideal, as the drummer-boy has his Wellington. There was once a donkey-boy who became a rich coach proprietor. To go up the Nile with an American gentleman is also supposed to be the pathway to a certain fortune—why, I cannot say. There is also a vague tradition, of very doubtful origin, that a Frank traveller once bought a donkey and presented it as a

door, intent on witnessing an Arab juggler, not, perhaps, such an one as hardened Pharaoh's heart, but no fool either. See! he whips out of a goat-skin bag three snakes—yellow wretches, with whitish bellies—they twine round his feet, and, rearing up their heads, puff out their hoods, and dart their quivering tongues towards his legs, with jerking darts. The wily Arab pretends to be alarmed; he takes up all three snakes by the tails, and waves them like a Medusa scourge in the face of the greenest griffin present, who is struggling with a large cigar that makes him silent and thoughtful, and he draws back, under pretext of asking the waiter for a light, for "these confounded cigars are always going out."

A dragoman, vexed at seeing me amused at

this, slides up, and tells me that all this is nothing. "Poor thing! what you think?" and that if I choose to pay three or four dollars, he will bring Darweesh, who will eat snakes, chew live coals, stab himself, and eat a glass lamp. "What you think?"—which generous offer I decline, as well as I do his proposal to bring me a man who will put a child in a wicker basket, cut it in pieces, and then bring it to life.

An order from the griffin to "get another chair, old fellow, for my feet!" rescues me from this parasite just as a roar of laughter breaks from the platform, as a little pet donkey of the juggler, being asked who is the cleverest man present, nuzzles his nose into his employer's ear, as if whispering a name, which the juggler asserts is his, the juggler's own. A performing goat next appears, and balances his fore legs on a small balustrade of wood, which the juggler keeps heightening by the addition of fresh stands.

Half an hour later, imagine the same place, breakfast over; a crowd of serene and contented Englishmen, with the best possible opinion of the world, pours forth all eager to ride to the citadel, the great mosques, the baths, the Nilometer, or the great Pyramids themselves. Thirty donkeys trot to the front, thirty boys roar out the names of their donkeys—their pedigrees, their ages, their prices, their capabilities, and their drivers' titles. It is "Here's Captain Snook Howaga!" "Try Billy Thompson, master!" "Him very good donkey! Achmed's donkey!" "Here's your donkey, sare!" "I'm Mohammed, sare!" "Here's Selim!" This jangle is put an end to by the avatar of Ginowlee the Nubian, in a crimson tarboosh, flowing white robe, and bare feet, who, liberally administering a course of his hippopotamus-hide whip, which, like himself, comes from the second cataract, soon quells the riot. Ginowlee is the terror of the donkey-boys, and is retained by the hotel expressly to keep down their sudden insurrections. Encouraged by the lull, the hardier English mount the foremost donkeys, the stirrups being held for them; others, particularly the more elderly gentlemen, are sought for, blundered off one donkey and lifted on another, as if they were plunder, and the boys were the forty thieves fighting for it. Eventually the crowd thins, the leading donkeys canter off at a matchless pace, and the rest, with various degrees of speed, dash onward past the Coptic quarter towards the bazaars.

The whole population of Egypt has been

estimated by the government at four millions, but Europeans think that it is less than three millions. Egypt, however, is growing wealthy by the aid of cotton, the high price having stimulated the natives to raise large crops. The soil seems adapted for the culture of cotton, and this land may yet help supply the wants of the world.

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### THE GLOW-WORM.

Glow-worms first make their appearance, after passing from the nymph to the perfect state, about the middle of June, and remain visible until the end of July, or a little later. They are observed to shine most frequently on calm, dewy evenings, and are more brilliant before than after midnight. The light is given out from the under side of the three last segments of the body—the tenth, eleventh and twelfth. In the tenth and eleventh it forms two broad bands, extending across the whole surface. In the twelfth, or last segment, it is feeble, and appears merely as two bright spots. There are few persons resident in a part of the country where these insects abound, who have not on many occasions taken glow-worms into their hands with the intention of carrying them home, either to show to their friends, or to deposit them on some bank or grass-plot near the house, to be examined at leisure another night. The result has been, we imagine, the same in every case. Within a quarter of an hour the insect has withdrawn the light from the tenth and eleventh segments of the body; but the two bright spots in the last segment have remained visible. On the following evening, perhaps, the glow-worms have re-appeared in their original brilliancy; but in the course of a few more nights the majority have either disappeared entirely, or their light has faded away to a couple of dim sparks. Of a dozen thus brought home, not one, probably, is to be found at the expiration of a week. The reason is the same in every case. The glow-worm, after it has passed its last metamorphosis, lives but a short time. The whole period during which it continues to shine is rarely more than fifteen or twenty days. During the first few evenings only of this period is the light brilliant. As soon as the glow-worm is ready to lay its eggs, the spark becomes every evening less and less vivid; and after the eggs are deposited, either the insect dies, or if it lives on till the following year, it passes its nights in darkness.



## THE EXCHANGE, COPENHAGEN.

One of the most remarkable buildings in Copenhagen, Denmark, is the Exchange, a most admirable representation of which is presented to our readers on this page. The Exchange is located on the Slotsholm, near the king's palace. The tower of the building is about 176 ft. high, and covered with lead, terminating in a point, about which the tails of four dragons are twisted together, while their heads are turned so as to point out the four cardinal points. Tradition bears that this tower was transported from Kalmar, in Sweden, by Christian IV., as a trophy of his victory. Copenhagen is rich in museums and curious collections. The most recently form-

sections, according to the ages in which they belong, and proceed in regular gradation, from the rudest efforts of heathenism to the age of chivalry. The royal museum of Natural History, in the Stormgade, is rich both in zoological and mineralogical specimens. Among the former, the most deserving are the birds (particularly a complete collection of those of Iceland), and the insects; among the latter, a mass of native silver from Norway—the largest in the world, about 6 ft. long, 2 ft. broad, and 8 inches thick—and a magnificent piece of amber, found in Jutland, and weighing about 27 lbs. The other important collections are the royal cabinet of coins and medals, in the Castle of Rosenborg,



THE EXCHANGE, COPENHAGEN.

ed, but at the same time, perhaps, the most interesting of these, is Thorwaldsen's Museum, situated on the Slotsholm. It is built in the form of a parallelogram, in a style of architecture partly Egyptian, partly Grecian, and contains the rich bequest which that great sculptor made to his country, of his compositions and collections, during the course of half a century. The Museum of Northern Antiquities occupies a wing of the palace of Christiansborg, but a considerable part of the collections properly belonging to it is deposited in the Royal Museum, in the Droningen Tvergade. These combined collections form a museum which is almost unique. The antiquities are arranged in four

alike remarkable for the number and the rarity of its specimens; the ethnographical museum, and the royal gallery of paintings, in the Christiansborg, have about 1000 pictures.

## WRITING AND ACTING.

Chatham commenced his career in the intrigues of a camp and the bustle of a mess-room; where he probably learnt the way to govern others, is to make your will your warrant, and your word a law. If he had spent the early part of his life like Mr. Burke, in writing a treatise on the *sublime and beautiful*, and in dreaming over abstract nature and causes of things, he would never have taken the lead he did in the British senate.



**BOSTON COMMON.**

Compared to the European parks, Boston Common is small, but it is no less precious in the eyes of our citizens because it is a miniature breathing place, and about the only one that we can boast of in the central portion of the city, with the exception of the Public Garden. At the south part of the city there are several squares, flanked by elegant private residences, and all of them are patronized by pedestrians during pleasant afternoons and evenings; but none can compete

sports, and the crowds of well-dressed promenaders enjoying the cool air that floats among the trees, fresh from the Charles river and the green hills beyond. Through the foliage of the trees can be seen the dome of the State House, where the laws are made, and political campaigns are sometimes marked out, while in a different direction can be observed the new thoroughfares called Commonwealth Avenue and Arlington street, on which costly houses are being erected.

To be sure New Yorkers, since they have



BOSTON COMMON.

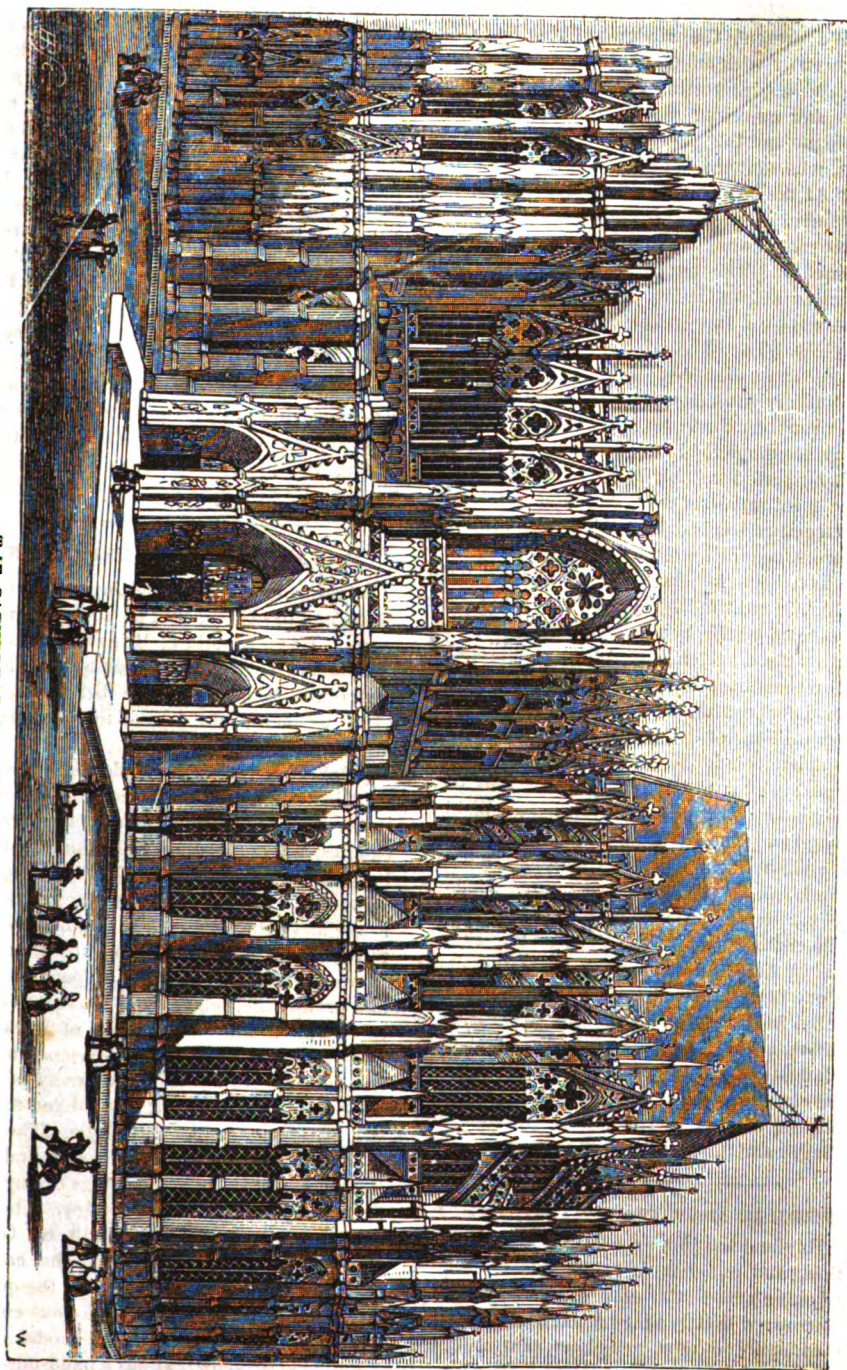
with the Common for natural beauty and location.

The engraving on this page is a striking likeness of the Common as it appears in the early part of July, when the stately elms are in their magnificence, the boughs drooping towards the earth, burdened with the harvest of their luxuriant verdure; the grass soft and like velvet to the feet; the fountain throwing up jets of pure water which sparkle in the sunshine like columns of crystal inlaid with the treasures of diamond and gold mines; the groups of happy children engaged in their

owned a Central Park, pretend to sneer at Boston Common, but their slurs do not affect us. We love the Common, and the more it is abused the better we like it. We wish it was ten times larger; but as that cannot be, we make the most of it. And while we possess a spot so beautiful as this during the summer season, our people do not hesitate to make it yield its full measure of enjoyment. No place is thronged by gayer or happier groups than Boston Common on all days of public parade or civil or military display. Long may it minister to the health and happiness of our city.



THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.



**THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.**

We present the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* with another of our series of foreign views, interesting and historical, instructive and amusing. Speaking of the city of Cologne and the cathedral, our correspondent, who sent the drawing, remarks:

"At the city of Cologne I landed from the steamer. The greatest object of interest at Cologne, and the first thing I visited, was the cathedral. This cathedral, which was commenced in 1248, is not yet completed, though the work of late years has gone on quite rapidly. The king of Prussia has given immense sums of money towards its completion. Voluntary subscriptions have also been made all over Germany. So the prospect is that it may be completed in another century—rather a long period to look ahead! The name of the great architect who designed so splendid a structure has been lost. The two principal towers, according to the original plan, were to have been five hundred feet high. That which is most finished at present is not over one-third of the height. On its top still remains the crane employed by the masons to raise the stones for the building, where it has stood for centuries [see engraving]. About four millions of dollars are still required to complete this immense structure. The transepts are now nearly completed. The piers which are to support the real roof are making progress. The late king of Bavaria presented five painted windows, which are placed in the south side of the aisle; five painted windows in the north aisle were executed in 1503. The entire length of the body of the church will be five hundred eleven feet; the choir is one hundred fifty-one feet high, and internally, from its size, height and disposition of pillars, arches, chapels and beautiful colored windows, resembles a splendid vision. Round the choir, against the columns, stand fourteen colossal statues of the twelve apostles, the Virgin and Saviour, colored and gilt."

**FRENCH IRON-CLAD "LA COMETE."**

England has just experienced a new sensation, and one not of an agreeable nature. Looking across the channel, John Bull has discovered that France has launched an iron-clad, built on new principles, that threaten to combine speed, strength and light draught of water, qualities which it was supposed could not be concentrated in an iron-clad. Her name is "La Comete," and her extreme

length is about 136 feet, with 28 feet beam, and she draws a little over seven feet of water. Her bottom is flat, and has two false keels, which will enable her to sit upright when aground. She has five port holes on each side, and can carry guns of the heaviest calibre, while her deck and between decks accommodations are amply sufficient for 1200 men. The thickness of her armor is not given, but it is hinted at something near six inches, and capable of resisting a shot from a three-hundred pounder Armstrong gun. Even the French naval officers, who do not like iron-clads, are in raptures with "La Comete," and think that she is a success in every respect. We present our readers with an accurate engraving of the ship, knowing that they will examine the picture with much interest during the present rivalry of the maritime powers.

**ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.**

Brighton, England, is a celebrated watering-place, and has been noted as such for many years. When we talk of Brighton, visions of the bloated George the Fourth, Beau Nash, and other fashionables rise before us, and carry us back to the days of the pump room, dissipation and frivolity.

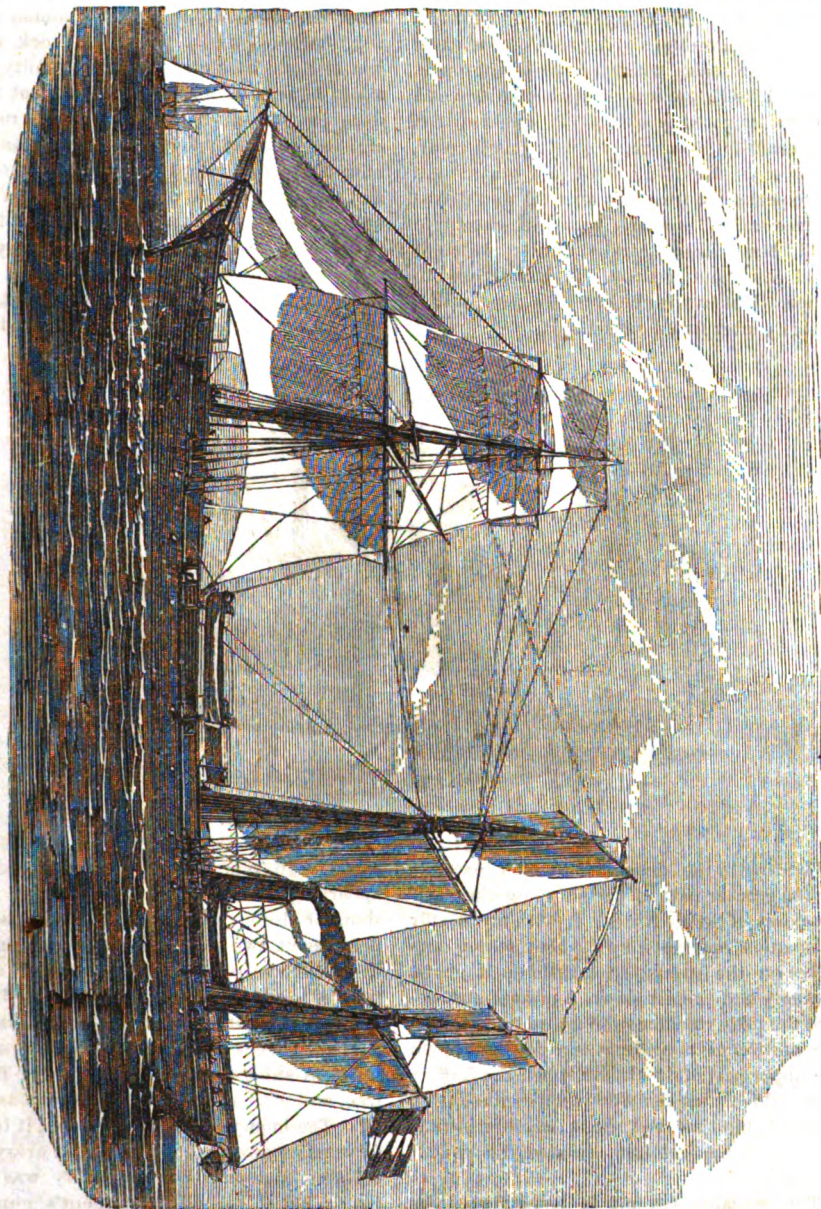
Brighton is rather a handsome place. It contains upwards of 500 streets, of all descriptions, with numerous handsome terraces, squares, and crescents. The principal streets have a slight curve in conformity with the shore line, and contain many shops fitted up in the most splendid style. In front of the town is a stupendous sea wall, extending nearly two miles and supporting a spacious drive and promenade, constructed at a cost of \$500,000. The houses are mostly of brick and flint-stone, and some of those of modern erection six or seven stories high; many of them are covered with cement, painted and finished in a tasteful and ornamental style. The town is abundantly supplied with water, and well lighted with gas. The buildings of any note, exclusive of the churches, are few. The most remarkable is the pavilion, built by George IV., but recently purchased by the commissioners of Brighton, an edifice in the oriental style of architecture, with numerous cupolas, spires, and minarets, on the model of the Kremlin at Moscow. It has a handsome stone front, 200 feet in length, with a large Oriental dome, 130 feet high, nearly in the centre. The whole structure, with its stables, out-



buildings, and gardens, which are open to the public as pleasure-grounds, occupies nine acres. Opposite the palace front, within a railed area, stands a bronze statue of George IV., by Chantrey. The other buildings worthy of

tal; the theatre; the Brighton College; and the chain pier, an object of great utility and ornament, 1134 feet long and 13 feet wide, erected at a cost of \$150,000. Several of the hotels, also, are very handsome buildings. A

FRENCH IRON-CLAD, "LA COMETE."



notice are the town hall, a large, massive building, of recent erection, containing, with other accommodations, a spacious ball-room; the market-house, opposite the town hall, a commodious edifice; the Sussex county hospi-

most accurate view of the pavilion is given on the next page. It resembles some of the Russian public buildings, and looks dainty enough in design to suit the taste of any practised architectural eye.

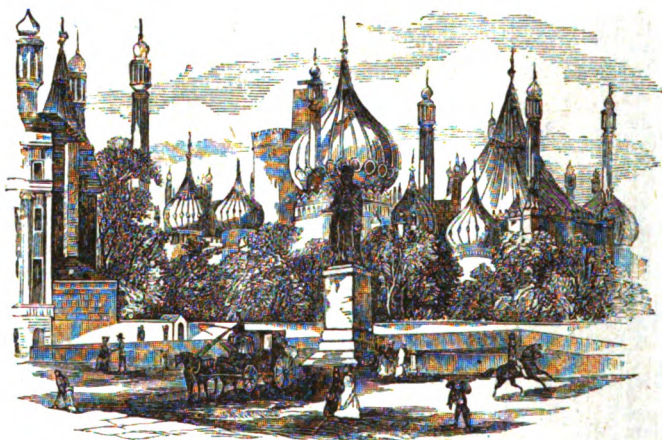


## SNAKES IN KAFFIR LAND.

"*Pas op! Pas op!*" (take care!) was the shout that announced to me the dangerous proximity of some creature whilst I was walking along a narrow pathway near the Berea bush at Natal. My companion, a Dutchman, had observed on the sloping trunk of a dead tree a large snake, which, seeing us approach, uncoiled itself, and was preparing to descend from its elevated position. It was really a very beautiful creature, of a pale green color, about eight feet long, and not very stout. My experienced friend announced that it was a "tree snake," perfectly harmless, except to small birds, lizards, and such like, which it could catch and destroy. It was allowed to escape. Not so was the creature near which I shortly after found myself.

puff-adder was by no means an unlikely object to attract the hunter's attention, as it lazily basked in the sun, and seemed almost unwilling to move even to avoid being trodden upon. Endless varieties of smaller but most venomous serpents were common in the neighborhood, whilst the Natal rock snake was also an inhabitant of the locality, and might be seen of a size quite sufficient to induce caution in the visitor to his retreat, eighteen to twenty feet being by no means an unusual length. Thus the cry of "*Inyoka*," and the excited look of an experienced bush hunter, were sufficient to make me follow the Kaffir's example, and to spring to my feet.

My attention was then directed to a small bare mound about seven feet from the spot on which I had been sitting, where I immediately



THE ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

Hunting in the dense bush which extends up the greater part of the shore on the eastern coast of South Africa, I, with my Kaffir companion, oppressed by the heat, seated ourselves on the ground in a little open glade. Scarcely had we sat down a minute and before the little circular snuff gourd had yielded any portion of its contents into the hollow on the upper part of the thumb, when the Kaffir's eyes suddenly became wild in appearance as he looked behind me, and he in another instant started on his feet and shouted, "*Inyoka!*" (a snake.)

This warning was not to be neglected, for we were in a district which the old maps correctly describe as infested with serpents. For here the deadly cobra might be seen extending his hood as he threatened the approaching traveller. The fat, brilliantly-marked

saw a large, venomous-looking snake. It had apparently just become aware of our intrusion, for although coiled up, it had raised its head about two feet, and was examining us. The Kaffir's gun was soon pointed at the reptile, but I would not allow him to fire, as we were in pursuit of large game, and expected to meet some buffaloes in a few minutes. A stout stick was quickly cut from a tree, and with it the black snake was assaulted. The monster was very vicious; it lunged forward at us, coiled and turned in every conceivable manner; but our agility was more than a match for all the serpent's cunning; and there in the wild wood the battle terminated in favor of man. The snake was fully six feet long, and quite a foot in circumference, whilst its deadly poisonous fangs were three quarters of an inch in length.

## THE AFRICAN'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

'Tis night upon my native shore,  
 And when another day  
 Gleams the broad bustling waters o'er,  
 I shall be far away.  
 I know my doom, but know not all  
 The woes that doom may bring;—  
 A slave forever held in thrall  
 By a far planter king.

The billows rock the waiting ship,  
 Whither our boat doth glide;  
 The silent oarsmen swiftly dip,  
 We soon shall reach her side.  
 Around her hull black shadows creep  
 And restless lie in wait,  
 Prefigured monsters of the deep,  
 Fed from her human freight.



## THE AFRICAN'S LAMENT.

Farewell the pleasant cocoa shade,  
 That trembles out from shore;  
 I shall be like yon wave astrayed,  
 Counted, and known no more.  
 Farewell the hut beneath the palm;  
 O stately tree, farewell;  
 Sad tales henceforth at evening calm  
 Thy sighing leaves will tell.

The air, the waves, the starry sky—  
 All things on land and sea,  
 Are solemn with the mystery  
 Of future years to me.  
 Where shall I look, on field or flood,  
 'Mong all from which I part,  
 For some slight augury of good,  
 To cheer my doubting heart?

'Tis but the stroke and dip I hear  
 Of oars, that strangely yet  
 A cruel taskman's blow appear,  
 A victim's blood and sweat.  
 The moon pants up the jagged height,  
 Of clouds—a weary track—  
 Like some poor fugitive a-fright,  
 With bloodhounds at his back.

I sought for good, alas! the ill—  
 Can they be aught to me?  
 Of destiny I must fulfil,  
 Are these the types I see?  
 'Tis night upon my native strand,  
 And ere another day,  
 The slave-ship for the distant land  
 Will take her mournful way.



**THE EAST INDIAN TAPIR.**

This curious quadruped, resembling the boar in form, though standing higher on his legs, has at the extremity of his head, instead of a snout, a little muscular trunk, which he can elongate or shorten at pleasure, and which gives him some analogy to the elephant, but which is entirely destitute of that finger-like appendage which the latter animal uses with such dexterity. About four and a half feet high and ten feet long, the body of the tapir is fat and clumsy, and ends in a large croup; his body head is quite strong, his eyes small, his ears long and flexible; the legs are strong, and terminate, in the anterior extremities, in four toes and in the posterior in three. The tail is but little developed, and the skin is scantily furnished with silky hair. The head, neck, shoulders, legs and tail are black, the rest of the body is of a whitish color, and there is no mane on the neck. The tapir inhabits the island of Sumatra and the peninsula of Malacca, where it is as common as the elephant and rhinoceros. It lives solitary, and frequents marshy places where it is fond of wallowing; it walks fast, and swims easily; its food is entirely vegetable, and consists of fruits and wild roots as well as the young shoots of plants. Timid and gentle in disposition, this animal is easily tamed; it never attacks man, whom it avoids carefully. The flesh is esteemed by the natives, though dry and disagreeable to the taste, but its hide is very tough, and is usefully employed by them for domestic purposes or the fabrication of defensive armor. There are other animals of the same species in other parts of the world. The American tapir, when full grown, is six feet in total length and about three and a half in height. In general form it resembles the hog; but the legs are rather longer in proportion, and the nose is prolonged into a small, movable proboscis. The fore feet have four toes, and the hind ones three only. The eyes are small and lateral, and the ears long and pointed; the skin thick, and covered with scattering, short, silky hairs; the tail short and slightly hairy. The teeth resemble those of the horse. It is the largest animal of South America, and is found in all parts of that continent, though most abundant in Guiana, Brazil and Paraguay. It shuns the habitations of men, and leads a solitary life in the interior of forests, in moist situations, but selects for its abode a place somewhat elevated and dry. By travelling always the same rounds, it forms beaten paths which are very conspicuous. It

comes out only in the night or in rainy weather, and resorts to the marshes. Its ordinary pace is a sort of trot, but it sometimes gallops, though awkwardly and with the head down, and, besides, swims with facility. In the wild state, it lives on fruits and young branches of trees, but when domesticated, eats every kind of food. Though possessed of great strength, it makes use of it only for defence; and its disposition is mild and timid. The flesh is dry and disagreeably tasted; but the skin is tough and might be applied to many useful purposes. The Indian tapir has been discovered only within a few years.

**CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.**

Alexandria, Virginia, has played an important part during the present rebellion. The place was long occupied by the Confederate forces, and from Washington could be seen the stars and bars as they floated from the Marshall House, and the removal of that bunting cost Colonel Ellsworth his life. Alexandria has suffered much from the ravages of war, for it has been the depot for supplies for the Army of the Potomac, and thousands of armed men have marched through the town, leaving their marks behind.

On page 19 we give our readers a view of Christ Church, Alexandria, a venerable edifice, in which George Washington used to worship. He was one of the vestrymen of the church, and report states that he was a member of the building committee. Washington's family pew is still preserved, and has never been altered, we believe. The church is situated near the corner of Cameron street. The view was taken from Washington street.

**A STARTLING CALCULATION.**

A New York calculator estimates that allowing a silver dollar to weigh an ounce, 16 to a pound, 2000 pounds to a ton, our national debt would weigh 125,000 tons, and would require 125 ships of 1000 tons burthen each to carry it. It would make 62,500 truck loads, of two tons each; and calculating that each truck will cover a space of 30 feet, they would stretch a distance of 355 miles, and make a chain of trucks which would encompass the great cities of New York, Albany and Troy in an elliptical line. It would take a man 365 years and 40 days to count the amount of this vast debt, estimating that he would count \$60 per minute, working ten hours a day and six days a week.



CHRIST CHURCH, ALEXANDRIA, VA.



## JOSEPHINE.

BY C. A. H.

She sat within the silent room, and her breath was low and hushed,  
For another might not witness how her every hope was crushed;  
While the coronation bauble that bound her queenly brow,  
Her trembling hand had cast away—it were but mockery now.

O, hollow, hollow as the gleam the diamond's ray shot forth,  
Seemed now the highest pinnacle of happiness on earth;  
Had not her cup of bliss been full? yet from the very brim,  
Was not her next draught misery? and proffered, too, by him;—

By him, O God! what right had he, though conqueror of a world,  
And glorying in the strength by which destruction's shaft is hurled;  
Though he might tread upon the necks of millions in his path,  
Yet might not he, by this one act, fill up the cup of wrath?

The meanest serf would scarcely dare to break the sacred tie  
That bound her to his side—yet he would cast her lightly by;  
And, lighted by ambition's torch, would climb the steep of fame,  
And think, by trampling on her rights, to leave a prouder name.

Alas! he only sees the illusive gleam of future years,  
But she can see far, far beyond, e'en through her blinding tears;  
For well she knows that destiny through her has given him all,  
And that when her own bright star shall fade, how quickly shall he fall.

Napoleon, thou shalt bear away from Austria its pride,  
And she may reign triumphantly a gay and happy bride!  
Yet, in thy heart of hearts, I know one spot shall ever be  
So sacred it will yield to nought but memories of me.

Then think not that I heed the glittering bauble at my feet,  
Or care how soon it binds the brow of one I may not meet;  
I would forget the empress in the broken-hearted wife,  
And learn how best my severed fate may guard thy future life.

For the little time thy glory lasts, go, lean thy burning brow  
Against the jewelled breast of one who claims thy homage now;  
And when another comes to claim the glory of thy name,  
I will forgive thee, though no thought of me thy memory claim.

When the full fruition of thy hopes has given life new zest,  
The sadness of this parting hour will vanish from thy breast:  
Why should a single cloud obscure a horizon like thine?  
Or the grief of one crushed heart be brought to dim ambition's shrine?

But when thy star has set—when the tempest gathers low,  
And the iron hand of fate has dealt her last avenging blow:  
Then in thy deathlike agony, thine inmost soul shall blend,  
And thy spirit hold communion with its truest earthly friend.



## IN LOVE WITH AN ACTRESS.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

BY GODFREY TURNER.



## CHAPTER I.

## A SUCCESSFUL BURLESQUE.

I WANTED to kill an hour. I was returning to my chambers after dining out, and it was yet early. On my way home, I had to pass the Royal Gem Theatre; and as I did so,

2

the attraction of its illuminated exterior caused me to stop to ascertain whether there was anything "out" that would furnish me with the means of pleasantly destroying the unoccupied time before me. There was a tall bill-board in the doorway, that announced, in gigantic letters:

ENORMOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW BURLESQUE,  
**HARRY THE HATE-FUL:**  
 OR, THE MONARCH, THE MAID OF HONOR, AND  
 THE BUTCHER-BOY.

And in smaller type:

TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS OF MISS CAMILLA BALFOUR.

There was also a large block woodcut, exhibiting a number of ladies and gentlemen in fancy costumes and very spasmodic attitudes, with a background of flowers, fountains, and flying fairies; the whole designed to represent the great scene in the burlesque in question. And further, to put an end to any indecision on the part of the public as to whether the entertainment were worthy of patronage or not, there was a closely-printed bill, headed "Opinions of the Press," containing four columns of flattering extracts from the critical notices that had appeared in the newspapers, from "The Times" to "The Balls' Pond Intelligencer." I determined to enter. Upon inquiry at the pigeon-hole, where a notice informed me I was to "Pay here," whether I could have a stall, the human pigeon inside, who was counting money into small piles, and apparently going through a number of private gambling operations with counters and rouleaux, put the front of his face through the hole, as if he were going to fly out, and shouted, "Jinks!" Why he shouted Jinks in reply to my question, was the next moment evident, in the fact of a bustling, politely-disposed gentleman running down the box-stalls, jingling the keys, and fluttering the paper lists he held in his hands, to whom my wishes were communicated. Jinks pondered gravely for a few seconds, rattled his keys, and looked at his lists, like an amiable warder, pursed his lips, and shook his head. Jinks expressed himself as being sorry—very sorry—but all the stalls were full. The new burlesque and Miss Balfour were "running," and the stalls had all been booked days before. The house was crammed, but would I like an upper proscenium box; there was one vacant? No. Jinks was very sorry again. I said I would select another night, and was turning to leave, when Jinks exclaimed:

"Stop, sir; I think I can accommodate you. All the stalls are taken, but there is one vacant. It's been vacant all the evening." And then, looking inquiringly at the Pigeon, he continued, "The Gentleman with the Lily wouldn't mind, I dare say?"

"No," said the Pigeon; "I should think not."

"I'll go and inquire, however," said Jinks. "The curtain's down: wait here a moment, sir." And the obliging warder disappeared. In a few minutes he returned: "Walk this way, sir."

I took out my purse.

"Never mind paying, sir," said Jinks; "you can arrange that with the Gentleman with the Lily. The fact is, he took two stalls for this evening, for himself and friend; and as one of them has remained vacant since the commencement of the performances, I took the liberty of inquiring of him whether his friend was coming, and, if not, whether he would have any objection to a gentleman, who wanted to see the burlesque, occupying the vacant stall. He said that his friend had gone suddenly into the country to take a gentleman's leg off, and would not therefore be here, and that he should only be too happy to give up the vacant seat. I knew he would, sir."

"Do you know the gentleman, then?"

"No, sir. However, as he's so often here, we all know him by sight, and speak of him as the Gentleman with the Lily."

At this point we had reached the stall-door, which Jinks opened, and then directed me to the position of the unoccupied seat:

"Third row, sir—centre—you see, sir; next to the gentleman with the Lily in his coat. Thank you, sir."

I had slipped a present into Jinks's hand, and I mentally resolved that I would certainly come to his next benefit, and contribute to that mysterious compound known as "a bumper," which *beneficiaires* are always so anxious to obtain.

I observed, as I entered, that the house was very full, that the curtain was down, and that the musicians were out of the orchestra. I made my way as well as I could to the seat—no easy task in these days, when one has to endure a continuous struggle with ladies' toilets, that are a combination of muslin and silk souffles, intermixed with artfully-concealed man-traps and boys' iron hoops. When I reached the vacant stall—that was to be mine, the Gentleman with the Lily was standing up, leaning his back against the row of stalls in front of ours, and scanning the appearance of the house through a small and handsome opera-glass, which prevented his noticing my arrival, but gave me an opportunity of observing him. He was a tall young man, about twenty-eight years of age. He had fair hair, which was parted in the centre, and curled at

the sides, and he wore a small pair of moustaches, and a large pair of whiskers, which hung down like two bunches of hairy grapes. He was what some ladies would call a handsome man, although his forehead was too low, and his chin too receding, and his general expression too blank, to be considered as strictly classical; but then, what he was wanting in head, which was small, he made up for in hair, which was profuse.

His attitude, too, was one of weariness and debility, as if he were a Marionette, whose strings had got out of order. He was in full evening dress, and wore diamond studs in his shirt-front. His gloves fitted with the most scrupulous neatness; and he carried in the button-hole of his coat a lily of the valley, its little cluster of pendent corols being carefully arranged upon the green leaf. It did not draggle and droop its head, as if it were conscious of the indignity of its position, and as if the fixture of the pin behind the cloth, and driven through its stalk, afforded it excruciating agony. On the contrary, the gentleman knew how to wear the lily, and how to fix it in his coat; and it seemed to be growing out of the button-hole, in all its native pride and beauty.

The Gentleman with the Lily, having finished his survey of the house, took the glass from his eyes, turned round, and, with a deep sigh, resumed his seat in the stall by my side.

"I am much indebted to you," I said, "for your kindness in allowing me to occupy your vacant stall. The box-keeper informs me I am also indebted to you for the price of it." And I produced my purse.

"O, nonsense," said the gentleman, dropping his eyelids and waving his hands in a deprecatory manner. He seemed to be nervous in his speech, as if the suddenness of my addressing him had confused him. "I really couldn't think of it. Not for a moment. I'm sure I'm only too happy to be of service to any one. The fact is, I took two stalls for Bingley and myself. Bingley had to go into the country to take a man's leg off. Telegraphed for, you know. I was nick'd, you see. You're in Bingley's stall, that's clear, and Bingley's at Bishopstoke, that's all."

"But still," I added, "you must allow me to pay for the privilege of being here."

"If Bingley had occupied the stall," he continued, argumentatively, "I grant you, you couldn't; but as Bingley couldn't come, and you could, so much the better for you; and so much the worse for Bingley. Don't you see?"

Besides, I hate to sit next to vacant stalls. I am uncommonly glad you've come. Bingley would be glad, too, I know. By the way, do you know Bingley—Dr. Bingley?"

"Do you mean Guy Bingley, the consulting surgeon, of Beck street? Yes, I know him."

"That's the man. Charley Guy, I call him. How extraordinary you should know him, and taken his stall, too. I'm a patient of his, and he's a particular friend of mine. Capital fellow, isn't he? Knows everything. It's really quite delightful to be one of his patients. He treats you so jollily. Doesn't physic you, or frighten you, or make you sleep in wet sheets, or mesmerise you, or rub you down with rough things, or do anything uncomfortable of that sort. Makes you laugh! that's his way. Tells you splendid stories, all about cock-fighting, and pigeon-shooting, and rat-hunting, and wonderful surgical operations upon people's bodies. Keeps your spirits up, you know."

The Gentleman with the Lily had rattled on in this manner for the express purpose, it appeared to me, of allaying my anxiety to reimburse him for the stall. His description of Guy Bingley, whom I had known for several years, was certainly a correct one; but as my companion did not present any very striking symptoms of his requiring the medical services of that gentleman, I said something to this effect.

"O! well," he answered, glancing towards my hand, to see whether I had yet surrendered my intention of paying. "O! well, I think I get a touch of liver now and then. Depression, languor, incapability of doing anything; strange and overpowering inclination to lie on my back all day. Can't make it out at all. It's either liver or heart, I know. Bingley says it's liver if it's anything. I think it's heart. Glad you know Bingley. What a curious coincidence, you've taken his stall?"

"Yes; but—"

"You see, I have to be uncommonly careful in my conduct, and in the treatment to be adopted. I'm ordered to take plenty of amusement and lots of repose. Not to bother my mind about anything. To be careful not to over-exercise myself, and to live generously. Very delicate case—very;" and then he suddenly added:

"Seen the new burlesque?"

"No, I have not. I hear it is very good. Has it had a long run?"

"Sixty-four nights, and it's safe to run till Easter."

"Have you seen it before?"

"Sixty-four times," he replied, calmly.

"You have seen it every night it has been played, then?"

"Every night; and I hope to be able to come every night till it is withdrawn. Does that surprise you? But Bingley knows the reason. The truth is, I'm nick'd."

"Nick'd?"

"Nick'd, by George!" He went on pulling his whiskers lazily; and then, after looking round him cautiously, he whispered in my ear, "I don't mind telling you, as you're Bingley's friend; but I am desperately in love with Camilla Balfour. I can't help it. You may call it infatuation. Bingley calls it idiotic. I can't do a thing for thinking of her. I come here every night to see her in the burlesque, and I go away each time more madly in love with her than ever."

"Have you ever spoken to her?"

"Never; I fell in love with her from the stalls the first night she appeared in the burlesque, and I have been going on falling in love with her ever since, but always from the stalls. I feel that girl might command me to do anything, and I should do it."

"Does she know she is the object of your admiration?"

"Don't call it admiration, call it love. No, she doesn't know me, although sometimes I fancy her eye lights upon mine when she is on the stage, and then I endeavor to convince myself that she is conscious of how much I love her. Bingley says this is sympathy."

"Yes; but, practically, how is it possible for her to know that you love her?"

"Why, you see, after the fourth night of the burlesque, I went to Covent Garden market, and bought the finest bouquet I could obtain, and left it at the stage door for her. Guess my ecstasy when I saw her come upon the stage, carrying it, and smiling upon it. The next night I left another, and I have left one every night since."

"Sixty bouquets!"

"Sixty bouquets; but what's a bouquet, my dear fellow, in such a case as mine? That's nothing. Let me see, I've left two bracelets and three rings, and a fan, and a whistle, and four brooches, and two pairs of earrings, and a riding-whip, and another whistle, and a lace shawl, and a smelling-bottle, and a concertina, and a dog collar."

"Does she accept the presents, and acknowledge them?"

"Well, of course she accepts them; but she

don't acknowledge them, because she doesn't know my name, nor where I reside. I have sent her lots of little love-notes, too, some of them containing poetry I copied out of books, and one of them an acrostic I made myself, an uncommonly clever thing, that Bingley said was quite Byronic."

"How do you sign them?"

"I always sign them, 'The Gentleman with the Lily.' Jinks, the box-keeper, gave me the name. I always wear a lily, so that she may recognize me in the stalls. Bingley says it's deuced romantic altogether."

"Yes, and deuced expensive, too, I should think."

"O! that don't matter a bit; a fellow can afford to be expensive when he is in love like I am. O, you should see the collection of photographs I have got of her. I've got a Camilla Balfour album—all Camillas—in no end of attitudes and costumes. A splendid thing! I have heard of fellows falling in love with actresses, but I had no idea of the sort of thing till I saw Camilla—I had no conception it nick'd a fellow so tremendously."

"Have you ever endeavored to obtain an introduction to her?"

"Well, that's just what Bingley is always saying; but then it seems so hopeless and impossible, that I don't care to worry myself about it. So I send her bouquets and notes and presents, and come to the stalls every night to see her."

"And what do you expect will be the end of it?"

"I don't know. All I know at present is, that I am horribly nick'd!" said my companion, heaving a sigh; and by this time, the musicians having taken their places, the leader now struck the lamp shade nearest to him with his fiddle-stick, and the overture commencing, prevented the continuance of our conversation.

Whilst the overture was being played, I could not help thinking over the extraordinary statement my companion had made to me, and my curiosity was strongly excited to see the object of his affection. I remembered to have read in the newspapers very flattering notices of Miss Camilla Balfour, and her performance in the burlesque. "Her striking beauty, both of face and figure, and the charming freshness of her style, had created quite a *furor*, and her performances had been attended with the most decided and deserved success." I did not wonder, therefore, that my friend Bingley's patient should have

temporarily lost his heart, but his manner of proceeding certainly appeared to me remarkable, from its mixture of earnestness and futility. He had never spoken with her, he had never even seen her off the stage or out of her costume, and yet he passionately loved her. He had never sent her his name or address, and yet he had spent a small fortune upon her. He knew nothing of her history or private life, and yet he was addressing her in language which the most intimate relationship with her would only have justified him in adopting. "Well," thought I, "of all parts an actress has to play, the role of 'actress' must be the most difficult to sustain."

But here the bell tinkled, and the curtain rose.

How rapidly and earnestly an audience will sometimes declare a "favorite." Miss Balfour was clearly a "favorite." Everything she did or said throughout the burlesque was applauded; her entrance was looked forward to, and her exit regretted. Boxes, pit, and gallery appeared to revel in the little approaches to intimacy she made to them. Her soliloquies assumed the form of confidential communications, in which the audience were personally interested. The slightest indication made to them that they ought to laugh, and they laughed boisterously. The remotest suggestion that they were expected to applaud, and they clapped their hands vehemently. I certainly caught the contagion myself, more especially as my companion kept up a running commentary of admiration upon Miss Balfour's appearance and performance. I even found myself becoming, quite indignant with him for having done what he had related to me. I regarded him rather in the light of an impertinent intruder, and considered his proceedings more than ever hopelessly silly. I experienced quite a feeling of relief when I remembered that he had never spoken to her, and therefore the poor child had not as yet been compromised by his ridiculous conduct. The burlesque, which was upon Shakspeare's "Henry the Eighth," as it proceeded, appeared to resolve itself into the attraction of Miss Balfour's performance, although undoubtedly it presented many striking elements of success. Shall I instance the scene where the trial of Queen Katherine takes place in a modern Divorce Court before Cardinal Wolsey and a special jury; where the King appears as the petitioner, suing for a divorce *a vinculo*, on the ground of his being "sick of his wife and wanting another," and who, during the

whole of the proceedings, is in a chronic state of impatience and rage, exemplified by his continually kicking the Usher, who thereupon always calls out "silence!" where the Queen, as respondent in the case, is brought into court in a large nightcap, having her nose highly reddened and her face whitened, and carrying a basin of gruel, and who wishes the trial adjourned, on the ground of her having instructed an attorney who had bolted with the fee instead of handing a brief to counsel; where Lord Lovell (Miss Balfour) appears disguised as a modern barrister in wig and gown, and undertakes the Queen's defence, in an elaborate and cleverly-delivered speech, after the manner of Serjeant Buzfuz; and where, the speech being concluded, the special jury, unable to agree upon their verdict, indulge in a general fight amongst themselves, which gradually extends to the whole court, and blue-bags, ink-stands and briefs are hurled about, the centre figures in the affray being the King fighting the Usher and the Queen pommelling the Cardinal, whose head she holds "in chancery!" Was not all this wonderfully funny? It surely must have been so considered, or the audience would not have roared so loudly or have been thrown into such ecstasies of delight. Then again, after there had been another scene, in which Lord Lovel, in the disguise of a postilion (which affords an opportunity of Miss Balfour appearing in another piquant costume), has fled with Annie Boleyn, and has been overtaken by the King and his creatures, and a combat has taken place with short swords, and Annie has been secured and Lord Lovell taken prisoner; and after the King has waylaid the postman and robbed him of the correspondence on its way to the Cardinal, and has disgraced that functionary, and then turned him into the streets, to the intense delight of the nobles, who taunt him in a chorus with exclamations of "Buy! buy! buy!" in contemptuous allusion to his early condition of butcher-boy and his insufferable extravagance with the public moneys,—how admirably the idea of the whole thing is brought to a climax in the last scene but one, here described as "A Street in Coventry!" For does not the disgraced Cardinal enter, dressed in a very shabby coat, and wearing a tall red nightcap and a blue apron, wheeling a small cats'-meat barrow, and calling "Cats'-meat!" Does he not then relate how, being disgraced by the King and completely thrown upon his own resources, he has been compelled to adopt his



present calling as the only one presenting an opening which enables him to take advantage of his early education? And does he not immediately proceed to sing a most witty parody upon Wolsey's farewell speech, to the appropriate air of "The Cats'-meat Man?" Was not this a splendid joke? Only equalled, perhaps, by the one that follows, when the Cardinal, having finished his song, rings the bell at a door over which is written "Mangling done here," and the ex-Queen Katherine enters in a cotton gown and poke bonnet, studying "The Book of Dreams;" and after informing him that she has been reduced to set up a mangle, joins him in a duet of reconciliation and a "break-down" dance. The marriage-bells of the King and Annie Boleyn are then heard, and those personages shortly afterwards enter, followed by Lord Lovell and the whole of the characters; a general amnesty is thereupon proclaimed, everybody is made happy, and a brilliant last scene disclosed. Such a last scene, too! It only changed thirteen times. Fairies went up and came down, apparently clinging to iron bars and suffering from spinal complaints. Flowers opened, fountains played, and jewels sparkled; variegated columns revolved, stars expanded, green fire and red fire fizzed at the wings. A roar of applause: the manager rushes on and bows. Another roar, and cries of "Figgins!" and the scene-painter rushes on and bows. A still louder roar, and the manager and Figgins, grasping hands, rush on and bow together. Before the brilliant scene the tag is sung by Miss Balfour, with chorus by the characters; the lime light is turned on strong; the orchestra plays vigorously; and, in the midst of deafening applause, a blinding light, and the suffocating fumes of sulphureous fires, the curtain falls, and an "enormously successful burlesque" is at an end.

"Wait for the call," said the Gentleman with the Lily, as I rose to leave. The applause was still continuing, and distinct cries of "Balfour" were heard from the audience. The actor of Queen Katherine, in his capacity of leading gentleman in the piece, entered, conducting Camilla Balfour. She smiled round the house, bowed, and retired without crossing the stage.

"Did you see her glance this way?" said my companion, in an excited whisper. "I am sure her eye caught mine; I'm positive she recognized me."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, feeling almost

indignant at his preposterous vanity, and not wishing to encourage him in his proceedings, although, strangely enough, I had remarked the look to which he referred, and I had believed at the moment that it did possess as much evidence of recognition so transitory a glance could convey.

When we left the theatre, my companion was in a state of dejection almost painful to contemplate. We were some time reaching the street, in consequence of the crowd, but during our passage out we did not exchange a word.

"Do you go this way?" he said, when we at length stood upon the pavement.

"Yes."

We took arms, and commenced our walk home; but we had scarcely gone twenty paces, when a small boy in a paper cap ran out of a passage which I knew led to the stage-door of the theatre, and stopped in front of my companion.

"Please sir," said the boy, in a peculiar squeaky voice, "are you the Gentleman with the Lily?"

"Yes," said the gentleman, anxiously.

"O, then, please sir, I was to give you this;" and he handed my companion a note.

"Who's it from?" he said, as he seized it.

But the boy was gone.

My companion became very nervous, and then, looking at the letter in his hand, he turned suddenly to me, and said:

"By George, who would have thought of this? I am sure it is from Camilla Balfour."

"I don't know why, but I felt strangely disappointed and annoyed."

"Do you think so?" I said. "How is it addressed?"

He approached the street lamp, and held the letter up to read the superscription.

"The Gentleman with the Lily," he said; and then, as if not daring to open the note, he turned it over several times, and finally put it in his pocket.

I instantly saw that my companion felt so important a task as that of ascertaining the contents of the mysterious communication ought not to be performed in the presence of a comparative stranger, and anxious as I was to be informed upon the subject, still, I could not with any propriety press my confidence upon him so far as to endeavor to ascertain what a lady had written him. I therefore made an excuse for the purpose of leaving him, and said that I would go to my club for half an hour. We bade each other good-night,



exchanged cards, shook hands heartily, and parted. I saw him, almost directly I had left him, take the letter from his pocket, give it several furtive kisses, and then rush into the coffee-room of a neighboring tavern, where he would be enabled to read it alone and undisturbed.

The name and address on the card that the Gentleman with the Lily had given me, were, "Mr. Arthur Charsley, Belgrave Chambers, St. James's."

"Charsley, Charsley!" I said to myself. "I don't know the name. What on earth were the contents of that letter? Dear me, what a time it is since I saw Charley Guy. My friend with the Lily evidently knows him well; Bingley too must know all about him. It must be two months or more since I saw Charley Guy; I'll certainly call upon him to-morrow evening."

## CHAPTER II.

### A CONSULTING SURGEON.

MR. Charles Guy Bingley, F.R.C.S., carried on his profession of consulting surgeon in Beck street, Grosvenor Square. Charley Guy he was called by his gentlemen patients, Guy Bingley by his brother professionals, Dr. Bingley by the ladies. He was one of the new school—one of the young school of medical practitioners. There was a free-and-easy abandon in his system of practice which set gravity at defiance, and was in direct opposition to the gold-knobbed stick and big-watch school of medicine. When a patient consulted him, he did not purse his lips, or speak with oily unction in the first person plural, or shake his head ominously, or write a prescription as if it were a death warrant, or pull out his watch when he felt a pulse to count the minute hand, as if the patient's life were then and there trembling in the balance. His system was the antithesis to all this: it was bold and funny, and rattling and daring. His object appeared to be to make patients thoroughly easy in their minds, and to convince them that there was little or nothing the matter with them. He had a tremendous reputation for desperate cases, and the treatment of moribunds was his forte.

So he was now in excellent practice. He had a pretty wife, drove his brougham, kept bantams and pigeons in his back garden, and a wiry terrier in his consulting-room; was a capital judge of horseflesh, had seen a great

deal of the fast side of life, and was the intimate friend and adviser of a very large number of the young aristocracy.

"Is the doctor at home, William?" I said, as, on the evening after the events related in my last chapter, the door of Guy Bingley's house was opened in answer to my summons.

"Yes, sir, and he's quite alone. Walk in."

William went into the consulting-room, and immediately returned, and I heard Charley's cheerful voice following him into the hall.

"Shabby man with steel pens, did you say? Show him in, by all means."

The next minute we were shaking hands heartily and laughing boisterously. Somehow you always laughed when you shook hands with Dr. Bingley. A remarkably good-looking man, of about thirty-eight, of middle height and muscular build, with fair curling hair clustering round a high bald forehead, and a fresh rosy color blooming on his cheeks. A bright laughing eye, thick reddish whiskers, white teeth, and a general expression of head and face which showed great determination and force of will, mixed with a love of fun, a keen enjoyment of the humorous, and undeniable good temper. He was attired in an old shooting-coat, and was seated in a large easy chair, with his cravat off and his feet in slippers, smoking a cheroot, and reading the newspaper, whilst some extremely small terrier pups were tumbling about in his lap and crawling over the floor, sniffing under the fender furiously, as if already anxious to display their abilities in the pursuit and destruction of vermin.

"Sit down, do, old fellow," said the doctor, bustling about. "Glad to see you; take a cheroot. William, bring up the whiskey. By the way, William, bring in some more glasses," said the doctor; and then turning to me, he added, "I expect a man to call this evening—I thought it was he when I heard you knock. I don't know whether you have ever met him. His name is Charsley—Arthur Charsley."

"The Gentleman with the Lily," I thought to myself. "I shall hear something about him at last."

"Thank you, William, that will do," and the doctor commenced brewing the toddy.

"Arthur Charsley," I said, "who is he?"

"O," said the doctor, "he's a patient of mine. He's a curious fellow. He is always 'going in,' as he calls it, for something or another, and is forever working out crotchets and ideas that he gets into his head. He believes now that he is an invalid, and that he

has got something the matter with him. Indolence, that's all; you see he has nothing to do. He lives in splendid chambers in St. James's by himself. Keeps a cab and a tiger. Came into hatfuls of money of his own when he was of age, and has nothing more to do at present than to spend it. His father is a capital old fellow, and lives in Limeshire; very rich and hospitable, and keeps hounds. I attended the old boy when I was stopping there, and he fractured his shoulder-blade taking a fence. Made a first-rate case of it, and put him on his pins again in less than no time. Arthur's the only son, and has been spoilt. He has good abilities, though, and would get on very well in the world, I believe, if somebody would rob him of all his cash, and leave him nothing but a broom and a bad shilling to begin with. As I said, he is always working out ideas and fancies—selecting hobbies and riding them to death. At one time he went in for music; he took lessons of the best masters, worked at it night and day, went to all the concerts in London, bothered his friends to introduce him to professional musicians, gave musical soirees—in short, became a lunatic of the first water. And what do you think the instrument was he studied? Why, the bassoon! Fancy a man going musically mad about a bassoon! When you called upon him he played upon it; when he went to evening parties he played upon it. He was always at it, until he nearly blew himself into a consumption, and then he gave it up. After that he had what he termed a 'call,' from hearing a man preach in Hyde Park, and he went religious mad. He used to give away tracts in the streets, and go and hold out on Sunday evenings at Smithfield Market and King's Cross; until after about a couple of months he got into a discussion with a clerical gentleman of some persuasion of another, which resulted in his receiving two black eyes and losing his watch, and then he gave that up. After that he went in for birds' eggs."

"Birds' eggs?"

"Birds' eggs. He bought all the birds' eggs he could find, from the ostrich's to the sparrow's—spent a small fortune upon them—hung them round his rooms on strings—advertised for them. But he got swindled at last; for he gave 50*l.* for the egg of the 'booby of the Bahamas,' and to his disgust found that it was only the egg of the 'jackass bird of Australia.' So he gave that up, and sold the lot to other madmen in the same line,

for about a fifth of what he gave for them. I can't remember half the things he has gone crazy about; but whatever he takes up he's sure to be what he terms 'nick'd.' That's his expression, 'nick'd'—he's always 'nick'd'—born to be 'nick'd.'"

"What's his idea now, doctor?"

Charley Guy gave a shout of laughter, and threw his legs up into the air so suddenly that one of his slippers flew off and hit the ceiling.

"Ha, ha, ha! he's gone in lately for the worst and maddest crotchet of the lot. He's in love. He has a grand idea of that passion, I can tell you: no nonsense about it; an unrequited romantic passion, that is consuming him by inches. He has already brought himself to a 'congestion of the liver,' as he calls it, over the matter. And who do you think is the object?"

"Camilla Balfour, of the Gem Theatre," I said.

"Well, how did you know that?" asked the doctor.

I told the doctor of my interview with Mr. Charsley the previous night, and the fact of his having received a letter.

"A letter from her!" said Bingley. "By Jove! the affair advances: I hope it won't become serious. He has played with fire often enough, certainly; but of all the dangerous manias, this sort of love is the most difficult to cure."

A double-knock at the door.

"That's him," said the doctor.

"Mr. Charsley?" said William, throwing open the consulting-room door.

The Gentleman with the Lily entered. He was in full evening dress, and still carried a lily in the button-hole of his coat. He was advancing towards the doctor, but started on seeing me, and came to a dead stop.

"Friend of yours, Arthur, eh?" said the doctor. "Don't be alarmed, old fellow; I think you've met before."

Mr. Charsley and myself contemplated each other curiously for a few moments; and then, laughing at the situation, we approached and shook hands.

"Glad to meet you here," said Mr. Charsley; "except, of course"—and he hesitated—"except, of course, you've come as a patient."

"Ah!" said the doctor, "he means that as a compliment to me."

"No," exclaimed Mr. Charsley, confused, and taking off his gloves with elaborate jerks. "No, Guy; you know I meant nothing of the sort. If any friend of mine," he added to

me, "wanted a leg off in a hurry, or his jaw set, or any other operation performed, Guy Bingley's man I should recommend."

"Thank you," said the doctor, laughing, "for your good opinion. You know your friends are always welcome here. Now sit down. How are you?"

"Well, very middling," murmured Mr. Charsley, feebly, sinking into the patients' chair, and painfully stroking his whiskers. "I've had a very bad night—a very bad night, indeed!—not a wink of sleep. The fact was, I didn't go to bed, but kept walking about the room. Perhaps that was the reason my rest was so broken."

"More than probable," said the doctor; "unless you are like Brown's boy, who used to go to sleep when he was out delivering medicines. It was the only time that boy could enjoy perfect repose. But he used to break Brown's bottles so often from running against lamp-posts in his dreams, and Brown's plaster was so largely consumed in mending the boy's head, that Brown had to get rid of him as too expensive a luxury for his establishment."

Mr. Charsley waited until the doctor had concluded, and then deliberately lounged back in his chair, shut his eyes, opened his mouth, and appeared to laugh long and earnestly, without, however, uttering the smallest sound of merriment. When he had recovered, he said:

"No, doctor: what I meant was this: that I couldn't sleep when I did go to bed, which was about five o'clock this morning, and I got up at twelve o'clock to-day, very seedy and wretched. I don't know why I should be so, for I ought to be happy, and yet I don't feel happy, for I'm in a fog; and a man can't be happy in a mental fog."

"Let me carry a link for you," exclaimed the doctor.

"I wish you would," replied Mr. Charsley. "Our friend here knows all about my case; I met him last night at the theatre. I told him the whole story. We went out together. He was with me when the call-boy gave me the letter. Well! I rushed into a tavern to read it. The contents of that letter kept me awake and walking about all night. I couldn't believe my eyes for some time: it is a most extraordinary letter."

"From Camilla?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said Mr. Charsley; "and yet, no, it isn't: that's the most extraordinary part of the matter. It's not from her exactly—it's

from her father. Here it is. Read it, Guy, old fellow, and give me your opinion about it."

Mr. Charsley produced the letter he had received from the boy's hands the previous night, and which had so much excited my curiosity, and handed it to Dr. Bingley.

The doctor took it—looked at it, opened it.

"Fine bold handwriting," said the doctor, and then he read aloud: "'102, Durham Terrace, Bayswater.' I once attended a journeyman tailor who lived in Durham Terrace," and then he went on.

"DEAR SIR,—My daughter has informed me that for some time past you have done her the honor of making her very valuable presents, and of addressing her in the language of a suitor. Although you have withheld your name, still your conduct throughout has been so persistent and disinterested that I have no reason to question the sincerity of your affection or motives. As, however, you have only hitherto seen my daughter in the exercise of her professional duties upon the stage, I consider it my duty to say that the estimate you may have formed of her, and the devotion you express towards her, may both prove to be illusory. I am therefore anxious that you should have other opportunities of enabling you to judge of my daughter's title to your regard.

"Will you give us the pleasure of your company to dinner on Sunday next, at six o'clock?"

"Yours truly,

"JOHN BAMFORD."

We were all silent for several minutes after the perusal of the letter. The doctor took a long sip from his glass, threw his legs over the arm of his chair, and smoked violently. Mr. Charsley remained in a passive state, stroking his whiskers and contemplating the ceiling, and looking very much like a patient upon whose case a consultation was being held, and therefore entitled to be considered an interesting subject. I was the first to break the silence.

"I think it a very sensible letter," I said. Guy looked at me inquiringly for a moment, and then, with a smile curling on his lip, said:

"And so do I; you may depend upon it he got the hack author of the theatre to write it for him."

"Shall I accept the invitation, doctor?" stammered Mr. Charsley.

"Here's a pretty lover!" cried the doctor, in a sort of half-bantering half-fierce tone.

"Here's a downright Romeo,—a man who has been moping and making himself ill for the last two months, passionately in love with an angel of a girl—beautiful, accomplished, and the town talk,—lavishing upon her presents enough to make a duchess vain,—now that he has a chance of enjoying her society—of personally revealing to her the ardor of his love,—now that her own father comes forward, and with extended arms exclaims, 'Come into the bosom of the family, be one of us,' he doubts and hesitates."

"Yes, but Guy, old fellow, what I mean is, suppose it be a—" and he stopped.

"Out with it!" continued the doctor, in the same curiously angry tone. "Out with it! I know what you mean to say. Suppose it should be a 'plant,' a 'trap.' That it is intended you should obtain the object of your undying affection against your inclination; that you should be rendered happy forever without your consent; that you should be immolated upon the altar of love, crowned with flowers, and bound hand and foot. A trap! Ha! ha! A trap to catch a sunbeam like Arthur Charsley, and baited with a pretty flower like Camilla!"

"I don't care," cried "the sunbeam," with sudden energy, "whether it is a trap or not. I love Camilla, and I would give the world to be near her. I shall accept the invitation."

"That's right," said the doctor, "sink the man, and speak like the lover. I hope you won't be disappointed, old boy; but no, loving as you do, how can you?"

"No," exclaimed Mr. Charsley, firmly, "no fear of that."

"No, of course not," went on Guy Bingley; "not even if he should find old Bamford a gentleman with a red nose and a fondness for ardent spirits, living in a fifth-rate house, and possessing a decided disposition to use strong language, and to talk about his triumphs when he played utility parts at the Brit. or the Vic. Not even if you should find Miss Camilla assisting in the cooking operations, wearing her hair only half arranged, and slovenly in her dress. Not even if you should be introduced to her aunt, a superannuated theatrical dresser, who takes snuff and speaks gutturally, and who employs her Sundays in making up her niece's costumes. How can such things alter sentiments so fixed as yours? What will it matter if dinner should be served in the front kitchen, and that Camilla, the aunt, and a baked handmaiden with a black and vermilion ace should each and all struggle through the

waiting amidst the grumbling and anathemas of the parent? Won't you eat the roast shoulder with avidity when you are next the dear one? Will you ever refuse the onion sauce when it is tendered by her dear hands, and the bread-and-butter pudding in the yellow pie-dish, made by Camilla herself? O, the rapture of a young loving heart! Then the serious talk with old Bamford after dinner, when he has mixed his hot gin-and-water and lighted his clay, and the ladies have retired; when he will relate his antecedents, and give you a thousand other particulars that you drink in with eager interest? Why should I dwell upon the scene? You are happy. The evening flies by, and you leave the house, tenderly separating from your dear one, with old Bamford hiccoughing his blessings on your head, and the aunt struggling with him on the stairs to get him to bed. And you love her! Love her more than ever!"

The doctor sank back in his chair, uttered a sort of shout of triumph, and threw his legs up wildly. This time both his slippers flew off, hit the ceiling and then came raining down on to Mr. Charsley's head.

"Well, Guy," said Mr. Charsley, as he threw the doctor his slippers, who apologized for their eccentric flight and put them on,—“well, Guy, all I can again say is that I love Camilla; and not even the reality of the supposititious picture you have drawn shall alter me in the least degree. By the way, I'll answer the note at once, doctor, if you will allow me."

"Certainly, Arthur, my boy," said the doctor; and he handed him what the French dramatists call *tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire*.

Mr. Charsley bit his pen for a few moments, and then said, "Shall I use my own name?"

"Just as you please," returned the doctor. "Theatrical people are not particular about names. I rather fancy it a point of honor with them not to use the names they were christened by. Camilla herself, you see, has a *nom de theatre*; perhaps she will like you all the better if you imitate her example. Besides, look how it adds to the romance of the affair."

"What shall it be?" said the Gentleman with the Lily.

"The first name I put my finger upon in the first book I take down," replied Guy, as he crossed to the bookcase and took down the first volume that came under his hand. He opened it in the centre, and put his finger upon the page that presented itself. "Here it is. I'll read the passage. 'It was in vain

that the queen endeavored to protect him; in vain she entreated them to spare her gentle Mortimer.' Put it down Mortimer. You shall be Mortimer. Mortimer, you know, was the lover of Queen Isabella. And then it goes on. 'The barons were deaf to her entreaties. He was hanged on a gibbet at a place called Elmes, about a mile from London, where his body was left hanging for two days after.' That'll do very well." And the doctor put the book back into its place.

"Dear me! a rather ominous passage, Guy," said Mr. Charsley. "I don't much like the name. However, it is as good as any other." And he commenced writing. When he had finished, he read what he had written. It was to this effect:

"Mr. A Mortimer, the Gentleman with the Lily, presents his compliments to Mr. John Bamford, and will be most happy to accept his kind invitation to dinner on Sunday next at six o'clock."

"Formal and uncompromising," cried the doctor. "Without prejudice, as the lawyers say. I shouldn't be surprised if old Bamford doesn't think that you expect something out of the usual after that formality. He may even believe you are coming in a white cravat and dress coat; and may, in consequence, plunge into extravagance, and order a boiled fowl to face the roast shoulder, and provide a dish of periwinkles for tea."

Mr. Charsley folded his letter, sealed it, and then rose to go. "I'll post it as I go along. I've got my cab at the door. I'll let you know how the affair goes off. Good night."

The doctor rang the bell. William appeared, and Mr. Charsley immediately took his departure.

"And now, old fellow," said Guy to me, "take another cheroot, and let us rest our minds with a game of chess."

[END OF PART ONE.]

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## OUR SISTER'S BIRTHDAY.

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

Thy birthday, dearest! up among the stars,  
Do they this waymark trace?  
Do angels greet thee on this natal morn,  
And kiss thy brow of grace?

Wave they bright garlands for thy waiting shrine,  
Immortal tokens given,  
The flowers that cluster on the tree of life,  
And evergreen of heaven?

I know they love thee in that purer sphere,  
Thine angel voice and smile;  
O, brighter can they be, and sweeter there,  
Than when on earth, the while

They lit the altar of our yearning hearts  
With love's intensest glow;  
O, what a treasure heaven in love recalled!  
How great the loss below!

My soul is filled with visions of thy grace  
Wert thou on earth to-day,  
In the sweet flushing of thy beauteous prime,  
O sister passed away!

And yet I cannot see how passing time  
Could add to such small needs,  
Overflowing as did thy pure young life  
With kindly words and deeds.

Earth's mystery is now made plain to thee,  
Its dark and winding ways;  
The undimmed light of God, serene and pure,  
Hath met thy clearer gaze.

Thy hand hath pressed the Saviour's loving palm,  
Thy feet the golden strand;  
No pain or sickness mars the perfect joy  
Of that delightful land.

Sometimes, alone, I hear a sweet, low voice  
Pronounce the name I bear;  
O, angel-darling, it is thine—thine own,  
Calling me gently there.

Earth and its fleeting birthdays soon will pass,  
Then may I gladly come,  
Though the dark valley be the lonesome road,  
To thy resplendent home.

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### LOVE OF LIFE.

The tree of deepest root is found  
Least willing still to quit the ground;  
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,  
That love of life increased with years  
So much, that in our latter stages,  
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
The greatest love of life appears.

Mrs. THRALE.

## THE MANIAC DEFENDER.

## A STORY OF THE BORDER.

BY PHILIP LIVINGSTONE.

SEVENTY years ago Tennessee was disputed ground between the Chickasaws and Choctaws, and many a bloody battle was fought between the rival nations. Among the early settlers who cut down with the strong arm of labor the mighty giants of the forest, and erected the first log cabins on the clearings, was one General James Robertson, who won for himself the title of the "Father of West Tennessee." He was then a middle-aged man, but as active and strong as he had been in his youth, and, by his intrepidity and strength, had won the respect if not the love of the neighboring Indians.

In the summer of 1792 a conference was held upon his farm, between the tribes of the Chickasaws and Choctaws, for the purpose of adjusting those differences that had caused the effusion of so much blood. The Cherokee chiefs and warriors attended ostensibly with peaceful intentions; but, as the course of events subsequently declared, for the purpose of ascertaining when and where an attack might be successfully made.

Timereor, one of the most noted of the Cherokee warriors, was heard to mutter, "that before the leaves fell an attack would be made on one of the white settlements." General Robertson heard the intimation with some alarm, for he knew the determined character of the red men, and he did not know at what point the attack would be made. The settlers were, however, induced to prepare for the worst, and the stations were placed in as good state of defence as their means would allow.

Immediately on the road leading from Nashville to the encampment of the Cherokees, and about four miles from the settlement, was Buchanan's station. This fort consisted of a few log cabins, on a hill on the right bank of Mill Creek, rudely constructed, and surrounded by a slender palisade. Major Buchanan, its brave defender, who had attended the council at Robertson's farm, invited several of the Cherokee warriors to accompany him to the fort. They carefully examined its situation, and inquired closely concerning its strength and means of resistance; and Timereor several times remarked to Major Buchanan that in case of a surprise it could

make but a feeble resistance. Buchanan, however, concealed many of the weaknesses of the station, and particularly deceived the Indian as to its strength and the manner in which it was guarded, for his experience told him the crafty Indians would take every advantage.

The warriors left the fort at nightfall, and communicated all that they had seen and heard to their companions, and arranged the plot which resulted in defeat and death. Major Buchanan gave orders that a stout watch should be maintained for the future, that sentinels should be posted in the most accessible places, and the gates barred and locked at sundown. Arms and ammunition were collected in quantities, and every preparation made for a midnight assault.

July and August passed without an alarm. The Indians remained quietly in their encampment without any known purpose of hostility, yet Major Buchanan did not suffer himself to be deceived. The sentinels performed their many duties, the gates were closed at an early hour, and the magazine and storehouse were well filled.

On the first of September, 1792, two men, who had resided for years in the forest, among the Cherokees, and well knew the artifices of the red men, arrived at the fort. These were Joseph Durant, a Frenchman by birth, and Dick Fendlestone, a half-breed Cherokee. They said it was decided to attack Buchanan's station about the twentieth of that month, and if successful, to march upon the other station, and finally fall upon Nashville. This news Buchanan immediately communicated to his superior officer, General Robertson, who ordered out the militia of the neighborhood, and in obedience to his instruction, three hundred men, well armed and equipped, marched to Rain's station.

Among them was a man of bold, daring spirit, well acquainted with woodcraft, named Abraham Castleman, who was despatched as a spy. Castleman proceeded to Black Fox Camp, near the present town of Murfreesboro, where he discovered fresh tracks of moccasined feet. Knowing these must be the hostile body of Indians, he returned, and con-

firmed the report of Durant and Fendiestone. But the time fixed by them for the execution of the plot passed, and the chief, a half-breed named Watts, a man who was distinguished for his humanity and magnanimity, had repeatedly assured Governor Blount of his peaceful intentions, and the settlers at Rain's station began to think themselves mistaken, and the troops were disbanded and returned home.

On the twenty-sixth of the month, however, Major Buchanan sent out Jonathan Gee, Seward Clayton and Reginald Clarke, men of great skill in woodcraft, as spies. They proceeded some distance, when they met a body of men dressed after the usual frontier fashion, who made signs for them to join them. The unsuspecting men swam a stream that divided them, and were met on the opposite shore by Watts and his braves, dressed after the fashion of the whites. In vain the unfortunate wretches threw themselves upon the mercy of Watts. The tomahawk of Timereor and the chief waved brightly in the sunshine, and sank with terrible force on the unprotected heads of the unhappy prisoners, and the bleeding bodies were thrown into the blue waters of the river. Those at the fort remained in ignorance of the terrible fate of the scouts, and even Buchanan began to waver a little in his idea of intended treachery, and omitted the usual precaution of stationing sentinels upon the walls.

The last day of September was one of those beautiful days of autumn, when the mist which lingers about the earth increases rather than veils the loveliness of nature—when the leaves are changing to rainbow hues, and the purple grape hangs in rich clusters on the bending vine. Upon that peaceful picture it seemed no stealthy savage would dare intrude, with death and desolation in his train. The merry joke and laugh circulated freely, for the inhabitants of the fort had cast off all gloomy apprehensions, and every heart rejoiced in the beauty of the glorious autumn. Children passed in and out of the gates with song and shout, never thinking of danger.

In one of the block houses sat two women, the wives of Gee and Clarke. Mrs. Gee was a rosy-checked, black-eyed woman, of perhaps forty, a daughter of the forests and well inured to the dangers of the frontier. Mary Clarke, the wife of a year, gentle and timid, had lived all her life long in a city, where danger was unthought of, and border outrage a thing to be read of in the newspapers. Like

a true wife, she had followed the fortunes of her young husband when his lot was cast among scenes of death and violence.

"What is the matter, Mary? You hardly speak, but sit there with your eyes fixed on the hills, as though you expected a red-skin to jump at you. I tell you what. I don't believe this story of Joe Durant's. The red-skins can't be very near, or Jonathan wouldn't stay out. He's been gone three days, now, and he must be in to-morrow," said Mrs. Gee, a little anxiously, for her husband's absence was not so uncommon that she should be seriously alarmed.

"Suppose they never come back, Nancy?"

"What do you mean, Mary? Who has been putting such nonsense into your head?"

"No one. Don't laugh at me, and I will tell you a dream I had last night."

"A dream! What! are you fretting over a bad dream? You ought not to do that now."

"I can't help it; the dream was so lifelike, that I must believe it."

"Well, what was it? Tell me about it."

"I dreamed," said Mary Clarke, drawing her shawl closer about her, and shuddering as she spoke, "I dreamed I saw Reginald, with your husband and Clayton, walking along by the bank of a river."

"Well, there's nothing alarming in that."

"Wait a moment. That was indeed nothing; but it seemed after a while that other men came on the opposite bank, and beckoned them to cross. There were many of them, and some wore the moccasins of the Indian, and their knives and tomahawks were concealed beneath their hunter's dress. I saw our scouts plunge boldly into the dark waters of the river; I saw them reach the opposite bank—and O, Nancy, pray Heaven it is not true—I saw them reach the shore, and climb up the steep bank; and then I heard the terrible war-whoop of the red-skins ring out plainly on the waters, and saw the terrible features of Timereor, and the half-breed Cherokee chief, Watts, concealed beneath the cap of the hunter, and I saw the Indians surround their captives, singing and dancing with horrible glee. I saw the tomahawks glitter in the air. I saw them fall, and heard the one wild cry of "Mary" burst from Reginald's lips as he sank, all mangled and dying, at the feet of the chief. After the horrid work was done, the Indians threw the bodies into the river. I saw the waters close over them, and I awoke. But, O, the memory of that dream has been with me all day.

"I cannot take any peace till Reginald returns."

"You really must not let an idle dream trouble you, Mary. The major does not fear an attack, and nobody believes Joe Durant's story; you know he is nothing but a lying Frenchman; and as for Dick Fendlestone, the half-breed, there's more red blood in his veins than in the chiefs, if I am not mistaken," returned Mrs. Gee, cheerfully, for she was anxious to conceal the impression her friend's words had made on her own mind.

Poor Mary sighed. "Yes, I know I am not really superstitious. I have no faith in signs and omens, but this seems almost like revelation."

"Well, they must come in to-morrow. The major thinks they have followed up the trail to the encampment, and that's more than one day's walk from the fort."

"God grant they may come!" said Mary, softly, as her eyes rested on the delicate work on her lap.

Mrs. Gee arose and went to the door, looking out over the hills, in the vain hope of seeing the returning scouts in the distance. Mary looked up with an anxious glance of inquiry, and meeting no sign of affirmation, plied her needle in silence, while a few hot tears fell softly. Then she struggled bravely to turn her thoughts from that terrible vision that was ever before her eyes, and prayed silently for strength to bear whatever might be in store for her in the future.

So the long, warm afternoon passed by; the sun went down in cloudless glory, with the promise of a lovely to-morrow, and the full moon climbed slowly the radiant sky. The sounds of busy life grew still at last, and only the note of the whip-poor-will, the chirp of the cricket, or the hoot of the night owl, mingled with the plash of gliding water, and the rustle and quiver of the forest leaves. The stars twinkled dimly in the far-off blue, and the moonbeams fell gently on the placid bosom of the sweeping river, moving onward, with scarce a ripple, to meet at last the mighty "Father of Waters."

Winding slowly among the trees in the forest, their faces begrimmed with the hideous war-paint, and the stern resolve of the warrior stamped upon each swarthy feature, marched a body of Cherokees and Shawnees, commanded by the infuriated Watts. The soldiers of the fort were locked in peaceful slumber, the sentinels removed; the path of the red men seemed open and easy.

Of all that fort contained, only one, the

widowed Mary Clarke, kept watch on that fated night. With her faithful Rover stretched at her feet, the young watcher scanned from her window the homeward path, which he for whom she looked might never travel again. Suddenly, in the distance, where the shadows were deepest, she saw something moving. Hope whispered cheerfully in her ear of the gallant young scout's return, and she strained her eyes to their utmost to catch another glimpse of the objects in the distance. Soon, however, she perceived, instead of three, there were hundreds moving noiselessly around the base of the hill; and sometimes, when the wind moved the boughs aside, she seemed to see the flash of weapons in the struggling moonbeams. Rover, too, seemed restless, and every now and then he would sniff the air, and then drop his head into his mistress's lap with a low growl.

Mary Clarke watched the shadows until they emerged into the moonlight, and she clearly perceived they were Indians, and in large force, probably seven or eight hundred, while the little garrison consisted of only twenty men, with their wives and children—less than fifty souls, shut up within four wooden walls.

Rover, roused by the sight of the approaching danger, began barking furiously, and his mistress perceived that the main body stopped, and detached a part of their number, who passed on silently in the direction of the fort.

But the noble dog had faithfully performed his duty. Lights flashed from loopholes and narrow windows, which told plainly that the unsuspecting garrison slept lightly, and were soon aroused. Mary saw two men come out of the block-house, and calling to them, she told them the cause of the sudden alarm. Their answer was firm and noble, and worthy of the pioneers of the new country: "Let the redskins come. We will die to a man before we surrender the fort to the half-breed Watts and his rascals," and simultaneously discharged their muskets. The Indians returned the fire, happily without effect.

The woods rang with the terrible war-whoop, and the little garrison was surrounded by the dusky warriors begrimmed with war-paint, and decorated with all the insignia of the war-path. Part of the Shawnee tribe, led by their own chief, Mockingehock, accompanied the Cherokees, and had they known the feebleness of the little fort, all within it had been slaughtered without mercy. The human fiends surrounded the building, climb-



ing the palisade, and attempting many times to set fire to it; but as often as they ventured they were shot down by unerring marksmen, who felt that their own lives and the lives of their families depended on their intrepidity and coolness. Fortunately, there was an abundant supply of ammunition, and the soldiers lost no opportunity of using it to effect. The women, actuated by the knowledge that worse than death would befall them if they became prisoners, resolved to conquer. Not an instance of female tenderness was shown in that terrible hour; not a hand trembled as it pointed the deadly rifle; not a muscle quivered when the report was followed by the shriek and death-groan of the enemy.

The American women of that time, born and bred on the frontier, accustomed to the horrors of Indian warfare, played their parts courageously. The American women of today, in East Tennessee, if their wrongs and hardships were written, have done a noble duty. Against armies flushed with triumph, flaunting the bonny blue flag, and the red, white and red, against scoffs and robberies, and murder committed upon their own hearthstones, they have kept their faith in the government, certain that there would come a time when that government would stretch out a powerful arm, and save them from the barbarities of the rebel hordes. All honor to the noble women of the Revolution—the wives and mothers of our heroes—who gave us this great inheritance of ours. But threefold honor to the suffering women of this rebellion, who stand true to the glorious old Union.

Once a warrior sprang over the palisade, and applied a torch to one of the out-houses, which was built of light and inflammable wood; but as he turned to give the yell of defiance, the bullet of Mary Clarke was buried deep in his heart, and the crafty Timereor was seen to leap into the air, and then fall upon the torch he had lain down, the weight of his body smothering the flame.

From the first moment of the attack, Mary Clarke had watched for him—the monster who had murdered her husband. Her rifle was loaded for him; she had sworn vengeance on him alone. Her gentle, timid nature was turned into stone; her one wild prayer was, that the chief should fall by her hand.

A wild laugh burst from her lips as she beheld the stalwart figure of the bloodthirsty villain fall motionless upon the torch he carried. A laugh that was heard above the din without. Many an eye turned sadly upon

her; a tear fell on many a rough, sunburnt cheek, and many a bold, honest heart ached for her young life, blighted in its prime.

Nancy Gee whispered to her neighbor, tears standing in her dark, bright eyes, "Poor thing, poor thing! I am afraid her dream is true, after all. Jonathan will never come back; these bloody redskins have killed him."

"I'll go and speak to her," said Lucy Forbes, dropping the rifle she held, and walking towards the unhappy girl. "Come away, Mary," she said, soothingly; "the Indians will shoot you through the loophole. Come." And she tried to draw the poor creature away.

"Let me alone!" shrieked the young wife. "He is coming—the greatest villain of the whole. He murdered Reginald. I saw him do it, and I'll shoot him."

"Who is it, Mary?"

"The Cherokee, Watts. See there in the shadow under the trees, is Reginald. Look! how bloody his clothes are, and how pale his face is. He told me that Watts killed him, and bade me take revenge, and I will have it." And again the maniac's laugh rang above the Indian shouts and the crash of musketry—a laugh that every soul in the fort heard with a shudder, knowing but too surely what it meant.

"He will come, ha, ha! He comes when we call him, Reginald and I; ha, ha, ha!" laughed the maniac, hoarsely, as the Shawnee chief, Mockinghock fell, pierced through the heart, on the cold body of Timereor. Watts perceived the danger, and started to return to his tribe; but Mary Clarke seized the rifle of a soldier near her, and again the sharp crack sounded through the fort. The right arm of the Indian fell useless by his side, and raising a yell of discomfiture, he climbed the palings and rejoined his tribe.

The face of affairs was changed. Watts, convinced of his mistake, and severely wounded, called off his warriors to a hurried council, after a serious attack of an hour, during which time he had lost many of his best warriors, and his ally, Mockinghock. The loss was never accurately ascertained; but at a subsequent meeting Watts admitted that thirty were killed, which was probably about half of the true number. In the fort, only one man, Michael O'Connor, an Irishman, was wounded by his own blunderbuss, into which he had carelessly put a double charge. Sullenly the defeated Indians fled homeward, carrying with them a large quantity of corn, and driv-

ing before them several hogs, the only booty they had been able to secure.

By this repulse Nashville was saved, and the Indians had received a signal check. It afterwards appeared that Watts had objected to the midnight surprise, and advanced another plan—that of remaining in concealment near the fort until the gates were opened, and the gallant defenders off their guard, and then rushing in. Mockinghock, on the other hand, favored the midnight attack, without a doubt of an easy conquest, and then marching directly to Nashville, where he expected to find rich booty. Fortunately, the Shawnee's plans were followed, and he forfeited his own life as the price of his temerity.

Of Mary Clarke our tale is short. When the gates were opened, she was the first to sally out, and closely watched the soldiers as they buried the slain warriors. When Tim-eoer's remains were deposited in the earth, she fled toward the river, crying, "I killed *him*, but the other escaped." And flinging on the winds that horrible maniac laugh, which froze the blood in the veins to hear,

down the slope she fled, swifter than those who followed her could have dreamed possible. "Yes, yes, 'twas I—I did it; ha, ha, ha, ha!" Down, down, with terrible speed, till she reached the river's brink, then, with one spring she sank into the turbid waters. Strong arms struck out after her, but when the faithful dog bore his dripping burden to the shore, life was extinct.

Years of peace have followed—years that changed the face of nature, and brought destruction and desolation to the homes of the red men. Now and then, away up among the mountains, some refugees from rebel authority, in their rude huts, screening their ruddy fire from observation, hear from the lips of the patriarch of the group the story of the Indian assault; but the recent march of events has obliterated, for the time, the memory of the deeds of the olden time. But the future historian, writing of the perils and sufferings of these devoted men, will find descendants of Buchanan and Robertson, and of the scouts, Gee and Clayton, among those who perilled all rather than flight under the stars and bars.

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## THE DECEIVED.

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BY E. A. DARRY.  
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Underneath the weeping willow,  
Where the grass grows fresh and green,  
And the welcome birds of springtime  
Mingle gladness with the scene,—  
Where the dewdrops hang like jewels  
On the fragrance-breathing flowers,  
Sleeps the fairest maid that ever  
Graced this changing world of ours.

Drifting snows are not as stainless  
As her soul so pure and white,  
That was gemmed with jewels brighter  
Than the stars that crown the night.  
Fairest of the priceless brilliants  
That adorned her spotless youth,  
Throned in beauty in her bosom,  
Were love's constancy and truth.

Heart like hers was never, never  
Won by mortal man before;  
Love like hers, so pure and deathless,  
Earth will witness nevermore;

Gem so fit to crown perfection,  
 Ne'er was torn from virtue's shrine,  
 Then with ruthless hand and callous,  
 Flung beneath the feet of swine.

So when he, her soul's fond idol,  
 Proved a fiend in angel guise,  
 Blacker than the depth of Hades,  
 Though a saint to outward eyes,  
 Her poor, trusting heart was broken,  
 And she never smiled again,  
 Till the night the angels took her  
 To the world that knows no pain.

## THE MATE OF THE CONSTANTIA.

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 BY FRANK ESCOTT.  
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THIRTY-FIVE years ago, no better ship sailed the salt ocean than the *Constantia*, and no better commander ever walked the deck than Captain Raymond Harris, who had commanded her from the time when he was twenty-one years of age, and he was now nearly thirty. His usual voyages were to South America and back to Boston; and, in nearly all of these I had the good fortune to sail with him as first officer. I had had repeated offers to go out as captain of different vessels; but I know not why I refused, unless it were to escape the fate which Captain Harris used to speak of as often happening—viz., that of “spoiling a good mate to make a poor captain.”

I was satisfied with the honor of being mate to so good a captain, and, as I had not arrived at thirty years, I felt that there was time enough yet.

We had a long passage from Lima to Boston on one of these voyages, and were ordered back to Lima, as soon as the ship could be discharged and re-loaded. We were all glad to get back there. The warm, mild climate of South America is perfectly enchanting to those born at the North. Enchanting, although enervating, I always found it.

Captain Harris, although a good disciplinarian, was very indulgent, and his officers and men were quite at home in Lima. Horseback rides were a great recreation to people who have had their “sea-legs” so long; and we all had some glorious times with those nice little, sure-footed ponies that carry you

so swiftly yet so securely over those mountainous bridle paths.

We were stopped in the midst of our enjoyments by the announcement of the captain, who had been looking over his sealed instructions, that we were to proceed directly homeward.

“Good heavens!” exclaimed the second mate, Mr. Howard, “to face the winter’s coast! That is horrible. Ugh! I shudder at the thought of exchanging these delicious airs for the rough winds of a New England coast. It is positively cruel in our owners to request such a thing.”

Howard loved to hear himself talk, and was generally extravagant in his expressions; but now he spoke only the sober, well digested opinion of the whole ship’s company, from captain to steward.

It was of little use to murmur. The fiat had gone forth, and must be obeyed. We all looked out our scanty stores of thick clothing, and many bought what supplies they could find at the seamen’s shops in the city.

Our voyage was a pleasant one until we entered the northern latitudes, when our thick jackets were speedily put in requisition. As we approached near the New England coast our anchors were got in readiness, and some few repairs made, that if any stress of weather should happen, we might be prepared.

We were but a few miles south of Cape Ann, when we had completed our arrangements. It was very calm, and the sun set clear; but there was a coppery hue at the

west that we did not like. Already, for it was near January, we had experienced great cold, and the men's fingers were bitten by frost, and some of them were almost unfitted for service.

Captain Harris was on the quarter deck looking anxiously at the sky. The moon was but a few days old, and when it went down darkness reigned over the whole heavens. An hour afterward, a slight breeze from the east made itself felt, though gently. More sail was set, hoping to run in to some safe harbor before the storm, which was so quietly, yet so certainly brewing, should come in its might.

The hope was vain. As we neared the coast the wind increased to a gale; and what was still more deplorable, a driving snow-storm came on. Our topsail gave way before the squall, and the decks were washed furiously by the seas that broke over them. The ship in forty minutes more was lying in the trough of the sea, with foresail and mainsail split into strings, and the crew utterly helpless to repair or prevent any or all damages. Nothing but ruin and death stared us in the face. Every rope was covered with snow, which was converted by the spray into thick ice almost as soon as fallen. The decks were a mass of slippery ice, and water that was rapidly freezing, in which the men were sometimes standing to the top of their great boots.

One little fellow, scarce fifteen, a slight, delicate boy, named Gilbert Harding, was striving to imitate the "old salts" in their composure and bravery. His service was light, of course, as he was only a cabin boy. The son of a widow—an only son, tenderly reared, Captain Harris had taken him to sea for this one voyage, hoping that he would soon sicken of a sea life, for the sake of his desolate mother. The captain had ordered him to go below; but he had begged so pitifully not to be left there alone, that he had revoked the decree and allowed him to come on deck for a short time.

The sailors' voices, when they spoke to him, were softened to a half tenderness that was touching to hear. One of them, blunter than the rest, said:

"Gilbert, what do you think your mother is doing now?"

A tear started to the boy's eye, but he manfully resisted weeping, and answered, in a low voice:

"She is singing; she always is at this hour; and her song, to-night, will be:

"Star of God! 'when winds are mocking  
All his prayers, he'll fly to thee!  
Save him, though on dangers rocking,  
Far—far at sea!"

I knew by the way the sailors hushed their rough voices to a whisper, how tender they felt toward this child, so gentle, so thoughtful of his mother, and so reverent of his God. I even heard one of them say, in a low tone, to his companion, "Bless the boy! no wonder the old woman prays for him; he is as good as gold seven times tried." But I was too busy to listen long. In half an hour, we might be struggling in that ocean, or our dead bodies might be floating on to the shore. Strong hearts and strong arms were needed, and we must give only a passing sympathy to our fellow-sufferers, while trying to save them and ourselves.

We had not long to reflect upon it. The rocks of Cape Ann were before us; the sea running mountains high, and the wind blowing a gale, driving the snow into our faces and destroying all hope of seeing the various lights, or of knowing how to avoid a single danger that threatened us.

The single hope that the storm might soon abate was fast leaving us. Every moment we were nearing the rocks, and expecting to hear the terrible crash that would part our already disabled vessel into fragments. It came at last—a dull, harsh grating, a creaking, groaning, indescribable noise, that sent a shiver of despair into every heart; and then she parted amidships and fairly broke into pieces.

"Save yourselves, men!" cried Captain Harris, his voice ringing above the storm like the call of a clarion.

"Ay, ay, sir, when you set us the example," called out several voices.

"Save yourselves!" he repeated. "It is madness to wait for me; I shall be the last to leave this poor ship." And his voice, so clear but a moment ago, was husky with emotion.

For myself, I knew no more. Something cold, hard and heavy, touched my head and I swayed to the deck beneath its chilling weight. When I awoke from that dreadful torpor, I was sheltered in an old ruined rope-walk, that stood just above the line of the beach—left for dead! It was daylight, though gray and dim; but sufficient for me to appreciate my situation. A sailcloth had been laid over me. I had evidently been under some attempt on the part of others, at resuscitation, and finding it fruitless, they had abandoned me to death.

While my body was so weak that I could not lift a finger, my mind was so active that I could not stay to arrange anything that had already occurred, but hastened on to the result. I should fall asleep, I imagined, and my living frame, powerless and inert, would be carried away to a tomb, where I might again revive to new horrors.

I was relieved of this burden of dread, by the entrance of two gentlemen, who at once attracted me by the spirit of benevolent sympathy that diffused itself, as it were, all over them. They walked, arm in arm, toward where I lay; and it was then first that I discovered that others as inanimate as myself lay around, upon the wooden benches that surrounded the old, dilapidated room. They went up to each in succession, until they came to one nearest me, but lying a little behind me.

"Great God!" exclaimed the taller of the two, a noble looking man, "what an awful death was this to die! Cut off in a moment from robust, active life, what must be their sensations in dying! I tell you, Adam Dean, rather than such a death as this, I should prefer one of lingering, painful sickness, lasting for years, perhaps."

"And it is not likely that you—a landsman—would be called in this way; while my chance, as a seaman, would be scarcely worth counting. But look here, for God's sake, Ashley! This young boy is not dead!"

A young boy! I could not turn my head, but I felt that this must be the Gilbert, so beloved of our captain.

The gentleman continued:

"Here, Ashley, take this brandy flask from my pocket. I put it there last night, thinking it might be wanted."

A faint choking sound told me that it had taken effect. Then a weak but sweet voice, that sounded like music to my ears, said:

"Where is Captain Harris? where is Mr. Howard?"

The moment my name was called, the spell was broken that had been set upon my faculties. I feebly moved my arm toward the spot whence the sound proceeded, satisfied that it was Gilbert's voice that uttered it.

"Heavens! Ashley, look there!" exclaimed the one whom he had called Dean, and the latter instantly approached me. A draught from his flask revived me still further.

"Call some one, Ashley. These poor fellows must have warm blankets, and be carried to the hotel."

"Yes, I have fifty-one there already, but there is yet room."

He was gone but a moment, when he returned with seven or eight stout men, who wrapped us in blankets and laid us in a sleigh, covering us with fur robes. We were side by side, Gilbert and the friend whom, after his mother and the captain, he loves best. We were both too weak to speak, but we looked at each other all the way. The dear boy! What if, after all, he had been buried alive! The thought absolutely took my breath away.

We were taken into Ashley's hotel as tenderly as if we were infants; and as all the other beds were full, Mrs. Ashley offered hers. It was a warm, comfortable room, with a blazing fire upon the hearth. A cot bed was brought in for Gilbert, some hot brandy given him, and he fell into a gentle and refreshing sleep. I received the same treatment, but sleep seemed to have utterly departed from me. I lay there, my eyes fixed on Mrs. Ashley's face, for hours, as she sat by the fire, sometimes knitting, sometimes reading, and always ready to minister to the wants of the two poor creatures thus thrown on her hospitality. Something in her countenance seemed so familiar that I longed to address her as a friend.

When I became somewhat restored, Mr. Ashley and his friend made me frequent visits, eliciting all I knew of the storm; and, at the same time, telling me that ours was not the only vessel wrecked that night.

Many smaller ones, mostly schooners, were lost, together with a part of their crews. Some had passengers on board. Mr. Dean had saved several of these, and, among them, a very old lady. There were fifty of the shipwrecked now in Ashley's house, and he had refused payment from all. He was a noble man, indeed.

It is hard for my pen to record the sad fate of one whose life was so beautiful in good deeds. Within a month from the time in which he so nobly befriended us, he was lost in that ill-fated steamer that sailed from New York on the thirteenth of January following our shipwreck. Within four years, Mr. Dean, his friend and brother, laid down his life on a foreign shore. Let me give this feeble tribute to their worth, conscious that there are deeper and worthier records of them in many, many hearts.

I have said that Mrs. Ashley's countenance seemed familiar. My childhood was a lonely

one. My parents died while I was very young, leaving my little sister and myself dependent on strangers. Caroline was adopted by a gentleman living in Boston, while I was taken care of by a fisherman whom my father had once had in his employ, when the world went well with us. When I was eleven years old, I went to sea; since which I had never seen my sister. Mrs. Ashley's face brought Caroline's childish looks back to me. I asked her a few questions when I recovered, and found that my heart had been true to early memories. She was indeed my sister Caroline. Parted so long, there was strange sweetness in our reunion. She, too, sleeps the slumber that is never broken on earth. Each year, some one who has loved me falls away.

My poor Gilbert is still spared to me, although that dreadful night's work crippled him for life. We were all that were saved—I, to take care of him, and he to bless me with his true and beautiful affection. He is to me as a dear younger brother. When I married, I told the object of my love that I would bring to her my highest blessing. He is hers now—loving and beloved by her and her children. He is our comforter in affliction and the sharer of all our joy. Our youngest darling bears his name, and a sweeter bond holds the two together than I can describe. Another dear boy is called Raymond Harris, for our noble captain, whom we mourn with true and heartfelt sorrow still. My boys have a passion for the sea, and I do not seek to restrain them from indulging it; for I feel that God is with us there as elsewhere.

Perhaps I err, in giving the above state-

ment from the lips of the worthy old captain who told it, in one of our long walks across the beautiful beach that was the scene of his shipwreck. The big tears rolled down the face of the old man, as he recalled that fearful night upon the rocks, and the death of his beloved commander. Long years had not effaced a single remembrance connected with a scene so fraught with suffering.

He invited me to his house, and I gladly took the opportunity thus afforded of seeing the companion of that ill-fated voyage. Seated in an arm-chair, a pale cripple was surrounded by a circle of young people who all seemed eager to contribute to his enjoyment. I found that his recollections were quite as vivid as the captain's; but the mention of the shipwreck brought a visible shudder to his poor, battered frame, and I entreated him to speak of it no longer. I rose and began to examine various specimens of marine curiosities which were scattered about the room; and as he gave me the history of each, in succession, the painful glow that had come upon his face subsided into the pallid hue it had worn upon my entrance.

The captain's wife seemed worthy of such a husband. She was much younger than he—a youthful looking woman, with large brown eyes that beamed with pleasure whenever they looked upon him. Her children were of various ages, from three to twenty, and some were true miniature editions of herself. One sweet girl of eighteen fairly dazzled me with an array of bright eyes, rosy cheeks and soft, brown curls. I may never behold her again; but I shall not soon forget the beautiful Henrietta.

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### “FORGET ME NOT.”

BY LAURA HUTCHASON.

My fingers wander among the leaves  
Of a school-book, worn and old;  
When floats a tiny, snowy card  
From out my careless hold.

“A scrap of the pretty past,” said I,  
“A remnant of the years now dead;”  
And tracing out the characters small,  
“Forget me not,” I read.

“Forget me not!” how thought flies back,  
To the scene of that summer noon,  
When Charlie and I, regretting, stood,  
That the bell had called so soon.

A whispered word, or the lightest laugh,  
And we had broken a rule;  
But, silent, he placed in my hand this card,  
And returned to the duties of school.

I drifted far out on the sea of life,  
To row for myself, alone,  
Where the waves that beat on that sunny shore  
Sent me not one distant moan.

“Forget me not!” I’m past twenty now,  
And am happy yet, I ween;  
But my pulse will start, and flush my cheek,  
O’er this souvenir of fifteen.

## DO YOU?

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 BY MRS. B. B. EDSON.  
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I am sitting to-night in silence,  
 And tenderly thinking of you;  
 For I would not forget the old-time,  
 In the pleasantness of the new—  
 Would you?

For I hold that the love of life's morning,  
 When the feelings are fresh and new,  
 Will never be lightly forgotten  
 By a heart that is warm and true—  
 Do you?

Thus thinking, each year when the summer  
 Is flushing the earth anew,  
 I remember *one* pleasant hillside,  
 Where the lush-red berries grew—  
 Do you?

And the lilies we used to gather—  
 And the brook where the sweet-flag grew—  
 And the mint, and the meadow daisies,  
 And the harebells' tender hue—  
 Do you?

And O, do you not remember  
 The violets fresh with dew?  
 I can find none now so lovely,  
 Or tenderly soft and blue—  
 Can you?

And O, the beautiful pictures  
 Of the future, that we drew!  
 I have not found in life's journey,  
 One-half of them come true!—  
 Have you?

Yet sometimes I love to linger,  
 And the fancies of old renew;  
 Smiling, half sadly, while thinking  
 How little, alas! we knew—  
 Do you?

And one even—do you remember?—  
 When we parted,—I and you,—  
 How we vowed through all chances and changes  
 To be each to the other true—  
 Have you?

And though many a link is broken,  
 That bound the old to the new,  
 That promise is sacred and tender  
 To me—is it still to you—  
 To you?



## OVER THE PLAINS.

BY ROBERT M. ANDERSON.

It wanted half an hour to sunrise and the village of Sangothlen was still fast asleep, Willie Mayne excepted. An insignificant exception, perhaps, for Willie was a laboring man and the son of a laborer.

No one is astir in the cottages as Willie drives his cows past their doors, and up in the great mansion house of the earl nobody will be moving for an hour more; so Willie is sure of an hour at least before Mr. Karl, the earl's manager, will appear to set him his day's task. Willie Mayne knows well how he will spend that hour, and he whistles merrily and hums a fragment of song as he goes.

The low, thatched cottages catch a gleam of the dawn light, and their small glass windows glow quite rosily. A few are not so modern as this, and these have a very singular and lonesome air, as if they were shut up forever and had no dormant life within them. The clustering ivy climbs over the roof and walls, and hides the unsightly brown thatch and drapes the rude timbers with beauty.

But he is soon past the cottages, and comes out into the open country, and presently, ascending a hill, the whole hamlet lies below him, still and peaceful, embosomed by the green heights around; the river flashing bright in the growing light, leaps down through a narrow pass and winds around in the valley between the scattered brown houses, and goes singing under the arches of the old Roman bridge and broadens to a lake in the wide, grassy meadows below the town.

The earl's park sweeps down to the highway, and under the regal trees groups of startled deer stand gazing at the early comer; the grass is dotted all over with daisies as purely white as new-fallen snow. The earl's grounds touch the foot of the mountain that cuts into the clear air with its sharp peak, and beyond this the rugged heights rise higher and more abruptly, and the strips of pasture land upon their flanks grow narrower and the patches of forest smaller; the trees dwindle, and towards the summits iron-gray rocks are hurled together in picturesque confusion—for this is Wales and those are the Welsh mountains, famed in romance and verse.

Far to the east, in low, smooth lines, run the English hills. The dawn warms into day;

the rose tints deepen into crimson; the sombre ashen clouds that hang over the sun are suddenly transmuted to gold; a pearly mist of vapor that floats softly up to the mid-heavens, gleams rose and silver in all its translucent folds. The winding river flows a burnished flood, the green fields and the rounded hills grow more vividly green, the mountain tops catch the sunshine, the wide valleys hold it in their bosoms, the smoke winds up in soft, dreamy blue coils from a hundred cottages, the tinkling of cow bells is heard in all the paths, and Sangothlen is awake.

The slow, beautiful unfolding of the day has gone on under Willie Mayne's eyes with scarcely a thought from him. He knew it would be a fine day for the haying. Those thin clouds were sure to melt away before the sun and leave it hot and clear. He would do a great day's work to-day, for was he not the strongest and quickest of all the earl's laborers? Did not Mr. Karl praise him but yesterday, and say that the earl would be glad to help him to emigrate if he had a fancy to try his fortune in the new world? What would Katherine say to that, he wondered. What would she think when he told her of those magnificent prairie lands where thousands and thousands of cattle could feed at once—where the grass was as high as a man's shoulders, and sweet as clover blossoms. With these splendid visions before him, Willie looked rather contemptuously upon the little mountain pasture that slid down to his feet, meagre and thin, but sweet and dewy and full of the frail mountain flowers, little tender creatures, that creep to such heights and nestle in the shadow of century old rocks.

He shut up his cows in the little square, and heard the tinkle of the bells dying away in the distance as he hastened down the mountain, not stopping to look up at the great peak which cleft the sky above him. For there at its foot sat Farmer Bayham's cottage, and there by the well-sweep was his pretty daughter Katherine.

Willie's eyes sparkled. "I'll just go through the croft at the back of the house and come around the corner and surprise the lass."

He quickly leapt the hedge, crossed the field where the new-mown hay lay in fragrant

winrows, and disappeared around one of the many angles of the quaint house.

Katherine suddenly felt a pair of hands clasped over her eyes and an affectedly queer voice said:

"Who is it?"

"O, Willie Mayne," cried the girl. "Did you think you could deceive me? Would anybody else be so saucy as you?" and Katherine held the strong hands and looked up laughingly into the merry face beside her.

"I don't know, Katherine. Wouldn't Farmer Crafts?"

Katherine shrugged her shoulders and pouted prettily.

"If you tease me about him I'll go into the house and you shall not see me again, and that you won't like, for you came to see me, I know you did," and she put her hand in Willie's.

He held the hand fast, looking all the while in admiration at the lovely face and lithe, elastic figure that made Katherine Bayham the boast of Sangothlen.

"No, I should not like it, Katherine, for you see I got up an hour earlier this morning on purpose to have a good long talk with you. I've got something to tell you."

"Yes, you always have, you know," said the girl, archly.

"But this is something very important. If you'll go and sit with me under the oaks, I'll tell you," and Willie Mayne spoke with a look of dignity that made Katherine laugh.

"Is it one of your secrets, Willie? I've got so many of them to keep now," she said, playfully, as they sat down on the rude stone bench.

"But this isn't a secret—at least it won't be after a little. All the world will know it then."

"Why, what do you mean, Willie Mayne?" and Katherine's blue eyes opened wide.

"This is it, Katherine, darling. You know I've so long wanted to go to America, but I couldn't get the money because it takes so much for mother; but yesterday Mr. Karl was talking with me, and he said that I was a promising young fellow—I don't mind telling you—and I'd be sure to rise over there—and that the earl would advance me the money to go and fifty pounds to begin with—think of it—fifty pounds—if I'd a mind to go, and I might pay him back out of my earnings when I got well settled. So I'm thinking of going after St. Bartholomews; you know I'm of age then."

Willie was so full of his subject that he had not noticed the cloud that had suddenly overspread Katherine's fair face.

"Why, Katherine, darling, don't cry!"

"How can I help it?" and the large tears slowly rolled over the smooth, pink cheeks, "to hear you talking of going three thousand miles as quietly as if it were only over to Chester. I don't think you can love me much to be willing to go so far away," and Katherine made a pretty show of being greatly aggrieved and wronged.

The little gipsy knew the way to Willie Mayne's heart. She knew that a host of protestations and tender caresses would be lavished upon her by way of proving Willie's faith. Yet it piqued her pride to think that any temptation could induce her lover to leave her in order to seek his fortune. She had no idea of allowing him to go without trying to dissuade him from it, and when his resolution began to wane, then, perhaps, she would be magnanimous and graciously accord her consent.

But Willie was firm.

"Don't you know, Katherine dear, that your father once said he would not give his daughter to any man who had not a house and fields? And besides, I surmise that Farmer Crafts would be a more acceptable son-in-law than poor Willie Mayne."

"How can you be so absurd, Willie?" said Katherine, crimsoning with vexation. "That homely old man—quite as old as my father."

"But he is rich!"

"I don't care for his riches."

"I am glad to believe that, dear; but your father may—and so I think it will be best for me to go where I can make a fortune. Then I can laugh at Farmer Crafts and his riches."

"Ah! Willie, it will be so lonesome without you."

"Katherine, Katherine, come in, and if that's Willie Mayne, ask him in for a bite o' breakfast—he'll have a hard day's work to do, and he'll find that a sup o' talk with a silly lass like Katherine Bayham won't stand in stead o' a bowl o' warm broth," and Katherine's mother went back into the house.

"Now you will come, Willie," said Katherine, pleadingly, and Willie who never practised self-denial out of pure perversity as many lovers do, went into the cottage.

The warm broth was steaming upon the table. Large cakes of barley bread came out sweet and crisp from the shelter of a snowy napkin. Triangular slices of rich, new cheese

piled a plate. There was a stout flagon of ale for the farmer and tea for the farmer's wife and daughter, poured in quaint, diminutive blue cups.

The Welsh farmer, strong, broad-shouldered and blue-eyed, acknowledged Willie's presence by an unintelligible ejaculation which sounded very much like a growl, and with not very cheerful hospitality pushed a chair towards him. But the kindly dame's ungrudging welcome more than compensated for the farmer's coolness. A few women seem to exist for the simple purpose of making good their husbands' deficiencies. In his practical affairs they are ubiquitous and untiring. They gather up all the loose threads that he is too careless or too independent to heed, and make them fast. They save all the stray pennies—they do all the forgotten and neglected work. If he is surly, they are always sweet. If he is taciturn, they are unremittingly sociable and loquacious. They counterbalance his parsimony by their generosity, and atone for his crabbedness by their geniality.

Such a helpmeet was Dame Bayham, and while the farmer swallowed his broth in huge spoonfuls, alternating with growls, she chatted and smiled and jested in unabashed serenity.

"Have a cup o' tea, Willie Mayne. It's good for young folks' spirits and old folks' nerves, and let prices rise as high as they will, the tea shall not be wanting."

"Growl, growl," went the farmer.

"Yes indeed," said the wife, cheerily, as if it was a sign of assent, "it's but little we common folks can have, but that little we'll have whether or no. Life is short, but it will be our own fault if we don't make it sweet."

"Growl—growl—growl."

"No, thank you, dame," said Willie, in refusal. "I sha'n't have luxuries on the prairie, and I may as well learn to do without 'em now."

"Bless us, what does the child mean?" and Dame Bayham paused in her tea-drinking in astonishment.

"Willie's going to America?" said Katherine, desperately.

"The saints above!" cried the old lady.

A fierce growl from the farmer.

"He is going to make his fortune there!"

Growl contemptuous.

"Indeed, sir, I know of two or three lads who went out to the States two years ago, and now they all own their bit of a cottage and their patch of tilled land and no end of

pasture on the prairie," said Willie, in reply to the farmer's argument.

"Growl—growl—growl!"

"Willie says the maize grows eight feet high, and that there are whole acres of such plums as Mr. Karl raises in the hot-houses at the earl's, that anybody may have for the picking," said Katherine.

Growl incredulous.

"Ah me! what a paradise," sighed the dame.

"If you would give your permission for me and Katherine to marry, sir, when I come back, I could go over the water with a lighter heart," said Willie, with desperate boldness.

A series of growls succeeded, which Willie understood to mean that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush, and that a girl would be a fool to exchange Farmer Crafts and his substantial wealth for Willie Mayne and his castles in the air.

Having thus delivered himself, Farmer Bayham left the table and the kitchen, and presently they heard the rush of his scythe through the tall grass in the field close by.

"O, Katherine, it's just as I told you," said Willie, turning pale.

"O, you foolish boy, hush and take heart," said the dame. "The good man doesn't mean all he says, and my word for it, Katherine shall spin in the chimney corner all her life before she shall go to Farmer Crafts. Make yourself easy, lad, and I'll manage thy wooing for thee."

Willie Mayne took what comfort he might from this assurance, and went away to his day's work.

For a little while there was no sound in the kitchen except the clatter of dishes and the clinking of knives. Presently the room was made tidy and Katherine drew out her wheel from the corner. Then pausing with the thread over her finger, and a meditative look on her pretty face, Katherine said abruptly:

"Mother, what ever made you marry father?"

"Mercy! child, what put that into your head? Mind your spinning."

"But what was it, mother?" persisted the girl.

"Why, if you must know," said the dame, shaking out the flax for her own wheel, "he kept asking and asking me, and at last I just thought I'd get rid of him for good—and so I took him. Now don't ask any more foolish questions."

Katherine set her wheel in motion, and

presently the pleasant hum filled the quaint kitchen.

The day went on. The farmer swung his scythe in the lush grass. The birds sang and the crickets chirped. The glittering dew vanished in the glowing sunshine, and by-and-by it was noon.

And all the while Katherine was thinking of Willie Mayne. The nimble thread running from her fingers did not equal her thoughts for fleetness.

St. Bartholomews came and went, and with it Willie Mayne. Katherine missed something out of her life when he was gone. She could not fill her whole mind with her spinning and the few household cares, like most of the young girls whom she knew. Katherine had peeped into life of a higher kind. The earl's daughter had taken a fancy to her a few years ago, and she had lived several months at the castle as a kind of humble companion to the young lady. Here books fell in her way, and the peasant girl devoured them with eagerness. The music of the piano awoke a slumbering chord in her heart, and presently Lady Marianne found that Katherine had a very sweet voice that harmonized admirably with her own. She directed her music master to give Katherine lessons, and thus a glimpse of another new world was opened to Katherine. All this had aroused her dormant powers, and she could never again go merrily to market or fair and come home—all her aspirations realized by a present of a gay scarf or a few false jewels, like her companions. If she could only have gone with Willie she would cheerfully have encountered privation and danger, for she had the light heart that makes such things easy to be borne, and the romantic temperament that throws a halo of poetry around uncouth and commonplace scenes. But she knew her father's growls would grow into fierce words if the thing were but mentioned, and there was no alternative but to allow Willie to depart with no outward sign between them except the betrothal ring, and trust to his coming back in a few years with gold enough to buy her father's good will.

By-and-by it was mid-winter and time for a second letter from Willie. He had written once, soon after landing in New York, that he was tempted to cross the plains and try his luck in California, whose rich deposits of gold were now drawing thousands to her shores. Since then, no word or letter, and Katherine's heart began to ache with anxiety.

She sat one afternoon looking thoughtfully

out of the window and thinking of Willie, perhaps lying frozen in the fierce storms that she knew sometimes swept down upon the plains. The gray shadows grew deeper out of doors, and only the crackling wood fire made it bright within. It was still and cold. The little river that ran through the valley was sheeted with crystal. The mountain sides were white with snow. Katherine looked till fields and woods and cottages faded into one indistinguishable blot.

"What ails you, girl?" said her father, abruptly. "You're pining after Willie Mayne. He'll never come back for you. Do you think there are no girls in the States? Belike he's married already and settled in his cottage on the prairie that he talked about. And you'll go pining till all the village laughs at you. Better a great deal marry Farmer Crafts—a likely body, with house and fields of his own, and plenty of money besides. 'Tis a pity girls will be fools."

Her father rarely delivered himself at such length, and Katherine knew that he must have set his heart upon the match, else he would never have been betrayed into such unusual loquacity. It was the beginning of a persecution which lasted a whole year, and all that time no word from Willie. Katherine's smiles grew rarer, and she no longer sang at her work all day.

"Well, child," said her mother, at last, "I misdoubt that Willie is dead, or forgotten you, as your father says, and Farmer Crafts is a well-to-do man."

Katherine was silent.

"You'd be close by home, and it would be a pleasant thing for you to be always at hand."

"O, mother," said the girl, bursting into tears, "are you too turning against me?"

"Whist, child! I'd not say a word, but your father pesters me about it night and day," and the usually cheery old lady wiped her eyes.

Katherine almost wavered. She crept to bed that night hating herself for vexing her parents; and doubly blaming her inconstant heart that made her think it possible to be false to Willie. But before morning a strange, awful thing was to happen in the farm-house.

It had been a day of fierce wind. The tempest rose toward night, and before twelve o'clock the house rocked like a ship at sea. Wakened out of an uneasy slumber, Katherine heard her mother calling her. She sprang up and ran to her. The wind blew fearfully—the western wall threatened every moment to give way before the terrible power of the

blast. Katherine had not clung to her mother a moment when there was a great noise, a crash of falling timber, a rush, a moment's endeavor to escape, and then there was a space in which their faculties, benumbed by terror, could hardly act. The roof had been torn away, breaking in as it moved the whole outer wall upon one side. When Katherine and her mother extricated themselves from the wreck, the first shout was for the farmer. But he would never answer them again. A falling beam had struck him a fatal blow.

It was April, and the Welsh valleys were smiling in green. Katherine stood counting some pieces of gold. She was paler than when Willie Mayne had left her, but more lovely in her now delicate beauty.

"Here is the money for Jetty, and added to our savings it will make quite a nice sum," she said, cheerfully.

"It will go soon enough, though," said her mother.

The widow was not as chatty as in former days. She missed her own quiet home, she missed her husband; she would even have been glad to hear him growl and scold as he had been used to do. The black frill on her cap was the sign of her grief. The sadness on the small, peaked face that had been round told how sincere it was.

"I know what we will do with this money," said Katherine, shaking the gold pieces in her hand.

"What, child?"

"Go over the seas and find Willie."

"Child!" said her mother, startled into astonishment.

"Dear mother, it won't be such a great thing to do," said Katherine, dropping on a cricket and beginning to develop her plan. It was conceived many weeks before, and now she did not lack eloquence to convince her mother of its feasibility. It was all wrought out and matured that night, and in two weeks they had left beautiful Sangothlen forever.

The sun had fallen behind the great mountain peaks that walled the west, and the red light that lingered around the horizon grew slowly till it flowed over half the heavens. A light wind sprang up, and the tall, thick grass of the prairie rolled away before it in long, soft swells, and the crimson sky looked down and touched them with a fainter crimson. The white tents grouped in a little cleared space under the shadow of a bass-

wood tree, flushed rosy, and the faces of the emigrants and the white cheeks of little children wore a strange beauty, borrowed of that sunset sky.

The train had just encamped, and the men were employed in putting the horses into corral and arranging a guard for the night. The large, heavy wagons were formed into a hollow square enclosing a considerable space of the prairie, and within this, cropping the grass which was here short and luscious, the horses were left free. Sometimes, ceasing for a moment from the repast which must have been grateful after the long gallop and coarse, dry fare of the day, they broke into playful curvettings, uttering joyful neighs and gambolling around each other like a flock of boys just released from school. The slow, brown-eyed oxen stood apart, gravely ruminating and eyeing all this frolic with sedate surprise. In and around the tents there was a pleasant noise—mingled sounds of rattling dishes, the cheerful talk of matrons and the rippling laughter of young girls.

Presently the men came in, and at most of the tents supper was ready, and its odor already wafting on the air. Meantime the crimson glow had faded out of the sky, and the billowy prairie grass swaying under the rising wind, had faded to gray, and not far off the curved outline melted into indistinctness.

The great mountains in the west, that day after day for so many weeks had silently beckoned the travellers on, lifting their white crests into the sunny blue, and shining always like silver clouds, withdrew into the gathering night, and the falling gloom came down upon the prairie and thickened about the little encampment and pressed gradually nearer and nearer the white tents, till wagon and tent and tree were shapeless, indistinguishable spectres.

It grew to be nine o'clock, and Captain Deforest went his rounds to see that the guard were supplied with ammunition, and were properly impressed with the necessity of keeping awake.

"We are now in the Indian country," he said, "and are liable to an attack at any moment—indeed; I'm quite certain that some of the rascals are skulking around not far off. One of the scouts found the print of a naked foot in the sand by the spring to-day, and it's likely its owner is somewhere in the vicinity, and the Sioux never hunt or fight alone. In case of an alarm you are to discharge your

revolvers as a signal. Now mind—keep a sharp lookout.”

Captain Deforest was a slight, dark man, of a peculiarly active, energetic temperament, sagacious and fertile in resources. But his train, though trusting him implicitly, could not realize that there was any danger of an Indian attack. All had gone so smoothly that the apprehensions with which they had undertaken the journey were completely lulled.

The children played around the camp till nine o'clock, and the women ventured beyond the tents into the open prairie. It had been their custom to do so all the way, and now they acted as if there was no special reason for prudence. A troop of gay young girls were laughing and dancing a little way from the captain's tent. He watched them as they flitted from the moonlight into the shadow of the rocks and one or two bass-woods that grew not far off.

“If one of those girls should be picked up by a red-skin,” he muttered, “she'll wish she'd taken my advice and stayed inside the camp. At any rate, it's time they were in now—we're off early in the morning. Sound the horn, Gabriel.”

Even as he spoke a shriek tore through the still night air that made the blood curdle in the veins of those who heard it. The men sprang to their feet and grasped their arms. Immediately the girls came running in, sobbing and talking incoherently in their wild fright.

“Katherine is gone,” were the first distinct words.

The whole party had gathered around, and at this Dame Bayham dropped in a dead swoon. It was hours before she recovered, and then it was only to murmur, “Woe is me! woe is me!” with quivering gray lips.

They had joined the train in St. Louis, having heard of Willie in New York, and till now all had gone so pleasantly that they had come to believe they should certainly reach their destination in safety.

Katherine had gone out that evening with the rest; they had laughed and frolicked and danced over the prairie. By some accident she had fallen behind the others, and was lost a moment in the shadow of the trees. Then came the shriek, a rush of trampling feet, and her companions had fled for their lives. A company of armed men were immediately sent in pursuit, but they returned at daybreak having met no traces of the Indians. There was nothing left but to continue their course, though with heavy hearts.

“We may come across 'em again,” said the captain; “and if we don't, I'll head a party of old campaigners and we'll scour the country till we find her.”

Katherine was the favorite of the whole company, with her pleasant ways and merry songs, and not a man among them who would not have followed the trail of the Indians but for the danger that would threaten their own wives and children in their absence.

It was noon the next day when a dark object shone out against the sky, which the captain, upon using his glass, decided to be a caravan of men and horses.

“A party of returning Californians, it is likely,” he said.

In an hour more they met. The Californians, a set of brown, resolute looking men, were deeply interested in the account of the Indian raid—for such there was no doubt it had been. The emigrants thronged around them as they passed along with the wagons, with that friendly curiosity which strangers meeting in desolate places would naturally have for each other. One of them, a youthful looking personage, whose fairness was not quite concealed by the bronze of travel, a chestnut-haired, blue-eyed, athletic, active fellow, suddenly stopped, stricken dumb with astonishment.

“Why! what—who is this?” he exclaimed.

“That's Mrs. Bayham,” said the captain. “An old acquaintance, perhaps—such things often happen.”

Mrs. Bayham, who had been silent in the stupor of grief all day, started up at the sound of the young man's voice. Her tongue was unloosed.

“O, Willie Mayne! don't you know your Katherine's mother—and O, Willie, the dear girl is lost!” and she burst into sobs.

Willie looked around uneasily, doubtful if he were awake. But Mrs. Bayham's volubility, which quickly returned to her with the thought that here was help, convinced him of her identity. She told him how they had come over the seas to seek him—Katherine always insisting that he was true—and had got on safely—everybody was so kind—till last night. And Willie related how he had prospered, and had written to Katherine that he was coming for his bride, and no letter had come in reply, till weary of waiting he had set his face homeward.

With blood-growing chill and face whitening at the thought of his love in such peril, Willie sought the aid of his friends. They

were all eager to get home, but two offered to join him in his search.

"We saw marks of the Sioux twenty miles back. They made a wide circuit round you, and probably struck north just then," said one.

Mounted on the fleetest horses in the party, with fresh ones running loose at their saddle bows to serve as relays, the brave trio set forth. They retraced their way twenty miles, then dismounted and searched carefully in all directions. After a little while they came together, and Francois Baptiste, an old *voyageur*, said:

"I'm certain they went through this defile. They made their camp there under the lee of that rock—they didn't succeed in covering up their traces, though they tried pretty hard. The fire was small; the grass isn't much rolled—there aren't more than two or three of them. You see this little rill; it grows larger presently, and soon joins a branch of the Fox river. They'll keep along its banks for a fifty miles or so. The country north is open, and they won't take to the open prairie while they can keep the cover of the woods, and they won't go to the south because it's rough for their horses. They'll ride like the wind, and it'll be a trial of speed. Shall we set on?" and the old *voyageur* threw his head back with the air of a spirited horse eager for the race.

"You're sure of this, Francois," said Willie, with nervous anxiety.

"Sure, comrade. I've followed the trail of the Sioux as many times as I have seen summers, and I know their tricks."

"Let us on, then."

They all sprang into the saddle. The splendid animals which they rode, as if conscious of the importance of their errand, fell at once into a long sweeping gallop which they kept without slackening until the lowering sun fell behind the trees that skirted the level savannah, and the misty grayness of coming night made itself felt around them.

"We can't ride more than half an hour longer, at the most," said Francois, as they turned into a rocky defile and again came within sight of the stream. "Here's a good spot to camp."

"We must go on!" exclaimed Willie, to whom the thought of desisting from the pursuit was intolerable. "We must go on, Francois."

The brown *voyageur* looked at the youth with interest and pity.

"With all my heart, comrade, if it didn't

spoil the game. We come say upon the rascals in the night, and they're off like a shot, and it's a piece of good luck if we catch 'em. Our best plan is to camp now and set off an hour or two before day. We'll likely surprise 'em in camp, and if they show fight our chance is as good as theirs; and if they run, we've daylight and twelve hours before us for the race."

"You're right, Francois; but I had hopes we should overtake them to-day."

They drew in their horses and made preparations to spend the night in a little green spot flanked by a huge wall of rock upon one side, and the rushing brook which had now grown to a river upon the other. At their back was the stretch of prairie, and in front a rapid slope to a dense wood. Here they supped; and while they did so, talked over the plan for the next day.

To go back to the night on the prairie and to Katherine. She had laughed and danced as joyously as the rest, in the exuberant spirits which came naturally from their wild out-of-door life. But presently, tired with exercise and sated with frolic, she lingered behind her companions and soon fell into the shadow of the tall bass-woods. She paused a moment, and looking dreamily upon the girls sitting hither and thither, and seeming in the pale moonlight like the ethereal creatures of fairy tales, she remembered Sangothlen, the chirping of the crickets in the twilight, the black water under the arches of the bridge, and the silvery sheen upon it where it sang itself again into the moonlight, and Willie's honest, loving face beside her and herself toasting the daisies upon the rippling waves. Was this the Katherine of those days?

A step startled her. She turned in some alarm; a dark face was peering over her shoulder. Only time for one shriek; and a hand was pressed upon her lips. She felt herself in a grasp which she was powerless to resist; and so she was caught up before her captor in the saddle, and borne away in a wind-like rush over the prairie. She did not faint, only in a deadly stupor of fear felt the steady, pulsing tramp of the fleet hoofs, knew the swift, reeling motion and the cool touch of the air upon her hot face, till in the gray of the dawn she was set down fifty miles away, in a hollow, beside a running stream. Katherine, who had read wild stories of adventure, knew the strange figures around her for Indians. An old, uncouth warrior, whose wrinkled skin



was painted and bedizened according to savage taste, squatted on the ground with his back against a tree. A woman knelt before the embers of a recent fire and tried to rekindle them with her breath. Her captor with his arm thrown over his horse's neck, answered the old man's questions. They spoke in tolerable English—they had not made forays over the border, and traded with and stolen from and scalped passing emigrants without acquiring that accomplishment—and Katherine readily understood them.

"What did my son get in the hunt?"

The young Indian nodded and pointed to Katherine.

"Humph! the white squaw is fair and is worth many skins, but Indians eat venison."

The young man unstrapped a brace or two of wild fowl from his saddle bow, and threw them at the squaw's feet. The old warrior surveyed them with complacency.

"It is well!" he muttered, with an air of stoical satisfaction.

The young man brought a buffalo skin and laid it at Katherine's feet, making a sign that she should sit upon it. His lithe, sinewy figure and dark, grave face were not unattractive, and Katherine eagerly looked at him, divining that her hope of escape lay in persuading or eluding him. Several times she met his eyes fixed upon her with a singular intensity of expression, but they were instantly turned away before her own.

After a time the wild fowl were dressed and cooked, and the young Indian brought Katherine a portion. She shook her head.

"The maiden will need strength—the way is long," he said, in a musical voice.

The words recalled her to a sense of her situation. She would indeed need strength if she should attempt to escape. She took the food and ate in silence. The Indian sat down a few paces off. Presently the old warrior rolled over on the grass and fell into a snoring slumber, and the squaw went a little distance away and began picking up sticks to finish cooking the meat.

The food she had taken and the exhilarating influence of the morning air, revived Katherine's spirits. Moreover, she was of that heroic make which easily rises to an exigency. She began to revolve plans of escape in her mind.

"Why have you taken me away from my friends?" she said, gently.

After a moment the savage replied:

"The Indian follows the chase in the great hunting-grounds, but the friends of the white

squaw will pay many skins for her ransom."

"But they will never know where to find me," said Katherine, the tears springing to her eyes.

The shadow of a smile flitted across the impassive countenance.

"The wigwam of the Winged Arrow is lonely. The face of the white squaw is very fair. She will cook the venison for the Winged Arrow, and sing him to sleep when he comes home weary with the hunt. Indian women do not sing. The face of the white squaw would be pleasant in the cabin."

"She has a brave of her own whose heart will be heavy at her loss," said Katherine, adopting the Indian's form of speech.

"The pale faces are a great nation, and their fair women are as the leaves upon the trees. There will be a wife for the brave, but the white squaw belongs to Winged Arrow," and he rose and walked away.

In half an hour more she was again in the saddle, the Indian holding her with strong yet not ungente grasp, while he cast occasional wary glances around. The horses struck into the long, leaping gallop peculiar to their race, and with every mile in advance Katherine's heart sank. She had heard, too, stories of white women and children stolen from the emigrant trains and carried away to the wilds of Oregon—detained until they had died of fear and exposure. What hope was there for her?

It was just dawn upon the second day. The old squaw had prepared breakfast, and the Winged Arrow was equipping his horse for the start. Suddenly the creature threw his head high in the air, and gave a loud, eager whinny. The Indian threw himself upon the ground with his ear to the earth for an instant, and then springing up with one of his quick, supple movements set Katherine in the saddle and took his place behind her, at the same time giving the alarm to his companions.

The tramp of hoofs broke upon Katherine's ear, and they had not made a dozen rods before a party of horsemen burst into view, riding as for life.

"They will make for the wood yonder, and then fight," said Francois Baptiste, under his breath. "Hey! *canalo!* what's the matter?" as the steed bounded forward with a loud, exultant neigh.

The hearts of the three riders stood still. Willie Mayne felt his limbs stiffen to the rigidity of death. Nothing could equal their as-

tonishment when they saw the horse which bore the Indian captor and the girl wheel and make straight at them.

"What does the fellow mean—will he fight us here?" said Francois, in wonder.

"Don't fire; you'll hit her," said Willie, with white lips.

"I know—but— Why! *canalo*! Are you gone mad! Good mother preserve us! It is the lost *canalo*!"

In vain the Winged Arrow lashed his horse, thrust the point of his hunting-knife into her neck and beat her flanks with his feet. She leapt swiftly over the few rods that now separated the two parties. Francois shouted, and now the Indian flung himself to the ground and drew his bow upon his pursuers. The horse rushed on, and in another moment, with curious manifestations of delight, was rubbing her smooth neck along the side of Francois's abandoned steed.

Katherine, who had clung faint and trembling, but with a wild hope of deliverance in her heart, felt herself lifted from the saddle and heard the voice that she could never forget calling her name.

The rapid shots from Francois's revolver crashed through the silence, and the arrows came hustling through the air.

"Now, my fine fellow, you're fairly beaten. You'd best surrender," cried Francois.

The Indian threw down his bow and quiver, saying:

"It is the white man's turn now, but the Indian's will come another day."

"Yours came not a great while ago, I should think," said Francois, coolly. "So you're the red scoundrel who stole my horse when we camped upon the plains. See here, friends—

this is the lost *canalo*. I've driven them a hundred miles in a day over the plains. This one, which this red skin stole a thousand miles back here, is only a grass younger than the other. He knew his brother a good way off, the beautiful *canalo*!" and he patted the smooth hide affectionately. "I bought them in New Mexico, and they'd never been apart a day till this rascal stole the younger. The thief ought to be shot—'tis the only thing that will cure him of his tricks."

But Katherine pleaded for him, and Francois was too well pleased with the restoration of his beautiful *canalo*, as well as too merciful, to revenge his wrong upon the Winged Arrow, who was accordingly released and left to follow his companions towards the setting sun.

A few months later and the whole Sacramento valley is abloom with flowers, although it is Christmas. The little cottage on the slope is fairly lost in them, and the field before it flushes with purple, pink and gold. It is fairer than Sangothlen. The snowy crest of the Sierra Nevada rises to a loftier altitude than the familiar Welsh mountains, and the blue river coming down from pathless solitudes, broadens to a mimic sea just below the vale.

It is Willie Mayne's cottage, and the land as far as one can see is his. He has quitted mining and become a stock-raiser. That is he coming up the slope, his stout staff in his hand. Katherine lingers behind, pelting him with flowers and playful words.

The kitchen door is open, a savory odor comes forth; homely Welsh dishes are cooking within, and the cheery dame's song keeps time to the bubbling pot.

## DESTINY.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

Did chance command our future field,  
What seer had e'er its secrets read?  
All unaware to fate we yield,  
But the old prophets heard his tread.

Still moving at his solemn wand,  
With not one step irregular,  
Our march is full of meaning grand,  
As sphere of moon or wheeling star.

From year to year, from day to day,  
Whate'er our steps pursue or flee,

A path we tread like that which lay  
For Israel through the parted sea.

And oft the soul in mighty dreams,  
When wakened are its wondrous powers,  
Sees where the future pathway gleams,  
Though all be blank in daylight hours.

As ere the bloom, the budding leaf,  
So, fixed alike are means and ends;  
The future goal of joy or grief,  
Nor less the step that thither tends.

## COUSIN MAY'S VISIT:

—OR,—

"STILL WATERS RUN DEEP."

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

I HAD never seen my cousin, May Dutton, since we were both little ones in short clothes and pinafores—then Aunt Sarah took me with her on a visit to Uncle Dutton's. This was my first and last visit to Boston; and visions of princely magnificence and luxury still float through my mind, and blend with the fairy tales of childhood.

Cinderella's first ball could not have been more gorgeous than the stately parlors of Uncle Dutton; Aladdin's magic palace could not have exceeded the richness and splendor of this home of luxury. My new morocco shoes were silent upon the velvet carpets, strewn with baskets of brilliant flowers; and the profusion of paintings and costly ornaments, the silver tea-service, the piano and chandeliers fairly bewildered my weak little head.

Little May was younger than I, and flitted about like a humming-bird; her pale golden curls played about her snowy shoulders, and her little feet were never still. She was the only child, and petted and spoiled, as the "one ewe lamb" of rich papas usually is. She was but a child, however, and soon forgot my plain, substantial dress and taciturn manners, and took pains to amuse me and show me round. We walked and played on the Common, and one afternoon visited the Museum—all of which I enjoyed as much as any little country girl could do, who is profoundly conscious of the fact that she lives in a wooden house without blinds, and that her dresses are two inches longer than the prevailing fashion.

But years had passed since then, and we had never met again, though Uncle Dutton sometimes wrote that May was talking of coming to see us.

I had always lived with Aunt Sarah, in the little, brown house hidden and shaded by luxuriant cherry trees, and adorned with lilacs and roses. My life had been a quiet one—attending the village school, helping Aunt Sarah in the kitchen, knitting sale socks and reading such books as the village library could afford. It was too quiet for me at times. Yet I had many resources of enjoyment, I

was deeply fond of the woods and streams about my home, and deep in the heart of the old forest, where the patriarchal pines were suffered to decay unspoiled by the woodman's axe, and their mosses trailed in the limpid waters of a singing brook, where the violet and cowslip grew up towards the sun, and the trout played, unscared, at noonday, or lay dreamily among the roots and grasses of the stream—here, in the poetic stillness of nature, I had formed a grotto, by training a luxuriant woodbine among the pine branches, and built a sofa of the fragrant mosses—and here, in the long, summer days I would bring my book and my knitting, and build those aerial castles of future splendor and bliss, which youth has always reared, and age sighed over their ruins, from time immemorial.

For many summers I had revelled in these sylvan shades, and grown from childhood into a thoughtful, robust, well-formed and well-favored young woman. I had outgrown many of my childish romances—that worth and nobility live only in cities, and are robed in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously—and had adopted the homely truth that some of the noblest types of manhood and womanhood have lived and died in the peaceful seclusion of a country cottage home, happy, loving and beloved. I had had my dreams of ambition at sweet sixteen, which only a coach-and-four, brown stone front, double parlors, brocade silks, operas and a born prince could satisfy; but a sweet teacher, who has often developed all the richness and worth of a woman's heart, had dispelled these idle fancies of pomp and vanity, had given me diamonds instead of paste, and kindly taught me the true path of a pure and holy womanhood, and I gladly walked therein; that teacher was the guardian angel—Love.

I was now nineteen, and in my dreams at the fairy grotto, I saw myself the prospective mistress of a white cottage under the hill, and had even laid aside in a iron-bound, oaken chest, sundry stores of counterpanes, sheets and pillow-slips, snowy table-linen, silver spoons, etc., in anticipation of such an event.

I had been for three years the teacher of the village school, and was learning to be very happy in my love of children, and in my sweet thoughts of the future.

Suddenly, into the midst of this tranquil life, came a letter from Cousin May—a tiny note on pale-tinted, perfumed paper, written in the faintest little scrawl—saying if it would not trouble us, and we wouldn't make company of her, she would like so much to come to Glenburn and spend a few of those broiling summer days. Of course I replied, in my round copy-hand, that we would be delighted to see her, and only wished that she might like country-life so well that she would be willing to stay a long time; and subscribing myself, "Your affectionate cousin, Alice Glenn," despatched the letter by the next post.

Sooner than we expected, the lumbering stagecoach rattled down the lane, and stopped at the garden gate. A broad-brimmed hat emerged from the door, a pair of exquisitely small feet descended the steps, and as I came forward, the sweetest silvery voice in the world, said:

"Is this Cousin Alice Glenn?" and before I could get a look at the face beneath the hat, her warm lips were pressed to mine in a right cousinly kiss.

Relieved of her trappings, half-reclining on the lounge in our small sitting-room, chatting away as if her tongue would never stop, eating strawberries and cream—when she could get a spoonful into her mouth between the words—her cheeks brightly flushed with enthusiasm, the mellow sunset brightening her pale brown hair—half in braid and half in curls—one tiny slipper peeping from her embroidered skirts, I thought my cousin May the sweetest picture my eyes had ever seen.

She was of that petite, delicate mould, with a complexion of dazzling fairness, that is seldom found in the country, and her pretty, piquant ways and naive chatter fairly won my heart. If I had been a man, I should then and there have enshrined forever in my heart's sanctuary the face and form of May Dutton. As it was, my deep passion for all that is beautiful in art or nature, invested my cousin with a halo of perfectness, that blinded me to everything but her angelic loveliness. If any one had told me she had a fault, I think I would have turned away with incredulous scorn at the suggestion.

Now, when I look back, I smile at the recollection of my infatuation. But I loved

her for her beauty, and I wondered that every one else did not share my passion. I remember I was most thoroughly vexed with Aunt Sarah for saying something about "vanity," and quoting in half ill-humor, the old saw:

"All is not gold that glitters."

It was my summer vacation, and the next day I took May to my woodbine bower. She was perfectly enchanted, and used more hyperbole and rhodomontade, half French, half Italian, than I could interpret in a month. Here we reclined half the summer day, she, scaring the birds with her laugh and prattle, I, content to listen and watch the play of her sweet mouth and blue eyes.

Just as she was rehearsing to me the details of her last flirtation with a "real French count, at Washington last winter," a shadow suddenly falling across the stream, startled us. May screamed with fright, but I said:

"O, it is only John. How do you do? I didn't expect you home so soon. This is Mr. Gordon, May—Miss Dutton, John."

She greeted him with all the ease and grace of her conventional breeding. John never appeared to better advantage, fanning himself with his straw hat, and answering her lively sallies with a dry, pungent wit that he indulged in but rarely, but then, it was so rich and humorous that I could only sit and laugh at them.

She played the role of the city belle rusticating, he made apologies for the rudeness of country manners.

"You will find our hedges rather uncultivated," said John; "the truth is, that Nature's gardener has never served in the royal gardens, and does not mind the trimming of the hedge-rows."

"But I like rural fashions, and the wild, untrammelled walks of nature," replied May. "There is such simplicity in country life."

There was a droll twinkle in John's eyes, but he answered, gravely:

"Much simplicity, but very little taste. You will find that cows and pigs, although singularly picturesque in English lithographs, are really very uncouth and awkward animals. And although country cousins are very charming in novels, they are, in reality, somewhat wanting in grace and accomplishments."

May started, with a frightened look, as if he had spoken her own thoughts, and stammered:

"No, no; you are quite in error. My country cousins are well-bred and very superior, and—"

"O, never mind me," I answered, gaily, and John went on in the same imperturbable manner.

"Now here is Alice—a nice, good sort of a girl, but she can neither play the piano, talk French, nor dance the Lancers; and I don't believe she knows an opera from an anthem—and I dare say she thinks it a sin to wear low-necked dresses."

O, John, John! Well was it that he could not see the heart that writhed beneath those careless words, as he thoughtlessly contrasted me with that "rare and radiant maiden," who had bewildered me with her loveliness. Her fair, round shoulders were only covered by a thin fall of gossamer lace, and her round, perfect arms adorned by a single rich bracelet, while those flashing, liquid eyes smiled and beamed upon him with a witchery that to me seemed irresistible; and I, plain Alice Glenn, in a simple gingham, with the plainest of linen collars close around my throat, my hands large and brown with work; what was there in me to win the heart of man, when she was by? I loved her for her beauty, and so, I thought, must he.

These thoughts did not come to me in a moment, nor in an hour; they flashed over my heart like a dull, cold fear—an apprehension of coming storm and tempest that would try the strength of my frail life-boat, perhaps toss it, a shattered wreck, upon the barren sands. Still I smiled upon them, with a kind smile, and was half-glad to see them happy.

The summer sun was setting when we slowly sauntered homeward, May with an evergreen wreath over her sunny hair, and her hat over her arm, John walking by my side in grave meditation. At the gate he paused, and declined my invitation to spend the evening, but promised to take us down to the fort in his little boat, the "Starlight," in which he and I had spent so many happy hours together, on the moonlit lake that emptied its waters into the Penobscot.

He took my hand in a parting clasp, as usual, when he left me at the little gate, and May put out her small, white hand, too. He took it in his hard, brown one, looked down, with that strange half-smile in his eyes, upon that little, dimpled hand, closed his fingers over it, then turned away.

John Gordon had been my schoolmate in childhood; but his father was rich, and had given him superior advantages for education and travel, and during his college life, I had felt that there was an impassable social gulf

between us—I, poor Alice Glenn, with nothing but my pure conscience and hopeful, prayerful woman's heart and willing hands—he the accomplished gentleman and scholar, with his proud and ambitious hopes.

I shall never forget the day, one holy Sabbath afternoon, that we walked home from church together, down the little bridge across the Mohawk stream. It was early June, and we paused by the roadside to gather violets and strawberry blossoms. John had a happy look about his mouth, and a grave, thoughtful expression in his eyes. I was careless and happy in meeting my old schoolmate again. So the day deepened into twilight; and he drew my arm through his, in a tender way, and said:

"Lean on me, Alice."

I laughingly complied, and looked up into his eyes. He looked down upon me with that soul-absorbing gaze that I could not misunderstand, and as my eyes drooped, he laid his hand caressingly on mine, and said, gravely:

"Alice Glenn, I love you, and I brought you here to tell you so. Are you willing?"

"Certainly, I want every one to love me," I said, evasively.

"No, Alice; this will not do. I want to know if you can love me above all others—with the love of a wife, Alice," he said, in a low, tender voice, clasping my hand tightly.

A deep thrill of happiness went through my heart, and I think he saw the gladness in my eyes, for he kissed me, and smiled, but pleaded:

"Answer me, Allie."

I answered him frankly.

"I could love you, John, but—"

"But what, darling?" kissing me again.

"But I am afraid you would not always love me, John. I don't see why you love me. I have neither beauty, wealth, nor accomplishments, and you might marry all these."

He drew me to him in a close embrace, and his voice was tremulous with emotion, as he replied—I shall never forget his answer:

"My own Alice, you wrong me by such words. Beauty and riches and accomplishments are but dross in the world of domestic love. I love you for your kind and womanly heart, and because I think you can give me the best wealth on earth, a pure and constant love. Never give such thoughts a place in your heart again. I have loved you a long time. I shall always love you. You will not doubt me again, Alice, my beloved?"

And in the quiet calm of this new and holy

happiness, I thought I could never doubt John Gordon.

A year had passed since then. John was away most of the time, and when he was at home he seldom relapsed into gravity, though we talked freely of the future. He was going to be a farmer, after all, much against his father's wishes; but he loved it, and it was an honest, independent calling, and so we were to be married in the autumn. I had never doubted he loved me, not a moment,—still there would often come the dark fancy, "what if he should sometime love another, what would I do?" I loved him with a wild, passionate worship—he never knew how well. I thought of all my apprehensions, as he held her hand at the garden gate—I remembered them as the dark shadow of a prophecy. I knew John's love of the beautiful, and I saw this embodiment of all grace and beauty placed a temptation before him. I loved her, and so must he.

In the morning he came for us early, and we walked down to the rustic wharf where his little boat lay rocking in the stream. The wind was fair, and we were soon enjoying the delicious luxury of a sail on a fragrant July morning. May was in ecstasies, and laughed and talked and sang, and his eyes watched her every moment, with that same half-smiling look; but she was so graceful and witching, that even my fears could not overcome the pleasure I felt in gazing upon her radiant beauty. As we reached the mouth of the stream where it glided into the bosom of the Penobscot, John said to me:

"Take the helm a minute, Alice, while I hoist the jib."

"O, let me, let-me!" cried May, springing forward, eagerly.

But John caught both her hands, and said, playfully:

"Who do you think would trust the helm of their ship in the hands of such a little flirt as you?"

There was more of fondness than reproach in the way in which John said this, and my heart cried, in anguish, "O, John, do not leave me desolate! Yet who can help loving her?" But my lips gave no utterance, and my eyes were looking off to the islands that lay shrouded in the mists of the horizon.

"Helm-a-lee, Alice," said John. "Look out, May!"

He just caught her in his arms, as the sail swung heavily round, or she might have found her grave in the garden of lilies; but John

caught her in his arms, and held her there, talking foolish nonsense to her.

"I believe I shall have to tie you fast to the mast, to keep you from running your head in to all possible danger. Why can't you behave yourself, like good cousin Alice?"

Yes; he held her there till the warm crimson flushed her very brow, then he smiled that strange smile again, and came and sat by me, and teased me for being so sober.

It was a dull and weary day to me. I left them together a great deal; but they did not seem to miss me, only once John said:

"I fear you are not enjoying our excursion, Allie."

"No matter, I am tired. If May enjoys it, that is enough."

Next day it was a horseback ride; and as May had no habit, I coaxed her to excuse me, and wear my skirt with a charming, little black velvet jacket of her own, and with John for her cavalier, away she rode. I felt that my fate was inevitable—for we do not love as we will, but as we must; and if, in the great book of Destiny it was written that the love that had made my heaven should be given to another, was my puny hand to avert it? I could only take up my dreary burden of silent endurance, and pray. I felt that I should have known this before—he so accomplished and talented, I, plain, unobtrusive and reticent. When they were gone on that morning ride, in all the glow of their well-matched beauty and vivacity, I passed through that fiery ordeal of renunciation, which makes a woman's character for good or for evil. Henceforward, I must look upon my betrothed as belonging to another. I felt that I must speak with him freely upon the subject. Then I thought that it would be better for me to wait with patience his own time.

I had just settled this, in a calm sort of agony, in my heart, when the sound of hoofs at the gate and a burst of silvery laughter announced their return. May rushed in, beautifully flushed with exercise and happiness, and exclaimed:

"O, Alice, such a ride! don't you wish you had gone?"

John was calling me from the gate:

"Come, Allie, and have a ride with me—do come, the morning is so beautiful."

But Aunt Sarah was calling me from the kitchen, to beat up the cake, so he went away with the horses, and I went to the kitchen.

Towards evening, May had wandered off with her hat trimmed with my Scotch roses



I thought she had gone after strawberries, so I covered my head with a veil and went down the beaten path towards "Woodbine Bower." I longed to be alone, where no eye could see, and no voice break the strange spell that bound me. I wanted to go away and pray for peace, for rest—even the rest of the last, dreamless sleep. Listless, I wandered along, with my hands clasped over an aching heart, and my eyes upon the ground. The sweet breath of the pines was suffocating to my senses; the chirp of the robin was harsh and unlovely. As I approached my greenwood bower, the low murmur of voices startled me, and looking up through the network of the branches, my direst fears were confirmed. There, upon my mossy seat, where I had dreamed away all the happy hours of my life—alas, that they were but dreams!—sat John, supporting the drooping head of my cousin May, who leaned lovingly against him, as I had done so many happy times, in that same woodland haunt, hallowed by the spirit of memory—now desecrated by such a scene. I stood, spell-bound. I could not hear all their low words, but May said:

"What do you suppose Alice would do, John?"

And John, holding that soft, beautiful hand lightly in his, with his eyes resting upon it, replied, in cold tones of masculine logic:

"Do you think she would care, May?—you don't know Alice. Such things would never move her from the calm serenity of her ways. She is not such a sensitive-plant as you are."

I felt the blood steal from my cheek and lip—yet I must not faint. No, I *would* not, and I hastily retreated. I stepped over a loose branch that cracked under my foot, and as I glanced backward, I thought May saw me through the trees. I reached home, but I could not coax the color into my face, so I threw myself on the sofa in the parlor, and buried my face in a pillow. Soon I heard their voices in the garden, and May asked him to come in, but he refused; she persisted, in a pretty, petulant manner, then she came in, calling me.

"Alice, Cousin Alice! John wants you in the garden."

She found me, at last, and came tenderly to my side, asked if I was sick, laying that same fair hand on my brow.

"Here is a letter for May," said Aunt Sarah, and May retired to her room. John came to the open window, and spoke to me.

"Are you sick, Alice?"

I made no reply, and the next moment he was by my side, bending over me, in the old, familiar way, asking me to tell him what was the matter. I muttered something about "headache," but he took my hands from my pale face, and I could see that he was really alarmed.

"Alice, you are very sick, let me go for the doctor."

"No, no! I am only tired—don't frighten Aunt Sarah. I shall be better soon."

I tried to turn away from him, but he silently and firmly lifted my head from the pillow, and laid it against his shoulder. I was too weak and too weary to resist.

"Now, tell me what troubles you, Allie—haven't I a right to know?"

His voice was strangely low and caressing, for the dark deception he was using towards me. It was so hard—I had loved him with so much reverence and admiration for his truth and honor—and to find my idol clay, gross clay—to find that the tempting fruit upon my tree of life were but the apples of Sodom! Why did he not tell me all? I would at least give him an opportunity to tell me all; so I said:

"Do you really think you have a right to know all my thoughts, John?"

"I thought you had given me the privilege of always sharing your joys and sorrows, Allie; but if you regret it, darling, tell me so frankly, now, before it is too late. I am not the man that would secure my own happiness at the expense of yours. If you have ceased to love me well enough to be my wife, Alice, only say so, and I will go away, and leave you in peace."

I shuddered at his baseness. So he wanted me to speak the words of separation, that he might say it was I, and not he, who desired the dissolution of our betrothal. No, I would not do it, so I responded:

"Did you never regret, John, the hour in which you asked me to be your wife?"

"Have I ever given you reason to think that I repented, it, Alice?"

It was vain to parley longer, so I resolved tell him all, and then free him from the light bonds that bound us; but just then, May's step on the stair startled me, and I tried to free myself from his encircling arm. What would she think to see us thus? But he refused to release me, and so I was forced to wonder at the strange farce he was playing, and I could only cover my face with my hands. May came and knelt by my side.

"Are you really sick, Cousin Allie? What can I do for you?"

She laid one hand on John's arm, but he answered her coldly, drawing me closer to his side:

"Don't disturb her, May, she has a severe headache, and is not able to talk. Let her be quiet, please."

May took the hint, and said she would help Aunt Sarah get supper. As she turned to leave the room, John asked:

"How would you like a little, green snake for a necklace, May?"

She screamed a little, cityfied scream of horror, and ran off to the kitchen. John laughed, and I naturally inquired what it meant.

"Well, if you will be a dear girl, and keep still,"—laying my head on his shoulder, and smoothing back my hair—"I will tell you all about it." This afternoon I was lonesome like, and so I came up here to see you, and not hearing your voices, I thought I knew where to find you. So I went out to your ivy-bower, and there, to be sure, was your namby-pamby city cousin all alone, reading the 'Wandering Jew.' Do you read such books as that, Alice?"

"I never heard of such a book! Where did she get it?"

"Ha, ha! That's rich! Never heard of it! Did you ever hear of Barnum?"

"Of course; and Tom Thumb and the woolly horse and the Feejee Mermaid, and all. Does he show the Wandering Jew?"

"No; you precious ignoramus—it is one of Eugene Sue's works, well enough for fast young men, like me, but I'd much rather see my Alice reading her Bible."

O, what an unpardonable sinner he must be, to play such an ambiguous part. Nothing could be more tender than his manner towards me; but what my eyes had seen, and my ears heard, had steeled my heart against all his fondness.

"Well; go on, John. You found May at the grotto, instead of Alice, and were very well pleased with the exchange—did not even miss me."

"How could I miss you, in such charming company—so lovely and beautiful and accomplished? O, no; I never miss you, Alice. But I have seen city belles rusticated before. I think I can withstand even the witchery of such a witch as your cousin. But let me tell you all about it. I scolded her some—pretty severely, I thought—upon the character of literature she was enjoying, and she sat there,

leaning on one hand that rested on the moss and turning upon me, the un-masked battery of her irresistible smiles, and coquetries and and glances. I do think, Alice, that she would not scruple to steal somebody's lover."

John kissed me.

"So we laughed, and talked nonsense, when suddenly the little flirt screamed out—you must have heard her down here—such a scream of terror,—it would have made the reputation of any stage actress. And what do you suppose it was? Nothing in the world but a little, green snake, coiled round her arm! I took it off, and threw it into the stream, but she was so white and helpless that I had to hold her up—she rather seemed to enjoy it, though, and leaned her head against my shoulder quite as if she had a right to."

"Of course that was exceedingly unpleasant to you—how disagreeable it must have been."

John laughed.

"I really believe my Alice is getting jealous. Couldn't she give us something tragic, now? There, there, child; of course I didn't refuse to let her lean on me, when she was fainting away with terror; and I suppose it wasn't so *very* disagreeable—does that prove I am not loyal to my darling? Not a bit. It was only perverse, masculine human nature. Perhaps I chided her a little for being so childish; afraid of a little snake. She wanted to know what you would have done. I told her that my Alice was a woman of nerve, and not one of the fainting sort—but what is this—tears, dearest? Now, Allie, do tell me what troubles you. I can't bear to see you crying, and I not comfort you. You must tell me."

And, sitting there in the little country parlor, with his clear, truthful eyes looking into my face, I told him all. The jealous fears, the invidious comparisons between May's beauty and my plainness—all the pain and wretchedness. The fearful tempest, that had gathered black as Egyptian night over my life, had all passed by, and now the sun was shining.

John was much moved, and told me how he had longed for my society, and wondered why I always pleaded excuses, and sent him off alone with that little coquette.

"Then you were really jealous, after all, Alice?" he said, half laughing.

Then he took both my hands in his, and his eyes were humid with emotion, as he continued:

"I never loved you for your beauty, Alice; but your modest ways and downright common sense and good, true heart are worth more than a harem of sparkling fairies, like that aimless little butterfly. It is only the holier graces of the heart and soul that can insure domestic peace and happiness, my Alice, and you can give me all that I could pray for. Promise me that you will never again let the wicked, green-eyed monster steal

the roses from your cheek, and all the happiness from your eyes, like this."

I promised.

May did not enjoy her visit after this, and gradually my eyes were opened, till I saw, as John had seen from the first, that she had really been set upon a serious flirtation with her cousin's lover. She soon went home, and I never saw her again. But John's step is at the gate, and the tea made, so *au revoir*.

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## FAREWELL

BY H. M. S.

Farewell! farewell for aye!

Not when my heart is aching 'neath the weight  
Of utter loneliness—not when the knell  
Of dying hope comes with its bitter freight  
Of wordless agony and woe, to tell  
How giant passions, kindled into life,  
Have drooped and perished 'neath the world's cold  
strife;  
Not in such scenes of tumult and unrest,  
Shall thoughts of thee commingle in my breast.

But when forgetfulness her watch shall keep,  
With folded wing, by passion's turbid shore;  
When o'er my heart sweet memories come like  
sleep,

And the soul dreams its strife is haply o'er.  
Then shall the past gleam out a ray of light!  
A fair isle on life's tumultuous sea!  
Like stars that lit the wasting soul's dark night,  
Shall be the memories that still cling to thee.

Farewell! farewell for aye!

Those memories now are twining round my heart,  
Binding its pulses with a mighty spell;  
Telling how hard a thing it is to part  
From the dear treasure it has loved so well.  
Yet must we part! I may perchance forget  
The summer friends who need not my regret.  
I may be heedless of their onward lot,  
But thou, ah! thou canst never be forgot.

Farewell! the last farewell!

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## THE BETROTHED OF TWO.

### A LOVE TRAGEDY.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

"His real name is Crosby."

"And he called it Crofts?"

"Yes. It is enough to prove him guilty in the minds of the community."

"Is it then a sin to change one's name?"

The questioner, Frederic Sutton, winced keenly, and half turned away from the fair face of his betrothed, who answered:

"No man need be ashamed of an honest name. If a person is unwilling to be known by his patronymic, I should say it was good evidence that he was conscious of having dishonored it."

The conversation had related to a young man who came to the village a few months before, and now had been arrested on suspicion of having been engaged with a gang in the circulation of base coin. It seemed this

man escaped from the city when his employers were taken into custody, engaging here as a mechanic, where it had taken the officers of justice this length of time to trace him.

Laurette Lee did not observe the slight confusion of her lover, which the discussion of the subject had occasioned, nor is it probable she would, though it had been much greater. True, her acquaintance with Frederic Sutton was all condensed into a few short weeks; yet she felt as if they had known each other always. It was long enough for Laurette to have become his affianced wife, and she believed this man, who was to be her future husband—as what innocent, warm-hearted maiden does not?—the perfection of nobleness, goodness and truth.

"O," exclaimed the happy girl, "I have had

a letter from sister Lily to-day;" and she drew a delicately-superscribed envelope from her pocket. "I meant to have shown it to you the first thing, but the sudden excitement about that poor wretch, Crosby, or Crofts, put it out of my mind. Here it is—read it. Can't you see in every line that Lillian's a darling? And when you come to see her—Why, that's the last page! you aren't going to read backwards, are you? Ha, ha! Isn't he turned stupid—my Mr. Frederic? Can't read it? Beg your pardon—it's as easily read as print, and more so. There never was such penmanship as our Lily's—so nice. I'll read it to you, then. But no matter now. Let me tell you what is the best thing the letter contains—Lily is coming home in little more than a week. What's the matter, Frederic dear? What was it you saw out of the window? Why, I declare, you fairly started from your seat. Let me look over your shoulder, and see it, too. Nothing? Then you are getting St. Vitus's dance. Is the disease in your family, I wonder? Queer Mr. Frederic you are this evening. So mum and—and—*queer*, that is it. If I was not so anxious to talk with you about Lily's coming, I'd get angry with you, and we'd have our first love quarrel; for we've never quarrelled yet, have we, Frederic?"

"Laurie," he replied, turning to her and clasping the dear girl to his heart, with the ardor that had characterized his brief and successful wooing, "you and I must never quarrel. Soon, too, we must be more to one another than mere lovers."

"But this is happiness enough for me," murmured his betrothed, nestling with blushing cheek in his bosom.

"It is great happiness, I acknowledge," her lover responded, kissing passionately her forehead and lips, "yet I am unsatisfied. I must possess you wholly. Nothing must be suffered to come between us—that is, my dearest love—"

"Why, what has come over you?" she cried, looking archly up in her lover's face. "You looked that very way last night. One would suppose I was some poor little lamb in an Alpine valley, and you were afraid one of the vultures that darkened the air would stoop and bear me away in his talons."

"Ah, Laurie, life has so many vicissitudes, you know."

"It's preaching he is. Is it eight years older than I you are? Twenty-six, and so wise! Shall I be as wise at twenty-six, I

wonder? But come, you haven't rejoiced with me one bit, that Lillian is coming. You have never seen her, I know; but you must rejoice—mind, I say *you must*. O, we shall be so happy! There's scarcely a year between our ages; we have always felt like twins. She loves me, dear girl, as well as I love her—better she cannot. We were never separated before, and these six months have been long to both of us. But my sister," Laurie continued, in an altered and grave tone, "has had the first bitter experience of her life since she left us. Sometimes I'm afraid she will seem changed. She used to be so light-hearted and joyous. Papa often said we reminded him of two canaries in separate cages, singing to one another. Lily has had a false lover, I do not know how much she has taken it to heart, though I know she worshipped him for the time. He professed the most devoted attachment to her while it was convenient to be by her side; then, business calling him away from the town where Lillian is staying with our aunt, he merely sent her a careless note, bidding her good-by, and actually neglected to take leave of her in person, though he had the most ample opportunity. She never heard from him afterwards. It appears his love was all a farce. He won poor Lily's heart for pastime, and when wearied, tossed it away."

"She is better without him," Frederic Sutton said, doggedly enough. "No woman worthy of herself, could desire to marry a man who has no genuine affection for her."

"But the task of tearing out the ideal from her heart," Miss Lee rejoined. "Of course the real, when its baseness became known, was beneath everything but her contempt. Contempt? I don't know; some young lady, every now and then, breaks her heart for just such cause. I hope poor Lily's heart will not be broken. But whether broken or not, does not exonerate the villain in the least. A villain he is—he must be. Could anything be more villainous? O, I wish—"

"O, Miss Lee! Dear Laurette!"

"Do I frighten you?"

"I had not supposed anything could rouse you so."

"You never saw me have cause to be so roused. It is a subject I have scarce mentioned to you, if indeed I have mentioned it at all, until now. I could not bear to think about it, even. And since I have been so happy, dear Frederic, in your love, poor Lily's case has seemed harder than ever. O, how

could I survive the knowledge that the man I love was such a perfidious wretch."

"Do not—do not talk in that way, dearest. I cannot bear it. The man you love, darling, loves you with his whole heart, and ever will. Come, let us change the topic."

But Laurette did not heed his entreaty. Her sympathy for her beloved sister Lillian was overpowering.

"I wish I was Lillian's big brother," she broke forth anew, "or else that papa was not above seeking out this sneaking fellow, wherever he has taken himself, and giving him a sound horsewhipping."

Sutton muttered something to the effect that doubtless the fellow would have his punishment in some way.

"Perhaps so," returned Laurette; "but I should be better satisfied to be witness of it. I am not certain such a fellow could have any conscience to reproach him."

Her lover had taken up the letter, which had slid on to the sofa between them, and was running his eye rapidly over its contents. Whether by accident or otherwise, as Laurette, subsiding from her passionate outburst, looked over to follow him down the page, Frederic slipped his thumb over the date the writer had set for her return, and presently turned the page.

"You can read Lily's writing well enough now," remarked the young lady. "It must be a blockhead who couldn't. I can almost read all she writes like a clairvoyant, with my eyes shut. In little more than a week she will be here. O, joyful! Say, Frederic dear, aren't you glad, very glad?"

"Of course. That is—I don't know—how should I be? As you said, you know, I've never met Miss Lillian."

Sutton had folded the small sheet, and was holding it between his fingers as he stammered this reply.

"I see how it is now," cried Laurette, half vexed, half amused at her lover's obstinacy; "you're afraid Lily won't like you, and so will bid me not marry you. Well, I shall do just as she says—she always did know best about everything. In truth, I am sure she *won't* like you, so you might as well make up your mind. I'll tell you why."

"Well," said Sutton, absently.

"It's on account of your name. I've never ventured to call you anything but Frederic in my letters to her; but then, it's very little I've said of you at all, for I thought it might make her think too sadly on her own lost happiness.

Would you imagine that false one bore the name of Sutton? Singular coincidence, is it not? Do you recollect, at almost our first acquaintance, my inquiring whether any relative of yours had lived in Winfield? If, instead of no, you had said yes, and if this Mortimer Sutton, the perfidious, had been proved to be your relation, though by a dozen removes, I verily believe I would not have been able to trust you, and would have declined a more particular acquaintance. I don't know," she added, half laughing, "that it wouldn't have been well for you, so far as Lily is concerned, to have changed *your* name to Crosby, or something else."

Sutton had taken an opportunity to slip Lillian's letter, unperceived, into his pocket.

"Now, dearest Laurette," he said, drawing the head, with its brown and silken curls, down upon his shoulder, "You have done most of the talking this half hour—it is your turn to listen, mine to speak."

She knew not the tumult that was in her lover's breast, though a suspicious eye could easily have detected as much through the flimsy concealment; she only knew that when he bent his eyes upon her face with that expression, and spoke to her in those tones, she was charmed into perfect bliss.

"Laurette, my love," he urged, "we must be married. I am all impatience to call you mine. Say that this day fortnight shall be our wedding-day?"

"O, not so soon," she replied, quite startled.

"Why put further off the happy day? Your parents permit my suit; I have some reason for believing they are willing to trust their daughter's happiness in my keeping. Your sister will have arrived before that time;—I repeat it, why should our marriage be delayed? If you are sure you love me, Laurie—"

She pressed her lips warmly to his, with the first kiss she had ever given him spontaneously and unasked.

"So you do love me, darling? Two weeks from this evening, then, my wife you must be."

Sutton pressed his suit with an ardor not to be resisted, and although Laurette did not give him an affirmative answer that evening, her blushing consent was finally won. Her parents, as the suitor had rightly conjectured, would not stand in the way of their daughter's happiness; and preparations for the event were gaily entered into by the members of the little household.

Laurette did not write to tell Lillian that she was so soon to be a bride, but anticipated

letting the tidings come upon her as a surprise. In assenting to Frederic's proposal for so early a union, one consideration had been to spare her sister the pang which a more protracted courtship might, by calling to mind her own happiness so speedily departed, inflict.

"It will be over, and we shall have gone," she said to herself, "while the excitement keeps her from thinking. Then she will come to us sometimes, and we will all be so quietly happy together. But she must not see me watching for dear Frederic's coming, evening by evening, with cheeks flushing and pulses beating, as I watch now. Poor Lily! And to let her see how fond Frederic is of me—to let her feel that we have a world in which she can have no share, would be a slow torture to her sensitive heart. Ah, yes, Frederic has planned it more wisely than I should have done. But I wonder if he thought of these reasons. Poor Lily!" sighed Laurette again. Ah, she had better have sighed, "Poor Laurette!"

Days flew by—those few days, and side by side with the beautiful bridal robe lay the bridesmaid's attire, no less beautiful for its fitness and choice simplicity.

It was the day of Lillian's expected return, and the third day from that had been appointed for the wedding. At twilight Frederic came to visit his betrothed, as usual. Laurette met him at the gate, her cheeks a trifle pale, and in her eyes an anxious expression. She said, sadly:

"Lillian has not come. The stage has passed—passed at four o'clock; I was watching, and when I heard the rattle of its wheels down the hill, and saw its approach, I came bounding down the walk, so sure of taking our dear girl in my arms. All the family waited to embrace her, too, but I—I had so much to tell her, you know. How disappointed and grieved we all were, when the driver, instead of reining up, cracked his whip, and sped on the faster towards the old tavern, leaving only a cloud of dust behind to mock our hopes! The coach windows were open, and we saw that it contained not one female passenger."

Sutton kissed Laurette's cheek with lips not quite free from tremulousness, and said something about waiting for to-morrow.

"Yes," responded she, "we are all anticipating that she will come to-morrow; but then, as mama says, Lily was always so punctual."

The next evening there was a repetition of this scene.

"And if to-morrow does not bring Lillian," Laurette said, with tears in her eyes, "our marriage must be deferred, Frederic. Without her—"

"Not deferred—no, dearest, by no means."

"But we fear she is ill. I am almost wretched to-night," sobbed Laurette, with her face hidden on her lover's breast.

"Wretched, darling, and only the evening before you are to be my bride? O, do not say that. I think—at least it is probable—your sister may arrive to-morrow; but if not, we must be married all the same. Your cousin Marion will be your bridesmaid, and she—that is, you have told me her face and figure are the very counterpart of Lillian's." He made a little pause before pronouncing that name. It seemed to hurt him. Then he added, "You know, Laurie, I am superstitious about nothing else in the world, but twice in my family it has been proved that it is a bad sign to postpone a marriage. We must not think of it."

"Marion is not Lily, though she does so much resemble her," pleaded the affianced of Frederic, weeping still, "and I don't want to be married without her."

"We will trust to good fortune to bring her to-morrow. Of course word would have been sent had anything happened."

As he thus attempted to soothe her, Laurette's mother entered the parlor, her matronly face not without anxiety.

"Daughter," said Mrs. Lee, "I wish to see Lillian's letter. It has occurred to your father that there may have been a mistake in your reckoning from its date the time of her coming. You read it in the twilight, you remember, and as no one read it but you—"

"No, mama; she said she would be here the fifth. I think I must have read it correctly. Nevertheless, I would like to read it again, just to make assurance doubly sure; but I do not know," she added, reflectively, "I cannot remember what I have done with the letter. We were reading it here together, Frederic, the same evening it was received." And she turned to her lover, who moved uneasily, thrusting his fingers through his hair, but of course could give no information concerning Lillian's letter.

Mrs. Lee moved aside some vases and pictures on the mantel-shelf, while Laurette opened one by one all the books upon the centre-table, and afterwards went to her own



chamber in search; but the letter was not found. While this was going on, Frederic Sutton sat alone by a window which looked out into the garden. Drop by drop rain was falling at the time. Perchance he idly wished to feel its patter as it came down to moisten the roots of the blush-rose growing under the window; for he put out his hand in the darkness, and something that looked white in the ray of the candle burning in the ell-kitchen, scattered downward, as it were the great raindrops which had lodged on his fingers turned to snowflakes.

Another sun rose over the little village of Danbury, and slowly sank toward the zenith. For the third time the stage passed Mr. Lee's door, without bearing the daughter Lillian to the embrace of her expectant family. There was now the bitterest disappointment added to serious apprehension respecting her. The parents regretted not having sent some one to bring her, or tidings of her, to her home. Even then, Laurette pleaded for a postponement of her nuptials; but as the guests were invited, and indeed would presently arrive, and as nothing was wanting save her sister's presence, it was thought the ceremony must take place this evening. Besides, the impatient bridegroom would listen to nothing that should interfere with the consummation of his happiness.

So Laurette, almost in tears, was robed for the bridal. She scarcely looked in her mirror, and it is certain she took no pride in her extreme loveliness that night. Restless and unhappy, when her toilet had been completed, she wandered down to the parlor, the sight of whose arrangements gave her no thrill of pleasure, of maidenly sensibility. Her heart, with all its wealth of love for him who was to be her husband, was sad with disappointment and sick with foreboding. Her mind was pre-occupied, even on her wedding night. Yet her misery was far from being the most abject, since it mingled no distrust of her lover, who had never seemed so noble, so true, so all in all to her as at this hour.

Although barely sunset, the room was full of shadow, for the blinds had all been closed. The candles were set ready for lighting. Leaning on a window-sill, and parting the blinds slightly, Laurette breathed the perfume of her garden flowers, sisters of those which, gathered into vases, made fragrant and beautiful the little drawing-room on this her bridal eve. She gazed on the western waves of crimson and gold, and grew calmer in holding

communion with a solitary star, just visible in the blue ether above. At last her eyes dropped, and she smiled down at the blush-rose beneath the window.

What was it riveted her attention, like neither sunset nor the star of love? Only a minute scrap of paper, with three little words written upon it, and these blurred by the rain. But she recognized the handwriting as Lily's. Reaching out, she plucked the tiny thing from the spray where it had lodged, and read, "*home the 15th.*"

Ah, tidings—tidings of Lily! For though but a morsel of the lost letter, it proved that she had indeed mistaken the day of Lillian's return—not the fifth of the month, but the fifteenth. So joyful was Laurette over this late discovery, she forgot for the moment her own disappointment, which her sister, too, would share, when she should learn that another had been Laurie's bridesmaid. Dear Lily was not ill, then; it wanted yet a week of her proposed return. What peace would that knowledge bring the household!

She ran to the door, then paused, and thought her whether her mother would at that moment be found in her chamber, or lingering over the bride-cake that morning received from the city. Wherever that mother was, she must be found, and must hear the good news without delay. Laurette did not pause to question, perhaps, how her sister's precious missive came torn to fragments, and scattered on the wet ground; or, if she did, the pairs of strange hands that had been busy in every part of the house during this week of preparation, would well account for any such trifling accident.

And where was her dear Frederic? He would be by her side in a few moments to hear the news, and now she would be very happy for his sake. She had returned to close the blinds, and at that moment a maid came in to light the candles.

"You here, Miss Laurette?" speaking hurriedly. "Why, the first guests are at the door this minute. Didn't you hear the carriage stop at the gate?"

Laurette's thoughts had been so much occupied that she had not heard. She now tried to escape from the room, but ere she could cross it, the hall door flew open, and one entered.

"Laurie, darling?"

"O, Lily! Lily!"

And the sisters were clasped in each other's arms, while Laurie cried aloud for joy.

"Lily, dear, I thought you'd never come."

"But I am here a whole week earlier than I promised. You shall hear, by-and-by, how it happened. Uncle was coming to the city, you know, and I coaxed him to drive round and bring me home. O where are papa and mama? Why, what can mean all this display?" Lily suddenly exclaimed, now first observing the decorated room, and her sister's attire. "It cannot be in my honor, since I was not expected to-night."

"O, Lily," murmured Laurette, "I am to be married this evening. That is why I am the more overjoyed at your coming. Cousin Marion shall not be bridesmaid, after all, though I left her dressing—dressing to fill your place—when I came down."

"Married, Laurie? Is it possible?"

"This very evening, Lily. And now I am perfectly happy. Yes, let us go to mama this minute. Stay, I hear Frederic's step in the hall. He is coming; you shall see my dear Frederic. O, he is so good!"

The door opened, and Sutton stepped across the threshold—no further.

"Dear, dear Frederic, this is our dear Lillian."

She stood clasping her sister's hand with her left, while her right was extended towards him. Neither Mr. Sutton nor Miss Lee moved in acknowledgement of the presentation. The bride and sister beheld the one blanched to the whiteness of death, quaking in every limb, ready to fall senseless to the floor; the other no less pallid and breathless, but firm and unblenching as the statue of a goddess which she so strikingly resembled. The latter was first to speak.

"Mortimer Sutton, is it thus we meet at last? My sister's lover has no welcome for me; and yet it can be nothing less than divine Providence that sent me here at this time."

"O, Lily! what mean you? why do you look and talk thus?" cried her sister, flinging herself on her neck.

"Try to be calm, darling. I mean only that your Frederic is the Mortimer who by every protestation of love won my foolish heart, and three months ago forsook me to die for him, or live without him, as I might. *I shall never die for a reptile like that.*"

"Miss Lee," faltered the recreant lover, "have mercy, if not on me, at least on your sister. I am verily guilty—in everything else I may be all that you style me, but my love for her is pure and holy; and O, for the sake of that—"

He made a movement to kneel at the feet of the sisters, but the elder spurred him sideway, and throwing her arm round Laurette's passive waist, drew her back as if from contamination.

"Laurette, my own—my own!" he cried, springing madly to his feet, and endeavoring to tear her from her sister's clasp. "You will not, must not condemn me. I can never exist without you."

But this time his bride herself waved him back.

"Come to me to-morrow morning," she gasped, "and know my decision. I could speak it now all the same, but you would not hear. God forgive you the daily, hourly lie you have acted—you whom I believed all excellence and truth. Go quickly—leave the house, except you would face my father's anger!"

With the last word she sank in a swoon that lasted for hours. Sutton fled from her presence, but lingered all night near the dwelling, waiting in agony to know what would be the event, whether life or death, to her whose love was all he cared for on the earth. He heard the guests severally sent away, with the information that on account of Laurette's sudden illness the marriage could not take place. At first the bridegroom received equal sympathy with the bride, and truly his forlorn appearance was well calculated to excite commiseration; but soon it became known that he was not permitted to visit the house, and so gradually the whole affair was rumored abroad.

When, many weeks after, Laurette began to recover from the fever which followed that terrible awakening from her dream of happiness, Sutton, who, upon his character becoming known, had been hunted from the village, made persistent but utterly ineffectual efforts to communicate with the bride lost to him forever. She had loved him as the embodiment of qualities worthy of the highest esteem; but when her eyes were opened to behold dishonor for integrity, and duplicity for ingenuousness, his appeals for a continuance of her love passed by her like the idle wind. Bitter, bitter was the struggle; but she learned at last to look with calmness on that era of her life, and through it all could thank Heaven for the deliverance narrowly meted out to her.

This was the story to which I listened from a loving grandmother, the Cousin Marion of former years, in reply to a question of mine,

by the Misses Lee, who lived by themselves, in the cottage it was said their father had owned before them, and who seemed so gentle and good, and even beautiful, had never married.

"And what became of Frederic?" I asked, looking up in her thoughtful but placid face, after a silence long enough for the narrative to have repeated itself in flashes through my mind from beginning to end.

"Mortimer, and not Frederic, was his name," she said. "What became of him? That is what makes the story so tragical. Twelve years after, when he was nearly forty, Mortimer Sutton married a woman who was recommended to him, in the one hope that she would care tenderly for his invalid mother. For it would seem this man, with all his faults,

had some filial virtues, or else hoped to expiate his sins by the exercise of their appearance. He married this woman. If she was not ordained for his express punishment, it is not easy to say for what she was created. She came out of her affected amiability, to show herself a mercenary, cold-hearted, unprincipled being, who could waste recklessly her husband's competency, make home the most uncomfortable place on earth, and kill his old mother by slow torture. In three years Mortimer Sutton turned gray as a man of eighty. His once fine figure and handsome face were bent and haggard. At the end of that time, his mother's sufferings ended; and a week later her son rose very early one morning, and was found in his barn, hanging by the neck—stone-dead."

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## A CHAIN TO WEAR:

—OR,—

### CHRISTINE LINDSAY'S LOVE.

~~~~~  
BY CATHERINE EARNSHAW.  
~~~~~

"Well, I have left upon your mouth  
The seal I know must burn there yet;  
My claim is set upon your youth;  
My sign upon your soul is set;—  
Dare you forget?"

A DAY in November. My horse felt the chill surliness of the air and sprang forward with almost vicious impatience. The cold breeze from off the heath seemed to me gloomy and foreboding. I had just returned from Germany, and had landed the day before in Aberdeen. Dreary seemed this land of Scotland to my warm enthusiasm and my fiery heart, fresh from a roaming down the Rhine and over that country of my love. The Dee rolled swollen and black; I hated the sight of the stream that seemed to hold no romance or love in its bosom. I was riding to the hereditary country seat of the Lindsays, for to them had I brought letters from my patron in Mayence. I spurred on,—for there seemed no warmth in the pale sun that hung in the iron heavens and shed shivering silver on the withered heath plants. At last, some thirty miles from Aberdeen, I saw rising before me the embrowned stone turrets, the tall, bare trees of the park, and I knew this must be the Lindsay estate. My guardian had so often described to me the home of his dearest friends that I almost thought I had seen and

known them myself. Already feeling a respect for the family who had lived and suffered within the embrace of those grand feudal walls, I entered the park gate, paused for a moment at the porter's lodge, then walked my horse slowly up the tree-bordered avenue. I dismounted and stood beneath the heavy arched door, on whose lintel stood forth the arms of the Lindsay clan. Everything seemed so strange, and yet so familiar to me. Never before within my remembrance had I stepped foot on Scottish ground; yet all my nursery rhymes had told me of braes and lochs,—all my manhood's lessons had pointed toward Scotland as the country which was eventually to be my home, and where I must win and wear my laurels.

The footman who answered my summons conducted me to the long drawing-room, oaken-panelled, dark and heavy with a long watching of the fortunes of the Lindsays. And yet it had an air of attractiveness—a look that seemed to tell how well one would come to like it after having become familiar with it.

A door opened, and the master of the place,

the eldest living of the line, Donald Lindsay, entered—a blonde man of fifty, in whose cold, blue eyes I saw a steel determination,—on whose forehead I traced the intellect that made him an equal among any, and about whose mouth there dwelt an expression of sweetness and firmness right winning to see. Such a man looked Donald Lindsay. He held my card in his hand and advanced to greet me.

"You are heartily welcome, Standish," he said, with the Highland accent he had not forgotten, though he had been educated and had lived much of his youth in the south of Scotland. "Our hospitality is most freely tendered to you, and I hope you will make this your residence until you go to Edinburgh."

I expressed my thanks with something of the earnestness I felt. He took my hand with a warm pressure and replied:

"To greet this adopted son of my friend is almost like greeting him again. I doubt not we shall soon regard you for your own sake."

He rang the bell and ordered a servant to conduct me to my room, saying, as I stepped to the door:

"Our dinner is at an early hour, we are such veritable country people. I will then present you to my family."

He said the last word with the pride of affection. I went up the stairs, wondering if the remainder of the Lindsays were as interesting as the man whom I had just seen.

All I noticed of my room in my hurried toilet, was that it was tapestried in some unique way with a curious combination of the Lindsay plaid, and the Lindsay arms. I had barely time to dress before the dinner-bell sounded. My host met me at the foot of the stairs and drew me into the drawing-room. A group stood by one of the windows to which he conducted me. A stately lady of some forty years stepped forward, and Lindsey said, proudly:

"My wife, Mr. Standish."

I saw her as I greeted her, but I most distinctly remember looking at the rest of the group—two girls who still stood in the window recess. One was slight and pale, and leaned on two crutches as she stood. To her the father tenderly turned and said:

"And this is my daughter Margaret, my pearl."

I bowed over her extended hand, thinking the while that she was fitly named, for never had I seen a purer, sweeter face.

He took his other daughter's hand, and said, while he held it between both his own:

"This is Christine, my fiery, burning diamond."

I knew while I bowed before her that my heart had found its fate. I did not touch her hand—that her father held; but my eyes bent to that imperial face, and my soul received its beauty to remember it forever.

"You will please conduct her to dinner," Lindsey said, placing Christine's hand upon my offered arm.

He led the way with his wife and his lame daughter. At dinner, Christine asked me several questions concerning my residence in Germany. While I talked with her, I fancied that Margaret watched me with a curious interest, and that there was something of pity in her look. I looked again at Christine. She sat with a regnant self-possession, calmly raising her eyes to mine as she spoke. In the unfathomable darkness of their depths I could read nothing but a baffling look that came to me like an unconscious challenge. I could not interpret the wishful sadness of Margaret's glances. Could she wish to warn me against the enchantment she expected I should feel? I could not have heeded the warning. Never had woman interested me before; and if I dreamed my first dream of Elysium with Christine Lindsay's face for my goddess, that dream must illumine or darken all my after life.

I had not wandered through Europe till my twenty-eighth year without having learned something of the world's ways, and among them I had acquired the power of a proud self-control that promised to serve me well in my intercourse with Christine. So I thought, when, after dinner, Lindsey and Christine and myself walked up and down the heavy battlements that surrounded a portion of the castellated building. I stood by her side speaking with enthusiasm of the Rhine, on whose banks nearly all my youth had been spent. Suddenly interrupting me, she said, earnestly:

"And you love Germany?"

"Love it!" I exclaimed, with more emotion than I had intended, "it has been my mother, my sister, and my brother. Why should I not love it?"

"And yet you have a Scotch face, Mr. Standish, for all your German education and your English name."

I knew that, coming from her, those words were a compliment. Though they pleased me, I could not resist saying:

"And your face is not Scotch, Miss Lindsay. It is almost Andalusian."

"I have always regretted it," she said, in a frank voice. "Actually, when I was a child I have cried myself to sleep thinking that I had such a gipsy face, with never a feature or look like our clan."

I looked full at her.

"Did no prophecy of your future womanhood tell you how amply nature would repay you?" I asked.

She lowered her eyes with a look something like surprised disdain, and that seemed to say:

"You must not use compliments with me."

Though she looked so, still I did not believe I had made a mistake in speaking thus to her. I looked off toward the mountains; they rose enveloped in a gray vapor, severe and eyrie in the autumn atmosphere. Far off, only just visible, and seeming to be close by the hills, I could just see the heavy outline of a mansion, large and grand as the one whose roof had sheltered me.

"You have a neighboring estate, Miss Lindsay; I was not aware of any manorial house near you. Is it deserted, or shall I be likely to see its inhabitants?"

A shade of some kind came to Christine's forehead.

"It is inhabited, but it is not probable that you will see the people."

Mr. Lindsay, who had been absently walking back and forth by us, paused, hearing his daughter's words. I should hardly have recognized his face, looking at it then;—heavily knit by sinister lines of hate, it was turned toward the distant turrets. Finally he turned to me and said:

"You are a stranger and do not know what all the country-side well kens here,—that for generations back the Drummond and Lindsay clan have been at deadly feud. There is not even the show of courtesy between us. Our hate is as deadly as that you may have heard can exist between Highland chiefs. Yonder walls hold Rob Drummond's dear ones, even as these walls hold mine; but between us cold steel is drawn."

I could not help shuddering as I heard his words, and looked at him as he spoke them.

"Guelph and Ghibbeline were not more fierce," Christine said, with a thrill of something like vengeance in her voice. Her face was flushed, and her eyes smouldering with fire. Glorious goddess of some exalted fury! Some Southern Adrastrea newly risen to avenge her family's wrongs.

Unconsciously I imbibed a dislike for the Drummonds. Two days ago I should have scorned myself for becoming so prejudiced. Lindsay unbent his royal brows and sauntered away. I remained by Christine's side, leaning over the railing and looking absently at the undefined massiveness of the Drummonds' home. Suddenly a light hand touched my arm, and looking round I saw the pale face and slender figure of Margaret.

"You were admiring our Scotch scenery, were you not, Mr. Standish?" she asked, her own eyes resting with a lingering look on the Drummond house.

"No,—pardon me, but I was looking at yonder mansion."

Margaret's face became a shade paler; with a gesture of infinite tenderness, Christine placed her arm around her sister and drew her close to her. She said, with the appearance of a desire to change the conversation:

"When Mr. Standish has lived a year in Scotland, I prophesy he shall discard Germany for her."

Christine looked up at me with a calm, gay face as she spoke. I was yet wondering what had caused the strange emotion of Margaret, so different a demonstration from that shown by her sister or father. After a little desultory conversation I left the two sisters together and wandered away over the grounds, thinking vaguely but strongly of the family into whose society I was thrown. There was that in the atmosphere of the place which awakened an interest powerful and peculiar.

I chatted with many of the servants, and did I let drop a word of the next estate, their faces lowered with hate, the feudal hatred of ages gone by—the clannish feeling which years cannot wipe out. Before three weeks had passed, though no word had been said, I felt that I belonged by blood and by affection to the Lindsays. To Christine Lindsay my life poured its best, its only libation. Did she accept it, then earth offered no greater blessing; did she refuse, I should henceforth dread no more fearful destiny. Close fastened down I kept these thoughts, for I would not boyishly reveal to her her dominion, that she might insolently or lightly queen it over her vassal.

"Deep in visions of future glory," she said, as I stood by the window where I had first seen her, and thought of her and my love.

I turned to reply. She was coming from the hall with that graceful, commanding step which, if nothing else had told, would have showed that no plebeian blood flowed in her



veins. She paused by my side. All my pulses beat high and strong as the folds of her dress swept against me, as I detected the faint perfume about her. I looked at her with eyes too full of my soul; I said:

"I was dreaming visions of future happiness."

Something about me warned her not to continue that subject. She stood with bent head, from time to time smelling daintily of a fragrant blossom she held. As she curved her neck, for the first time I saw the gleam of a thread of gold, a fine red gold, running round her neck.

"Miss Lindsay," I said, "your chain reminds me of Venetian jewelry. Do you indulge in tastes so Southern?"

She drew the chain up so that it was fully visible. There was a small ebony Maltese cross attached, on which was raised in gold the arms of her family.

"It is a Venetian chain, and has been in our family more than two hundred years." She caressed the cross with her fingers as she spoke.

"Do you always wear it?" I asked.

"I never wore it till I came of age. Then my father took it from his neck and had it soldered on to mine. You see there is no particular fastening."

"I suppose there is something peculiar about it—even more than the fact of being an heir-loom," I said. "Am I too curious?"

"No; there is no secret; I will tell you all there is. When the heir or heiress of the Lindsays is of age, this chain is fastened round the neck; but no one can ever wear it who has not first sworn eternal enmity to the Drummonds."

"Ah!" I cried, without being able to repress a strange shudder.

Her voice changed to a softer tone, with a vibration of pity in it.

"My poor sister! It is well that she is not the heiress, for she never could have worn the Lindsay chain. Mr. Standish, you have not yet guessed the great sorrow of our house. Our dear, our perfect Margaret loves, hopelessly and forever,—and the man she loves is young Rob Drummond."

I listened with intense interest. Now I could interpret the expressions of Margaret's face which had hitherto been so untranslatable.

"And he?" I said.

Christine replied, in a hard voice:

"He! He loves her—he could not help it."

"Then, by Heaven, I would marry her!" I

cried, forgetting at that moment everything but the absorbing happiness of the idea that did Christine Lindsay love me, no power should prevent my possession.

She looked for a moment into my blazing eyes. The expression there caused her face to flush, her lips for one moment to tremble. In that instant she must have read my soul in all its flaming hieroglyphics of passion and love. Repenting instantly, I turned to the window for a moment, and when next she looked at me she saw only the unruffled exterior of a man of the world.

A month of my sojourn with the Lindsays had already passed away. I disliked to look forward to the time when I ought to return to Edinburgh—in two short weeks. Resolving that before I went I would learn what there was in Christine's heart for me, I still dreaded, though not without a daring hope, that she might bless me.

Thinking of this, I sat one morning in Margaret's private sitting-room. The lame girl sat at a table opposite me, with portfolio before her, and we were looking at her sketches and idly discussing their merits. Christine had gone on some expedition with her father and mother. Margaret handed me a crayon head of a young man, remarking, as she did so:

"That is one of Christine's drawings; something she did when she was in Edinburgh."

The patient, sweet blue eyes were fixed upon me as she spoke. Though my fingers grew cold with suspicion, I am confident my face did not change. I might have known Christine had been in Edinburgh, but I had never heard it mentioned before. I looked at the face she had sketched—a face of manly splendor and beauty—a bewildering face, dark and bewitching even as Christine's was. I laid the paper down.

"Did your sister spend much time in Edinburgh?" I asked.

"She was educated there. She passed the five years immediately preceding her majority there."

"And she is now—"

"She is now twenty-two. So you see I have but just recovered her," she said.

"I perceive you are thankful. You must have been lonely," I returned. "And this crayon is probably the head of some favored lover," I continued, taking up the picture again.

Margaret's face looked slightly anxious.

"Not precisely a favored lover," she said,

"though I am afraid she encouraged him more than she ought; and he was distractedly in love with her. I am very sorry that she is inclined to be too kind to some of her gentleman friends."

Ah, me! Most kind had Christine been to me of late. Must I take this kind warning from one who should know the heart of her sister? I met the gaze of Margaret's eyes; I could not mistake that expression. She spoke again, and her voice was almost tender with its sympathy.

"Mr. Standish, you love my sister."

"Yes," I said.

A moment's silence, then she said:

"It is with sorrow, I confess, that, almost from a child, Christine has been too kind, too attractive. She has tried to please, and only that she might conquer. I cannot tell you how many men have gone from her more unhappy than they ever were before. It is her only fault, but she will persist in it."

"In short," I said, bitterly, "she is without heart, and a coquette. Nevertheless, I love her, and some time I shall tell her so—unless, indeed, you know without doubt that it would be useless for me so to humiliate myself."

Margaret played nervously with her drawings.

"I assure you I know nothing whatever of her feeling toward you. She is not heartless, —never was sister more true and tender, never daughter more loyal and devoted. I like you, Mr. Standish. I would save you from so severe a disappointment. Ask for her love if you wish—you may receive it. I do not suppose she is incapable of love; only try to prepare yourself for a refusal. She seems to have no idea of the pain she inflicts. I sincerely hope you may be successful."

I arose and extended my hand to Margaret. Her own sorrows had made her gentle with those of others.

"You are very good to me," I said, not ashamed of the quiver in my voice. "Let whatever may happen, I shall always remember you as a brother thinks of a sister."

I left her, and in the drawing-room met Christine, who had just returned. She bowed and smiled at me with her eyes. That was all the time I saw her that day, for business called me to Aberdeen.

It was getting dusky the next night when I returned, having been detained longer than I had expected. Though it was December, there had been no snow that had remained on the ground. My horse's hoofs rang sharply

on the frozen earth. The evening was fast settling down over heath and mountain; it was not moonlight, but the stars shone with the clear, scintillating radiance peculiar to them in a cold atmosphere. I was within a mile of Mr. Lindsay's, and was just passing the entrance to a place called Glen-darroch, a wild spot which I had not yet explored, when a dog rushed out at me and barked furiously. My horse jumped and reared, but at last I succeeded in making him stand quietly. My pulses had bounded with sudden fury, for I had recognized the dog. It was Christine's Benan, a great shepherd dog who invariably followed her whenever she went away alone. He stood barking entreatingly at the entrance of the way.

Without any hesitation I turned my horse into the narrow path; the dog walked on before, turning his head every moment to see if I followed him. The path was rough and winding, and the bare limbs brushed my head and clutched roughly at me. I hardly thought of it then, for my mind was full of the thought of finding Christine up here alone, and perhaps in danger. The stars glinted through the trees, but I could only just see the dog close to my horse's head. I did not take my eyes off him, but it seemed to me I heard every movement among the trees,—the distant hooting of some dismal owl, the sighing of a low breeze in the tree-tops, the gentle creaking of the boughs, and the crackling of the twigs under the horse's feet. Suddenly my horse gave a shrill neigh and stood still. The dog turned back inquiringly. From the gloom of a tree a little in advance, there came an answering neigh, then a stamping of feet. I sprang from my horse and led him to the source of the sound. It was Christine's black horse tied to a bough, and impatient to be gone. I saw that I could go no further on horseback, so I tied my horse near by, then turned to the dog who stood wistfully eyeing me.

"Now find her, Benan," I said, and he turned into a little path that wound like a ribbon up the rocky sides of a mountain. Sometimes it led close to the brink of a ragged, gaping chasm, and the stones my feet loosened rattled hollowly afar down. I grew horribly impatient at the slowness with which I was obliged to go. Carefully feeling along after the dog, it appeared that I should never reach his mistress. Turning off into a branch path, the dog bounded on to a little grassy knoll, and a voice said:

"Good Benan! you did not desert me."

How that voice thrilled me. My fingers tingled with my climbing and my emotion. I sprang forward and saw Christine lying on a bed of shrivelled heather, her riding-hat off, and her riding-sacque doubled up under her head for a pillow. Benan was now whisking and writhing with joy. I came nearer and knelt down by her.

"Mr. Standish!" she cried, and turned away her face.

"Do you mean to kill me by thus wandering off at night?" I exclaimed, taking her cold hands in mine, and hardly daring to ask her why she was here, without the power to move.

She withdrew her hands, and even in the dusk I could see a spasm of pain cross her face.

"What have you done? Are you ill?"

"O, you make me suffer, Christine," I said, not realizing how much there was in my voice and words. She turned her eyes to mine. I remember now with a return of that intense delight, how her eyes glowed upon me with softened, painful splendor.

"I have only met with a little accident," she said. "I was adventurous enough to wish to explore this glen with Benan. Unfortunately I slipped and sprained my ankle, that's all. If it had not been for that, I should have been at home before dark. I thought you were in Aberdeen."

Unspeakingly relieved that nothing worse had happened to her, I answered, thankfully:

"I have been there, and fortunately was just returning when I saw your dog. Some thought from Heaven must have prompted my delay in Aberdeen. Let me raise your head more comfortably until I have recovered somewhat from this tremor occasioned by my climbing. Do you know my nerves were so tense by the thought of your danger that now they vibrate so that I can hardly hold myself quiet. It is a new sensation for me."

I sat down on the heath and carefully raised her head to my shoulder. It gave her pain, I knew; but her position would be much more comfortable. Sitting there, with that proud head on my breast, those soft hands lying on mine, I felt that Glen-darroch would be blessed by me forevermore. Did she exult in her power over me? I had not at first thought of Margaret's words, so rejoiced had I been at finding her. Now they came over me like the shadowing of a delightful dream.

"Christine," I said, "now before I carry

you down the glen, I wish to have the assurance that I shall carry my future wife, the woman who loves me. Shall I?"

She must have felt my heart beat. I could hardly speak; and my voice sounded constrained and cold. I bent down my face; my lips touched her forehead. That touch unloosed the passion of my soul and flooded my voice with it. I murmured:

"You love me—you cannot help it—for Heaven only knows how much I love you."

"O, Standish!" she whispered.

She raised one hand to my face, and passed her fingers softly over my forehead, my eyes and my lips.

"But you have not yet told me," I said, the fiend of doubt still lingering, even with the ardor of that moment.

"Must I tell you?" she asked—"tell you that which I have never yet told any man?"

"You must," I said, imperiously,—unconsciously to myself. I was growing stern.

"Ah, now you command," she sighed. "Well, then, Mr. Standish, my ankle pains me very much. I ought to be carried home as soon as possible. It will grow more and more swollen."

I crushed together the hands that were lying on mine.

"Tell me quick!" I cried. "Your pain is nothing to mine. This is not a scene for a coquette; it is for life or death. Christine, answer me—say that you love me."

"I never saw anybody woo so strangely," she said. "You have wounded my hands; I feel the blood trickling from the finger where I wear my ring. Mr. Standish, you have cut my finger with my amethyst."

I dropped her hand.

"O, God!" I cried, in an agony greater than I had ever known before. Then I became silent. There was no more for me to say.

After a moment, she said:

"Please raise my head a little higher."

I did so, with steady hand. I did not tremble now, and my eyes burnt with a dry pain. She slipped her arm round my neck and brought her face close to mine. I turned my head away; it was too maddening.

"Shall I tell you how I love you?" she said, just above a whisper.

I looked down at her—at her lips that had just said those words. I listened, and she said:

"I love you gloriously—with all my life—with every breath. I love you 'fast and true.'

I love you tenderly, sweetly; for I pray to God for you, Standish?"

O, the inexpressible sweetness of her tone and her words! My lips pressed closely to her soft mouth; my soul and hers seemed fusing together. Tears dropped from my eyes that burned no longer. I thanked Heaven most fervently. I could not speak. We sat in silence, her breath sighing over my lips, her arm still across my shoulders. At length she started from her position; she again remembered her ankle.

"I must take you home. I have kept you too long. Shall you think me a tyrant?"

I again lifted her face to my lips.

"If you are, you are *my* tyrant," she said.

I laid her back carefully on her heath pillow, and rose to my feet.

"Before we start," I said, "I must put my ring on your finger. It will hold you to me. I dare you to love any other man after having loved me."

"Love is eternal, and admits of but one object," she said. "That is all the feeling that I call love."

"Always mine," I whispered, as I placed my ruby on her finger. It burnt with a dark glow, like a drop of newly shed blood—like the drops of her blood my harshness had drawn.

Slowly I carried her down the glen, and out to the entrance. There I was obliged to leave her in care of Benan, while I went to the house for a litter, for she could go no further in that way, with no rest for her foot. As I drew my hand back from arranging her head my fingers caught in the chain about her neck. It snapped apart, and the cross fell to the ground. She raised her hands to it with a motion something like terror.

"Why is it you who have broken it?" she exclaimed.

"If I had broken a fetter of hate I should be glad," I said.

"That is impossible," was her reply.

"I am very sorry," I continued. "Let me take the chain and cross; it shall be safe."

I galloped quickly to the house and returned with Lindsay and two servants. When I again reached the house I found a messenger for me from Edinburgh. He came post haste from my patron who had arrived there ill, and who wished me to start for that city the moment I learned the courier's message.

I wrote a few words to Christine, and delivered the note, together with the cross and chain, to her father. Then I set out for Edin-

burgh, feeling something almost like despair that I was compelled to leave Christine so soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

My stars of joy have set, and in the darkness I write what little more I have to tell. John Standish, my benefactor, died after I had been a month in Edinburgh. On his deathbed he told me a story that gave me only gloom and horror for a heritage. With papers proving the truth of his words, I went back to the home of the Lindsays. Christine had recovered, and greeted me with such luminous eyes, that I believed them instead of the courteous words she offered me before the family. I asked for an interview with her, and she conducted me to the library.

"It is you who have been ill," she said, as I sat down beside her.

"No; I am well—but I have something to tell you," I said. "I want you in my arms—I want you close to me, or I may not be able to tell it."

I drew her to me. Her face seemed gradually assuming the look of pain that must show in my face.

"You know we love each other," I said.

"Yes," she answered, a shudder making her voice tremble. "That is a truth forever."

"Do you remember that I have mentioned that Mr. Standish is only my adopted father, and that I never knew anything concerning my own parents?" I commenced.

"Yes; you have spoken of it several times. You loved him as though he had been really your father."

"I could not have loved him better," I returned, and then continued—"I suppose you know, though I was ignorant of it till lately, that your neighbor Rob Drummond many years ago lost a little child, his second son. They supposed it was drowned, but they never knew, and never heard from him afterward. You have heard of that?"

Christine's face was becoming as pale as the linen collar below it.

"Yes, I have heard of that; my father told me."

"The child, just beginning to walk, had, on an expedition which its nurse carried it, somehow got to the river's edge and tumbled in. It did not drown, but was picked up by some sailors whose ship lay at Aberdeen, and who had rowed up the Dee on a pleasure excursion. They carried it to their ship which sailed away an hour after. John Standish, a wealthy man, of intellect and benevolence,

was on board the ship. He adopted the child and carried it to Germany with him. There the child grew to be a man. The man came to Scotland, he saw you—O, Christine! I love you, and I am Angus Drummond!"

Had I killed the woman of my love? She sat still in my arms; she did not speak or look up. Her eyes were fixed on the air—she did not look astonished or disappointed—only frozen.

"Christine!" I cried, "at one word from you I shall throw the proofs into the fire, and I shall never speak of this again. No human being but you and I shall know it. You do not know how horribly I have been tempted to keep this from you, but my honor would not allow it." I took the papers from my pocket. "Now, Christine, say that I may burn these."

A fiery despair came to her eyes; she put one hand on my arm, the other she raised to her neck. I saw the gleam of cross and gold.

"I have a chain to wear," she said, in a hollow voice.

I let fall the papers, I held out my arms to her. She clung close, she sobbed the dry, tearless sobs of wordless pain.

"We are accursed!" she said. "My sister loves, and I too, love a Drummond. Will God never have mercy?"

"You shall marry me," I said, feeling that

I never could leave her, never could let her go from my arms.

"I cannot!"

"You do not love me," I was cruel enough to say.

"Standish, I love you; I shall not marry you—it is sacrilege—it is impious. You are a man—you can drive your disappointment from you; but I—my love will live always with me." An ineffable smile came to her face. "It is sweet to have loved you, Standish. I am not sorry."

I stood with her in my arms, the next moment to leave her forever. She kissed me.

"I shall always wear your ring," she said, "and when I die I will ask that it be sent back to you."

An instant more of the anguish of love, of the torture of parting, and I was riding over the moor.

That night was two years ago, and I have not heard one word from the Lindsays. I sent the proofs of my birth to the Drummonds, telling them that I had a fortune of my own, and should reside abroad. I could not listen to their appeals to return. They did not know how I was exiled from the land of my birth—that I wandered a pilgrim of love. Here in Venice I roam aimlessly, but many sweet thoughts come to me; for every hour I miss my ruby ring from my finger.

## LIFE.

Ah, what is life! a varied scene

Of pleasure and of pain;

Of hopes and joys that cheer to-day,

To-morrow fly again.

Now, o'er the landscape of our life,

Hope sheds a genial ray;

The sun of love unclouded shines,

And all is glorious day.

Now, gloomy clouds of sorrow dark

The landscape once so bright;

And not one star of gladness cheers

The soul's dark, dreary night.

Now, calmly flows the tide of life

Adown the stream of time,

And all along its banks, bright flowers

And vines in beauty climb.

Now, threatening storms howl o'er its wave,

Its billows, foaming, soar,

And in their maddened fury, lash

And desolate the shore.

To-day, the heart beats quick with joy,

And life seems gay and sweet;

The earth seems fair, and lavishly

Casts pleasures at our feet.

To-morrow, gloom is in the soul—

Life seems a dreary waste;

Earth smiles not—fied are all the joys

But yesterday we traced.

All, all is change—a varied scene

Of pleasure and of pain;

Of hopes and joys that cheer to-day,

To-morrow, fly again.



## The Florist.

### Dahlias.

Of this beautiful plant there is an endless variety; they are originally a native of Mexico, where they grow in great quantities. They were introduced into England in 1806, and were cultivated for some time before any of the double varieties were obtained, which is done by raising from seed. They generally produce seed, which is sown and treated as other annuals, generally flowering the first season; but you cannot judge of the quality of a fine flower until the second year; sometimes those which produce single or semi-double flowers the first season will give five double ones the second. The enthusiasm of florists has now brought this flower to perfection in symmetry, and it forms an indispensable requisite to our flower gardens in the fall months. There are all shades of color, excepting a pure blue, from a snowy whiteness, down to a maroon black. They are also propagated by dividing the roots, and by cuttings from the young shoots, which is the method employed to increase the double varieties. The proper time to plant the roots is the beginning of May, and the plants about the twentieth; they will grow and thrive in any common garden soil, but are much finer when cultivated in fresh loam enriched by rotted stable manure and guano. When you plant them it is necessary to place a good strong stake to each, and, as they advance in growth, tie them up to it, to prevent their being broken off by the wind. The dahlias vary in height from two to eight feet, so that when they are planted it is necessary to proportion the stake to the height of the plant, for it looks very awkward to see a low growing plant with a tall stake. Through the summer, should the weather prove dry, it will increase their flowers materially to water your plants every evening.

### Hyacinths.

Continue to defend the beds of the more curious hyacinths, yet in full blow, either by boards or by mats laid occasionally on hoops placed archwise over the beds for their support. These should be laid on every day, when the sun shines powerfully, about nine or ten o'clock in the morning, and taken off at four or five in the afternoon. When hyacinths are past flower, let them always be fully exposed to the weather, except in very heavy torrents of rain, from which they should be carefully protected.

### Anemones.

Gentle and moderate waterings will be necessary for anemones, during their period of flowering, as well as for ranunculuses; the blossoms and petals of the former are of a more soft and flexible texture than those of the latter, and are consequently more liable to receive injury from high winds and heavy rains; their colors soon fade when exposed to a

strong sun; it is, therefore, equally necessary to shade and shelter them whilst in bloom, in order to prolong the extreme beauty of their flowers.

### Autumn Flowering Bulbs.

The autumnal crocosus, amaryllises, and colchicums, should be taken up as soon as their leaves decay, their offsets separated, and all replanted again before the end of July: they are by no means to be kept longer out of the ground, as that would prevent their flowering in due perfection in autumn, which is their proper season.

### Propagating Double Scarlet Lychnis.

This beautiful flowering plant may be propagated by cuttings of the stalks, as well as at an earlier period by slips from the root. Towards the latter end of the month, let some of the young flower-stalks be cut into lengths of six or seven inches, and planted in a *shady* border of rich light earth, leaving one or two joints of each cutting above ground; close the earth well about them, water them gently, and if bell or hand-glasses are placed over them, their rooting will be greatly facilitated thereby.

### The *Hesperis Matronalis*, or Garden-Rocket.

The double white, and double purple varieties of the garden-rocket are extremely beautiful and fragrant. It is perfectly hardy, and may be cultivated at this season, as directed for the double scarlet lychnis, or by slips or offsets from the root, taken off and planted either in spring or autumn; it does not prosper well except when annually slipped or propagated by offsets; for the old roots are very subject to decay, especially the double varieties; the single sorts are much more permanent and easy of culture. The ladies of Europe are extremely fond of it, whence it obtained the name of *dame's-violet*, or *queen's gillyflower*.

### Annual Flower-Seeds.

All the varieties of annual flower-seeds that are capable of bearing the open air, and of arriving at perfection in our climates, may be sown with good success. Let the beds or patches be frequently watered in dry weather, both before and after the plants appear; and when they have been up a few weeks, let all the large growing kinds be thinned where they have risen too thick, observing to transplant into other places where wanted some of the best you pull up of the kinds that succeed in that way.

### Weeds.

More than ordinary care should be taken, to keep all your beds and borders free from weeds, but more especially those in which small seedlings are growing.

## The Housewife.

### Gum Arabic Starch.

Take two ounces of gum arabic powder, put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the degree of strength you desire), and then, having covered it, let it set all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water stirred into a pint of starch, that has been made in the usual manner, will give always (whether the material be white, black, or printed) a look of newness, when nothing else can restore it after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin and bobinet.

### Bread.

Three quarts of flour; half a cup of yeast; one table-spoonful of salt; warm water enough to make it into dough. Knead this until it is perfectly smooth. Be sure to get all the flour off the sides of the pan; set it in a warm place to rise at night; in the morning knead the dough well, divide it into two loaves, put it into the pans, set it in a warm place to rise about an hour. Bake it in a tolerably hot oven about three-quarters of an hour. A pint of Indian meal, scalded, and mixed in with the flour, is by some persons considered an improvement, but it will require one hour to bake.

### Yeast.

One handful of hops, boiled half an hour in two quarts of water; ten good potatoes, boiled half an hour, and mashed very fine. Strain the water from the hops on to the potatoes, very hot; stir in two table-spoonfuls of salt, and one pint of flour; set it to cool. When lukewarm add one pint of brewer's yeast, and let it rise six hours. Strain all through a collender or sieve; put into a stone jug stopped tight. It will keep three weeks in winter, and one week in summer.

### Graham Bread.

Four quarts of unbolted wheat, a teacupful of good yeast, half a cup of molasses, and one table-spoonful of salt, mixed with warm water enough to make a stiff dough; let it rise six or eight hours; wet your hands in cold water to put it into the pans; let it rise in the pans an hour, or until it rises an inch; bake about two hours. It should be very well baked.

### Biscuit.

Two quarts of flour; two ounces of butter; half a pint of boiling water; one teacupful of salt; a pint of cold milk; half a cup of yeast; mix this well together with the hands, and set it to rise over night; in the morning dissolve a teacupful of saleratus in a little water, and mix it well into the dough; roll it, on a bread-board, about an inch thick; cut it into small biscuits, and bake them twenty minutes.

### Raising Bread.

All kinds of raised bread or cake rise much quicker in a kitchen in the daytime, when the kitchen is warm, than at night, when the fire is out. Therefore, five or six hours in the day are equal to twelve at night. In winter anything made with yeast should be made early in the evening that it may get started to rise before the kitchen is cold.

### A stuffed Beefsteak.

Prepare a dressing of bread scalded soft and mixed with plenty of butter, and a little pepper and salt. Lay it upon one side of a round of steak, cover with the other, and baste it down with needle and thread. Salt and pepper the outside of the steak, and place in a dripping pan with half an inch of water. When baked brown on one side, turn and bake the other.

### Brown Bread.

Two quarts of Indian meal; one large spoonful of salt; half a teacupful of yeast; half a cup of molasses; mix it with as warm water as the hands will bear; butter deep pans; wet the hands with cold water to put it in; set it to rise one hour. Bake it in a hot oven four or five hours; if baked in a brick oven, it is best to keep it in the oven all night.

### Corn Bread.

One quart of milk; two eggs; one piece of butter the size of an egg; half a teacup of white sugar; a little salt; two teacupfuls of cream-tartar; one teacupful of soda; half Indian meal, half flour enough to make a thick batter. Fill your pans about half full, and bake it twenty minutes.

### Third Bread.

One pint of rye meal; one pint of Indian meal; one pint of wheat flour; half a cup of yeast; mix it up with warm water into a stiff dough; set it to rise eight hours. Bake it either in loaves or biscuit. Wet the hands in cold water to put it into the pans. Bake in a hot oven forty minutes.

### Soda Biscuit.

Two quarts of flour; four teacupfuls of cream-tartar, two of soda, one of salt—mixed into the flour when dry; then mix it with cold milk to dough; bake them in a quick oven about fifteen minutes.

### Short Biscuit.

One quart of flour; a quarter of a pound of butter; a little boiling water to melt the butter; add milk enough to make a stiff dough; cut into small biscuits, and bake them quick.

**Water Muffins.**

To a quart of flour put in half a teacup of yeast; one table-spoonful of salt; warm water enough to make a thick batter; beat it together with a spoon; set it to rise eight hours; butter the muffin-rings; prepare the griddle as for buckwheat cakes. Set the rings on to the griddle, filling them half full of the batter; bake them about five minutes; then turn them with the rings, or bake them in the oven about fifteen or twenty minutes.

**Corn Meal Cakes.**

One quart of sour milk; one table-spoonful of saleratus, stirred in until it froths; four eggs; one table-spoonful of salt; as much meal as will make a stiff batter; butter the pans; turn in the batter half an inch thick; bake it half an hour.

**Corn Cake.**

Take two cups of Indian meal; one cup of flour; two table-spoonfuls of molasses; one teaspoonful of soda; milk and water enough to make a batter that will turn into a baking pan; and bake half an hour. The above mixture, fried on a griddle as buckwheat cakes are, is very nice.

**Corn Meal Cup-cake.**

One quart of Indian meal; one quart of sweet milk; one small cup of white sugar; two eggs; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, mixed into the dry meal; one teaspoonful of soda; one of salt; half a pint of flour. Baked in cups.

**Muffins.**

One quart of warm milk; a piece of butter about the size of an egg; four eggs; a table-spoonful of salt; one cup of yeast; flour enough to make a stiff batter; beat it up with a large spoon; put it to rise six hours; fill the rings half full; bake them about twenty minutes.

**Rye Cakes.**

Two cups of rye flour; one cup of warm milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus; half a teaspoonful of salt; four eggs; beat it lightly; fill the cups two-thirds full, and bake one hour.

**Rice Waffles.**

A cup of rice boiled very soft, and mashed very fine; add a little flour, and make the same as for waffles with yeast.

**Sour Milk Biscuit.**

One quart of flour; a pint of sour milk; one teaspoonful of saleratus, mixed into the milk until it froths; stir it into the flour cold; mix it quick, and bake it in a quick oven.

**Boiled Veal.**

A fillet or shoulder of veal is very nice boiled; prepared the same as to roast. Boil three hours, and serve with celery or oyster sauce.

**Buckwheat Cakes.**

One quart of buckwheat flour; half a cup of yeast; a table-spoonful of salt; warm water enough to make a batter, not very thick; beat it well with a large spoon, and set it to rise about eight hours; heat the griddle, and rub it hard with a coarse cloth; have a piece of pork about four inches square on a fork; rub the griddle with it; and turn the batter on in small cakes while hot.

**Bread Griddle-Cakes with Water.**

Soak pieces of stale bread in cold water until quite soft; turn them into a sieve, and drain out all the water; then rub the bread through a calender. To about a quart of this add three eggs, a little salt, and as much milk as will make a thick batter; bake them on a griddle, and serve very hot.

**Rye Drop-Cakes.**

One quart of milk; two eggs; a piece of butter the size of an egg; half a teacupful of white sugar; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; one of soda; a spoonful of salt, and rye meal enough to make a batter; butter some small brown pans; fill them half full, and bake half an hour.

**Flannel Cakes.**

To two ounces of butter add a pint of hot milk to melt it; a pint of cold milk; five eggs; flour enough to make a stiff batter; one teaspoonful of salt; two table-spoonfuls of yeast; set it in a warm place about three hours; butter the griddle, and pour on the batter in small cakes.

**Waffles.**

Four eggs to a quart of milk; a quarter of a pound of butter; a little salt; flour to make a batter not very thick; heat and butter the irons well; fill them, and bake them very quickly. If for tea, grate on a little nutmeg and sugar; if for breakfast, only butter them.

**Bread Griddle Cakes with Milk.**

Soak pieces of stale bread in milk until they are soft; strain them through a coarse sieve or calender; season it with a little salt, sugar and spice; put four eggs to a pint of milk, and as much bread as will make a thick batter; bake them on a griddle the same as buckwheat.

**Waffles with Yeast.**

One quart of warm milk; an ounce of butter; three eggs; one gill of good yeast; one table-spoonful of salt, and flour enough to make a stiff batter; set it to rise six hours, or over night; butter the irons well, bake quickly, and serve hot.

**Rice Cakes.**

Boil a cup of rice very soft; mash it fine; add a pint of milk and three eggs; stir in a little flour; butter the griddle, and turn on the batter in small cakes. Served with a little nutmeg and fine sugar.

## Curious Matters.

### Some interesting Facts.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one 75 per cent., the other 90 per cent. of water. If a man weighing ten stone were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half of dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailsful of water. In plants we find water thus mingling no less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates one and a quarter pints of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat-plant exhales, in 172 days, about 100,000 grains of water. An acre of growing wheat, on this calculation, draws and passes out about ten tons of water per day. The sap of plants is the medium through which this mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sap, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over the roots of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.

### The King of the Poor.

At Creto, a small town in the Tyrol, there exists the custom of choosing a king of the poor. The individual on whom this dignity is conferred is usually some honest, hardworking man, without debt, but also without any savings. The monarch in question having recently died, a popular festival took place on the nomination of his successor. The king elect was conveyed in an old cart to the spot where the ceremony of enthronization was to take place; there an old worm-eaten chair and table had been placed on a platform; the new sovereign was gravely placed there, and after being served with a very meagre repast, accompanied with some brandy, the last will of his predecessor, which was drawn up in humorous terms, was read aloud; he was then led, followed by a procession of people almost in rags, into all the liquor shops, where drink was given gratis.

### To remove a piece of Paper from a Glass Tumbler without touching the Glass.

Take a piece of writing paper—a rather long strip—place it near the edge of the table, with about three or four inches projecting over the edge; place a glass tumbler on the portion of the paper remaining on the table, which may be four or five inches, or more. Now take hold with the left hand of the projecting portion of the paper, and with the

right hand strike a blow on that part of the paper just projecting over the edge of the table, when it will be found to come from under the tumbler without moving it in the least. A smart blow is requisite if a very large piece of paper is used.

### Facts concerning Ivory.

England consumes 1,000,000 pounds of ivory annually, or the product of 3333 elephants. About 4000 men are annually killed in the elephant hunts. A tusk weighing 70 pounds is considered a first class one. A short time ago an American house cut up a tusk which was not less than nine feet in length and nine inches in diameter, and weighed 800 pounds. In 1851 the same house sent over to the London Exhibition the largest piece of sawed ivory ever seen; it was 11 feet in length, and one foot broad. The dearest ivory is that which is used for billiard balls. Since the conquest of Algeria by France, the ivory trade has considerably increased in the north of Africa. The hippopotamus also yields ivory, which is much harder and less elastic than that of the elephant, besides being of smaller dimensions.

### How Glass Chimneys were invented.

Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp which bears his name, had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light, but to no purpose. On the table before him lay the broken neck of an oil flask. This he took up carelessly and placed it, almost without thought, over the wick. A brilliant flame rewarded this act, and the hint was not lost on the experimentalist, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical operation at once.

### Curious.

A sheep in Barnstable recently gave birth to two fine lambs, one of which was of the African hue. Mindful of her noble origin and Spanish blood, the mother disdained to acknowledge her sable offspring, and refused it all nourishment or care. Indeed, she bestowed upon it so many more hard knocks than love pats, that the poor thing actually died of starvation and ill treatment.

### Singular Sale.

A man named Phelps, who died at Salem, New London county, Conn., recently, by his own agreement, sold his body to a surgeon in Boston for \$1000 dollars, the money to be appropriated to the use of his widowed mother, and his body to purposes of scientific investigation. His death was produced by an enormous tumor growing upon his back, larger than a bushel basket, and apparently nearly one hundred pounds in weight. It had been growing for eight years.

### Aerial Locomotion.

A French gentleman has brought before the Parisian public a project for aerial locomotion between the Place de la Concorde and the Porte de la Muette. According to this arrangement, the balloon will be held captive by means of a steel wire cable, running over vertical pulleys at the point of departure and arrival. These so-called pulleys are really large cylinders or drums on which the rope is wound backwards and forwards by means of a steam engine. To the cable, which performs the functions of a locomotive, is fixed a line conducting the balloon; this is the general idea of a system which is said to have been experimented on with great success, employing small balloons. The projector proposes to carry 250 persons at each trip, from the Place de la Concorde to the Bois de Boulogne, or about 600,000 persons per year.

### Mother Cary's Chickens.

Mariners consider that the sight of a petrel predicts a storm, and the reason for its appearance is thus given: "Because petrels seem to repose in a common breeze; but upon the approach, or during the continuation of a gale, they surround a ship, and catch up the small animals which the agitated ocean brings near the surface, or any food that may be dropped from the vessel. Whisking like an arrow through the deep valleys of the abyss, and darting away over the foam crest of some mountain wave, they attend the laboring bark in all her perilous course. When the storm subsides they retire to rest, and are no more seen. Our sailors have from very early times called these birds 'Mother Cary's chickens.'"

### How to make a simple Galvanic Battery.

Procure the bowls of six tobacco pipes, and stop up the holes left by breaking off the stems with sealing-wax. Place on the table six small glass tumblers, each an inch high, like those used by children as toys; place in each a cylinder of amalgamated zinc; let a pipe-bowl rest in each cylinder, and place in every one a slip of thin platinum foil, one and a quarter inches long and half an inch wide, connected at the zinc cylinder by platinum wire; fill the pipe-bowls with nitric acid, and the tumblers with diluted sulphuric acid; and an energetic current of electricity will be set free, capable of decomposing water, igniting wire, charcoal points, etc.

### Shocking Fatality.

A few months since a hundred persons sat down at a festive celebration in the Hartz mountains, where pork in various forms was the principal food. Of these, eighty persons are in their graves, and of the remainder the majority linger with a fearful malady. This strange event has led to the discovery that this food was charged with flesh worms in all stages of development, or *trichina*, found in

the muscular tissues of the survivors, and traced to the pork. These flesh worms are not killed by ordinary cooking, and multiply rapidly by thousands.

### Singular Case of Suicide.

A French physician has published the case of a woman, aged 26, who being in prison, and dreading to be brought to trial, resolved to destroy herself. This she accomplished by thrusting about thirty pins and needles in her chest in the region of the heart. She introduced them with great gentleness, and used to press them inwards with the aid of her prayer-book. She died on the day preceding her trial. On a post-mortem examination, numerous needles were found in the chest, all of which were more or less travelling inwards; some had reached the lungs; and some had reached the back part of the right auricle. The windpipe was also perforated by a needle, and several were found in the liver.

### A Rat Story.

A singular circumstance as illustrating the migratory propensities of rats, occurred in Chicago recently. A man, resident in the West Division, whose private pastime is breeding good dogs for ratting purposes, found one morning that he had lighted upon an old acquaintance. In opening one of his rat traps, he was a little startled to find the veritable animal which he had branded with the letters "T. F." and from which he had removed the tail at Rochester, in the State of New York, some three years since. The old fellow was quite gray, but in other respects he was as sleek and fat as ever.

### Siberian Custom.

It is a custom among certain tribes in Siberia, that, when a woman is married, she must prepare the wedding dinner with her own hands. To this feast all the relatives and friends, both of her own family and that of the groom are invited. If the viands are well-cooked, her credit as a good housewife is established. But if the dishes are badly prepared, she is disgraced in that capacity forever. The result is, that a Siberian wife is generally a good housekeeper, whatever else she may be, and is thus competent, beyond her sex generally, for the practical duties of life.

### Origin of Boots and Shoes.

Boots are said to have been invented by the Carans. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen-footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe, in the fourteenth century, was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight eighteen inches long.



## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### MEN AND THEIR DIET.

We recently met with a paper that treated of men, their color and diet. So many new facts were presented for consideration that we concluded to lay them before our readers, thinking that they would be as interested in the subject as ourselves. The paper alluded to says: "Transitory influences of light and exposure on the skin, commonly exaggerated even as signs of variation in the general health of the body, have little or nothing to do with the colors of the different races of men. The Spaniards in South America who have not by intermarriage with the Indians formed a distinct race of Mestizos, are in skin and feature Spaniards still. Those near the equator in hot and damp Guyaquil, have even a fairer and clearer complexion than the Spaniards in their native country, and blue eyes and fair hair are common among the women. In Chili, too, the Spaniards are white and of a fresher color than in their own country. The Mexicans are much darker than the aborigines of the hottest parts of South America; the Guacas are much lighter than the Indians round about them. Blue eyes, fair-skin, and a red beard, characterise a distinct race among the Berbers of North Africa. Among the Nubians, Burckhardt recognized the descendants of the Bosnian soldiers sent by Sultan Selim, who settled there in the year fourteen 'twenty. On plantations in a region where the extinct aborigines were a dusky red, and the race now in possession has remained for generations white, the generations of the working negroes continue to be as black as their forefathers were in Africa."

According to this idea a warm, sultry climate cannot make a white man black, so that he will possess the peculiar features of the negro, or the latter white so that he will resemble an Anglo-Saxon, yet some authorities contend that climate alone regulates such matters. There can be no doubt that light and heat affect, to a certain extent, the growth of men as of plants. It is said to be a fact that not only the Peruvians, but the people, generally, of the colder climates, have larger heads

than those who live in the hot countries. But, as for the effect of light and heat on stature, there is so much room for doubt, that flatly opposite conclusions have been come to on the subject. Zimmerman has argued from the size of the Patagonians and of the ancient Germans, that the highest stature belongs to the colder regions of the temperate zone, while Blumenbach thinks we find taller men as we approach the tropics. There is nothing in either opinion. The short men of Tierra del Fuego live very near to the tall men of Patagonia, and the short men of Lapland live very near to the tall Finns and Swedes. In the matter of stature, as of color, descent must be considered to have far more influence than climate. Among animals it is found that some grow smaller in warm, others in cold climates.

But climate appears strongly to affect the rate of life in men and animals as in plants. Negro children run about much earlier than European children. The children of the natives of Nukahiva swim alone in the water when they are scarcely a year old. In Tahiti they often can swim before they can run. The precocity of the Zuramatas in Guiana is found also among the white Creoles in the West Indies, and in the children born in Brazil. We hear of a negress who had two hundred descendants about her, and we are told that among the negroes it is not thought extraordinary to have a hundred grandchildren. But this precocity is not due wholly to impulse of climate. The Jewish girls in Central Europe become mature much earlier, and age much earlier, than girls of the people they live among.

The author contends that the less men think, the more they can eat. He says:

"But where the thinking power is not much exercised, the powers of the stomach to endure long fasts and digest the food of several days in a few hours, are often developed to a wonderful degree. The camel drivers between Cairo and Suez fast during the thirty hours of the journey; but an Arab, who dines often on a handful of dates, will sometimes be heard

to boast that he can eat a sheep at a meal. The Bedouin, when travelling in the desert, takes as daily food two draughts of water and two morsels of baked flour and milk. But, when meat is before him, and he is not travelling, he can eat and digest as much as would satisfy six Europeans. A native Australian, attendant upon Eyre, could consume an average of nine pounds of boiled meat daily. A Guarini will eat up a small calf in a few hours. A strong young man in Greenland eats daily for several months ten or twelve pounds of meat, with much biscuit. On the other hand, an Arowake lives in the field for three weeks, or a month, on ten pounds of Cassava bread. As a general rule, power of long fasting and excessively spare living is associated with a power of digesting, and a will to eat enormous meals when they are to be had."

Some men of great minds, deep thinkers and ready writers, have been known to eat as much, at a single meal, as a poor ignorant Esquimaux, so that the rule does not always hold good. But the author's theory is an interesting one, and will do to ponder over until a new one is started.

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#### THE POSTAGE STAMP MANIA.

A collection of postage stamps, embracing as many varieties as possible, is, and has been a mania since 1862, at which time boys commenced watching the Boston post-office, and begged those who received large packages of letters, to "give 'em a foreign," the meaning of which was soon understood, and happy was the lad who received a kind word and a stamp bearing the head of some reigning sovereign. It was shown to envious and admiring friends, and then carefully secured in an album, or else exchanged for some other variety, such trades being constantly made, while considerable sums have been paid for rare specimens, such as Russian, Prussian and Sardinian stamps.

So important was this postage stamp trade at one time, that we have seen advertisements calling the attention of the public to the fact that certain persons would furnish a stock of stamps at short order and at reasonable prices, and we have no doubt that they met with as much business as they desired.

Dr. Gray, and other writers on the subject—which has already an established literature of its own—enumerates various advantages, mental and moral, to be derived from the hearty prosecution of this whimsical species of

commerce. According to these eminent amateurs of the science, the sedulous collecting and classification of postage stamps teaches geography, history, the statistics and political position of distant countries; inculcates business habits, commercial confidence, order, honor, and punctuality; and affords room for the display of much artistic taste and skill in the arrangement of the many-tinted and often beautifully-engraved stamps in the albums specially contrived for that purpose.

There are more than forty varieties of stamps bearing the portrait of Queen Victoria. Of course these include the colonies of Great Britain, scattered all over the world. The postage stamps of America, our readers are familiar with, and while we have a stamp (or did have one) they cost more money than any stamp in the world (the pony express stamp, overland to California, worth \$4.00), France produces one of the cheapest, the centime, less than one cent of our currency. Siberian stamps are of the largest size issued; and those of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin take rank as the smallest. For scarcity and daily increasing value, the old issues of the Isle of Bourbon and New Caledonia, and those of Spain, Portugal, British Guiana, and Van Diemen's Land, may be especially particularised. So may the stamps of the Sandwich Islands, Nicaragua, and the Philippines, which are extremely rare; as are also those of the Italian duchies. Such of our readers as may wish to turn "an honest" future "penny," should hasten forthwith to make a large investment in Roman Pontifical stamps; which are with good reason expected, at no very distant date, to attain an almost fabulous value.

France and Greece are supposed to have the handsomest stamps, and England and Belgium the homeliest, while our stamps are not looked upon as miracles of beauty and perfection.

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**SMALL BEGINNINGS.**—Rice was introduced into South Carolina by mere accident. In 1696 the master of a vessel from Madagascar landed about half a bushel of an excellent kind, from which small beginning sprung up an immense source of wealth both to the agriculturists and merchants of the southern States. Within little more than half a century from that time 120,000 barrels of rice were exported in one year from South Carolina, and 18,000 from Georgia—all from the remnant of a sea stock left in the bottom of a sack.

## CHINESE KITES.

In this country our boys know but little of the art of "kite-flying." Some of our men "fly kites" on State and Wall streets, and buy palaces, horses and carriages, and costly furniture, with the results of their successful "kiting;" while others retire to poor, but not always honest neighborhoods in consequence of "kiting" on too extensive a scale. Their kites had too long tails, were swung afoul of obstructions, and came down with a rush, badly injuring the men who held the strings. But this alludes to figurative "kite-flying," when men speculate in stocks and make a grand splurge, and not to practical "kite-flying," such as only the Chinese or Japanese indulge in. They fly kites in a scientific manner, and spend many days in the year in their favorite sport. They construct kites of all sizes and shapes. Sometimes you see in the air, on the shores of China or Japan, a huge dragon or centipede trailing its scaly length on high, a hideous ogre face roaring as it sails along, a pretty but immense butterfly flapping its wings like its living model, birds flying about so lifelike that one can hardly believe them to be made of paper, a couple of fantastically-dressed friends walking arm-in-arm in the clouds with an umbrella over their heads, and many other similarly curious things, which an American would scarcely dream of. Sights such as these may be seen in Japanese and Chinese cities at any time during the kite-flying season; and, while they cannot fail to attract the attention of the observant stranger, in common with the many other novelties he sees about him, leads him to conclude that the old men and adults of those countries have, at any rate, some excuse for the frivolity they are accused of. The ability to make such extraordinary kites is mainly owing to the toughness, tenacity and flexibility of the Chinese and Japanese paper, and the abundant material for ribs and frames afforded by the bamboo; a plant which has not its equal for the lightness, strength, flexibility and elasticity of its fibrous wood. With these simple materials, and with the wonderful neatness and ingenuity the Chinese and Japanese are famous for, it is astonishing how rapidly and easily they construct the odd and complicated figures which they fly as kites.

To describe all the other kites to be seen in China and Japan, would be to undertake too much; so we will only venture to speak of one other sort very common among the Chinese, and particularly effective as regards ap-

pearance—namely, the bird kite. The hawk or common kite is the bird usually represented, and to make this, they cut a piece of paper the exact shape and size of the natural bird, when on the wing; this they paint the natural color, and stretch on ribs of bamboo arranged very much in the shape of the old English cross-bow when strung, leaving the parts which represent the ends of the wing and tail feathers unbound by twine, so as to shiver in the wind. Thus constructed, the kite rises with great ease, and flies with wonderful grace of motion, imitating the real bird to a nicety by now and then taking a long swoop, then soaring again, and then poising itself with a flutter before repeating the process. At times a number of these kites are flown at once by attaching them at different intervals to the string of a centipede or some larger kite, and the effect is thereby much increased; for the real kites are in the habit of sailing in a flock together, as they circle over their prey.

The humming of a Chinese kite, rather a pleasing sound, is produced by fixing across the head or shoulders of the kite, a light bow, tightly strung with a ribbon of fine hemp from one to three-eighths of an inch in breadth; the bow being so poised as to bring the flat surface of the ribbon at a right angle to the line of the string by which the kite is held, and of course at an acute angle to the direction of the wind as it blows past it. The ribbon, caught by the wind in this position, vibrates and gives forth a hum, more or less loud, according to the size of the instrument. The hum so produced may be heard at a considerable distance, when the kite is well up in the air, under a steady breeze; and it is a favorite pastime with the kite-flyers to get up this hum at all the notes and pitches their simple means can accomplish. They have another expedient to which they are very partial—that of sending up messengers after their kites; and very pretty and clever ones they succeed in making. The butterfly messenger is about the best, and it is so made that it flutters open-winged right up to the kite, whence it instantly and quickly descends—having been collapsed and closed, on coming into contact with the kite, by means of a little spring which forms part of its mechanism.

Our boys will perceive, from reading the above, that there is some excitement and pleasure in Chinese kite-flying. Let them imitate the Celestials in the manufacture of their aerial playthings, and then enjoy the sport.

## THE KING'S TOUCH.

There are thousands of people in Europe who believe that a king can cure many of the evils to which the flesh is heir, by simply touching the person afflicted. In olden times, when the sovereign of a country journeyed from place to place, crowds of persons, troubled with the king's evil, or bad cases of scrofula, would flock to the highways in hopes of being able to obtain the merciful touch which was to restore them to health and happiness. Even the monarchs thought that the Almighty had given them the power to cure disease, and at one time there was a most exciting controversy as to whether the English or the French king possessed the most extraordinary healing qualities, through the medium of a touch of the royal fingers. It was never decided, we believe, which king carried off the victory; but it is stated, on most reliable authority, that Philip of Valois, of France, cured fourteen hundred persons of scrofula, and Gernell, the traveller, describes a ceremonial in which Louis XIV. touched sixteen hundred persons afflicted with scrofula on Easter Sunday, saying: "*Le Roi te touche, Dieu te guérisse.*" The French kings kept up the practice until 1776, when republican principles were beginning to interfere with many of the prerogatives of royalty.

King Edward the Confessor, as we are informed in Collier's "Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain," was the first king of England, who exercised this extraordinary power, and from him it has descended upon all his successors. "To dispute the matter of fact," says this grave historian, "is to go to the excesses of skepticism, to deny our senses, and be incredulous even to ridiculousness." The authority of Sir John Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice under Henry VI., is no less explicit. "The kings of England," he assures us, "at the time of unction, received such a divine power, that, by the touch of their hands, they can cleanse and cure those, who are otherwise considered incurable, of a certain disease, commonly called the king's evil."

The ceremony of touching, as described in Shakspeare, was accompanied by the gift of a small coin of gold, which was worn as a medal by the patient, and during some reigns, when the monarch was popular, or faith active, or scrofula prevalent, these coins amounted to £3000 a year. Henry VII.—to give the ceremony a greater solemnity—ordered a form of religious service to accompany it.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have been averse

to the custom, as either superstitious or disgusting; but she practised it, notwithstanding, and with great success. She was, however, more select than had been the practice of former sovereigns, either to save herself trouble, or expense to the treasury; for she required that every one who presented himself to be touched should bring a certificate from the court surgeons that the disease was scrofula, and that it was incurable by the ordinary means; and one of her majesty's surgeons, William Clowes, testifies that "a mighty number of her majesty's subjects were daily cured and healed, which otherwise would have most miserably perished."

The historians of the reign of Charles I. do not neglect to inform us that he excelled all his predecessors in this divine gift; and so great were the numbers who came to be cured, that out of regard to economy, he used silver medals instead of gold; and when these failed, sometimes cured by mere praying, without even the laying on of hands. Among the State papers of this reign, there is a proclamation "for the better ordering of those who repaire to the Court for their cure of the disease called the king's evil." Such proclamations were issued from time to time, during all those dark ages, of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon, and were ordered to be posted up in every market town in the kingdom.

During the Protectorate of Cromwell—when there was no king to cure it—scrofula appears to have greatly increased, for no English monarch was ever called upon to touch so many as Charles II. after the restoration. After all the care of the surgeons to see that none but the really scrofulous, and those beyond their own power to cure, approached him, the numbers were almost incredible. A register was kept at Whitehall; and though one day in a week was appointed and the number limited, it is set down in the record that the Merry Monarch in twenty years touched and prayed over more than 92,000 persons—a large number, and we wonder how the "Merry Monarch" found time to perform so much labor, as he was generally engaged in other business, and of a private nature.

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**THE MASTER.**—The man who has good judgment in perfection, is master of his companions without letting them see it.

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**PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.**—Words of sympathy lift not up the needy; only full casks can stand on end.

## Facts and Fancies.

### AN AMERICAN IN IRELAND.

An American gentleman, who recently landed on the shores of Ireland, engaged an Irish servant to serve him while in the country. Our friend reports that some of his conversations with his Hibernian companion were rather amusing, and relates the following as a specimen. Terry was always ready with a reply:

Master: Does it rain?

Terry: No, sir.

Master: I see the sun shines. \*

Terry: Sure, sir, he's only doing what he ought to do.

Master: How long did you live with Mr. T.?

Terry: In troth, sir, I can't tell. I passed my time so pleasantly in his service, that I never kept any account of it. I might have lived with him all the days of my life, and a great deal longer if I pleased.

Master: What made you leave him?

Terry: My young mistress took it into her head to break my heart; for I was obliged to attend her to church, to the park, etc.

Master: Was not your master a proud man?

Terry: The proudest man in the kingdom, for he would not do a dirty action for the universe.

Master: What age are you now?

Terry: I am just the same age of Paddy Lahy: he and I were born in a week of each other.

Master: How old is he?

Terry: I can't tell, nor I don't think he can tell himself.

Master: Were you born in Dublin?

Terry: No, sir; I might if I had a mind, but I preferred the country. And please God, if I live and do well, I'll be buried in the same pariah I was born in.

Master: You can write, I suppose?

Terry: Yes, sir, as fast as a dog can trot.

Master: Which is the usual mode of travelling in this country?

Terry: Why, sir, if you travel by water, you must take a boat; and if you travel by land, either in a chaise or on horseback; and those that can't afford either one or 'tother, are obliged to trudge it on foot.

Master: Which is the pleasantest season for travelling?

Terry: Faith, sir, I think that season in which a man has most money in his purse.

Master: I believe your roads are passably good?

Terry: They are all passable, sir, if you pay the turnpike.

Master: I am told you have an immense number of horned cattle in this country?

Terry: Do you mean snails, sir?

Master: No, no—I mean black cattle.

Terry: Is it black, sir, you maan? Faith, we have, sir, plenty of every color.

Master: But I think it rains too much in Ireland?

Terry: So every one says; but Sir Boyle says he will bring in an act of Parliament in favor of fair weather; and I am sure the poor haymakers and turf-cutters will bless him for it. God bless him, it was he that first proposed that every quart bottle should hold a quart.

Master: As you have many fine rivers, I suppose you have abundance of fish?

Terry: The best ever water wet. The first fish in the world except themselves. Why, master, I wont tell you a lie; if you were at the Boyne, you could get salmon and trout for nothing; and if you were at Ballyshanny, you'd get them for less.

Terry has some idea of emigrating. He would do well in this country.

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### DISPOSING OF A WATCH.

A few evenings since, in one of our largest lager beer saloons, an adventurer, after finishing his glass of beer, remarked, in a loud tone:

"Gentlemen, I am a physiognomist, and can, from the examination of a face, describe the character and future lot of each of you."

Mr. Brown, a weak-minded person, with a fondness for lager and German cigars, requested him to examine his face, which he did with apparent attention.

"I see," the adventurer said, "from the protuberance of your forehead, that you have great aptitude for works of imagination. You are naturally good, but do not like to be offended. A person in whom you feel an interest is now writing to you, and you will soon receive a considerable sum of money on which you did not calculate."

He next made an examination of other people's faces, and talked in the same vague way. He afterwards presented his cap, and collected the gratuities of the wonder-stricken crowd.

"Waiter!" he then cried.

"What shall I serve you?" asked the waiter.

"Some flints."

"Yes, sir."

A plateful of flints were brought in, and he swallowed five with a great deal of apparent appetite.

"I also like half-dollar pieces," he observed, "and if any one will be kind enough to give me one, I will swallow it."

This proposition was received with silence, for no one had the specie; and at last Mr. Brown said:

"It is easy enough to swallow a half dollar, and I know a good many people who have devoured all their fortunes; but you could not swallow a watch."



"I will, sir, with pleasure; give me yours, and you'll see."

"There it is."

The man took the watch, which was of silver, and of good size, and swallowed it with ease.

After a moment of surprise and admiration, Mr. Brown observed:

"It is very clever, certainly; but when will you give me back my watch?"

"Never."

"O, that is too much—I did not mean to make you a present of it."

"But I thought you did. Besides, could you suppose that I would swallow a watch for nothing? We played a game—you staked your watch, I staked my life. I am not yet in safety—the watch may break in process of digestion."

"But, sir—"

"Possession is a good title in law, and I possess. Besides, how can I give up the watch? Am I to rip myself up?"

"O, no; I will wait."

"Wait if you will, but you can't have the watch."

Mr. Brown had the man arrested, but after a hearing, the court declared that the possessor was entitled to the watch.

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#### "I SEE HIM."

An English lady, who resided near Portsmouth at the time that Bonaparte was expecting to make a descent on the British coast, relates the following story:

We were almost hourly (she said) expecting a French invasion. The flotilla, which threatened to land our enemies on the coast, lay at Boulogne; and though "Nelson kept the sea," as people used consolingly to say, our danger was real and imminent. We lived near a seaport (Portsmouth) which, from its harbor and dockyard, especially invited a hostile and destructive demonstration from the foe. The poorer class, I really believe, revelled in the excitement of the expectation, and of such fear as is compatible with British nature—which I should say, from my own judgment, is nothing more than the love of "sensation" which now leads them to delight in Blondin and "sensation" dramas. Napoleon was the Blondin of Portsmouth at that time.

The nightly raising of the drawbridge, and flooding and filling the moats, drew together hundreds of eager guests. They ascribed the simplest actions to expectation of the French. Thus the sound of our cook's chopping, when preparing suet for the orthodox Christmas pudding, led to some of the crowd outside the area knocking to ask "if the admiral expected the French *directly*, as the family were packing up!"

Only once this "sensation" took the form of a panic, and that was absurd enough. The famous Rowland Hill came to preach at Portsmouth. He selected for his out door "tabernacle" the "lines" or

or ramparts of the town, and, standing on the green slope of the earthwork, addressed a large crowd gathered on the glacis below. Thus the listeners (chiefly, of course, women) had their backs to the sea, while the preacher faced the channel. He was preaching on the second advent; and, warming with his subject, suddenly extended his arm in the direction of Spithead, and cried:

"I see Him! I see His mighty host advancing! He comes! he comes!"

The crowd, believing from his look and gesture, that he pointed seawards, responded with a shrill feminine yell, and a volley of unpleasant words from the tars present, and rushed off in frantic haste in all directions—some to their homes, some to the defence. The astonished preacher stood alone in a second.

Greatly amazed at the effect of his words, he turned to a grinning sentry standing near, and exclaimed, "What does this mean?"

"Well," replied the soldier, "they think you sees Bony coming—that's all!"

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#### SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

There was intense excitement in Snoringtown, for John Hartley was arrested and taken before Justice Wilson for sleeping in church, which he always did as regular as Sunday came round.

"What do you know about the defendant's sleeping in church?" demanded the justice of a witness.

"I know all about it; 'taint no secret, I guess," replied the witness.

"Then tell us about it; that's just what we want to know."

"Well (scratching his head), the long and the short of it is, John Hartley is a hard-working man; that is, he works mighty hard doing nothing, and that's the hardest work there is done. It will make a feller sleep quicker than poppy leaves. So it stands to reason that Hartley would naturally be a very sleepy sort of a person. Well, the weather is sometimes naturally considerable warm, and Parson Moody's sarmon is sometimes rather heavy-like—"

"Stop, stop! No reflections upon Parson Moody—that's not what you were called for."

"I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Hartley's sleeping in meeting; and it's my opinion, especially in warm weather, that sarmons that are heavy-like and two hours long naturally have a tendency—"

"Stop, stop, I say! If you repeat any of these reflections on Parson Moody again, I'll commit you for contempt of court."

"I don't cast no reflections on Parson Moody. I was only telling what I know about John Hartley's sleeping in meeting."

"Well, go on, and tell us about that. You were not called here to testify about Parson Moody."

"That's what I'm trying to do, if you wouldn't keep putting me out. And it's my opinion, in warm weather folks is considerable apt to sleep in meeting, 'specially when the sarmon—I mean, 'specially when they get pretty tired. I know I find it hard work to get by seventhly and eighthly in the sarmon myself; but if I once get by there, I generally get into a kind of waking train again, and make out to weather it. But it isn't so with Hartley. I've generally noticed, if he begins to gape at seventhly and eighthly, it's a gone goose with him before he gets through tenthly, and he has got to look out for another prop for his head somewhere stiff enough to hold it up. And from tenthly to sixteenthly he's as dead as a door-nail, till the 'amen' brings the people up to prayers, and Hartley comes up with a jerk, just like opening a jack-knife!"

After a profound silence the court was adjourned, to enable the justice to think the matter over and render a decision.

### A DUTCHMAN AND THE CURRENCY.

Of all the close dealers amongst us, the Dutchmen live on the least, and shave the closest. It is astonishing how soon they learn our currency. A good thing occurred, however, in this connection, with the keeper of a small lager bier saloon, in a certain neighborhood, who undertook to teach his assistant, a thick-headed sprout of "Faderland," the difference between "fivepence" and "sixpence," when such things were in circulation, and before they were bought up and hoarded.

"Yaw," said John; "I understands."

A wag of a loafer, who overheard the lecture, immediately conceived the idea of a "saw" and "lager bier" gratis, for that day at least. Procuring a three cent piece, he watched the departure of the "boss," and going up to John, he called for a "bier," throwing down the coin, and looking as if he expected the change. John, who remembered his recent lesson, took up the piece, and muttering to himself, "Mitout de vomans—"tish von sixpence," he handed over three coppers. change. How often the aforesaid drank that day, we know not; it depended upon his thirst and the number of times he could exchange three coppers for three-cent pieces; but when the boss came home at night, the number of small coin astonished him.

"Vat ish dese, John, you dake so many?"

"Sixpence," replied John, with a peculiar, satisfied leer.

"Sixpence! Dunder and blitzen! You dake all dese for sixpence? Who from?"

"De man mit peard like Kossuth; he dhrink all day mit himself."

"Der teufel! You give him change every time, Shon?"

"Y-a-h!" said John, with a vacant stare.

"Der teufel catch de Yankees!" was all the astonished Dutchman could say.

### A STRANGE STORY.

A young lady on Western avenue tells a good story about an Irish servant girl in their family. The lady in question was engaged with her dress-maker, and "hurrying up" some work for which she had special needs; accordingly she instructed Mary that she was "at home to no one to-day." But Mary had said she had conscientious scruples about saying her young mistress was not at home, "and her in the house that moment."

"Well, then," said the young lady, "answer that I am unable to see any one to-day, or some sort of indirect reply—for I won't be disturbed."

In the afternoon a beau called; and after a word with Mary went away again, having received an "indirect reply," after this sort, in answer to his inquiry for the lady:

"Dade, sur, an'she's gone off in a balloon wid her two aunts from Malden, and left word that she'd be back next Sunday. Wud you come in an' wait for her?"

The lover thought not.

### A PLEASED HUSBAND.

In a quiet town in Maine, a few Sabbaths since, there occurred an incident in the Methodist church which it will perhaps do no harm to relate. A friend of the settled minister having officiated during the morning, as is customary, some of the members took occasion to exhort the brethren or say a word of encouragement. Among others was the pastor's wife, who stated substantially that she believed her days were numbered—that she should soon go "home" and be at rest with those who had gone before, whom she should soon meet, etc. Her husband, who occupied the pulpit during these remarks, sat rubbing his hands, apparently with great satisfaction, and shouting "Amen!" "Glory to God!" A broad smile was seen on the faces of the congregation.

### A CORD OF THEM.

A fellow went, some time since, into the store of a fashionable dress-maker.

"Have you any skirts?" he asked, with a serious emphasis.

"Plenty of them."

"What is the lowest price per cord?" said the chap.

"A cord!" replied the woman, in astonishment.

"Yes, about a cord. Up in our diggin's the petticoats has gin out. I see you advertise corded skirts, and I thought, while my hand was in, I would take what you had corded up."

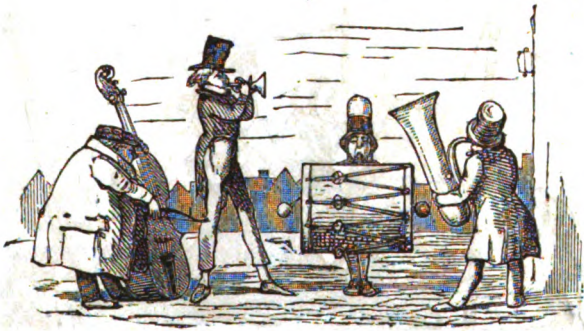
The woman looked reflective.

A miller not remarkable for his honesty, was often asked what made his horse so fat, and would be as often told that he "must give him a monstrous sight of grain." His reply was, "None to speak of."

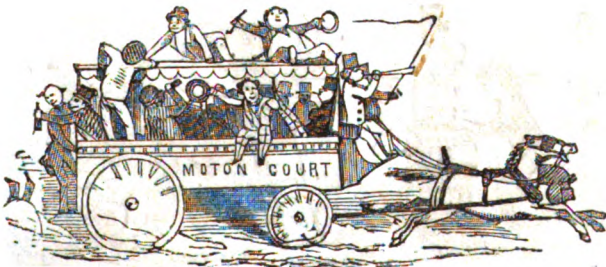
# The Comic Side of Life.



CIRCUS IN THE COUNTRY.—“I say, Jim, the riding-master gave the clown such a cut of the whip just now. Wasn't it prime!”



A CITY SCENE.—Ophicleide (*loquitur*)—“O, let's cut; for I'm blowed if we aint been a-playing three-quarters of an hour opposite a deaf and dumb asylum!”



OFF FOR THE SEASHORE.—“Hooray! Drive on, coachey! All our wives are left behind!”

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

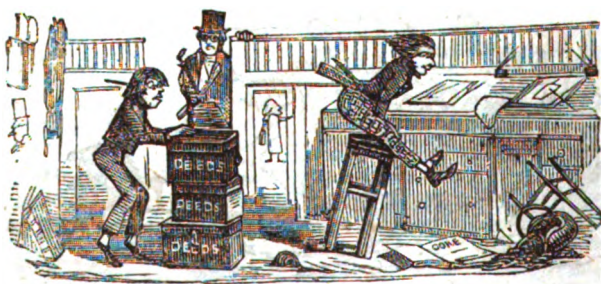
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



**A TERRIBLE THREAT.**—"You naughty, naughty boy! You've been taking this apple out of mama's basket of wax-fruit. I've a good mind, that I have, to make you eat it!"



**A WASHERWOMAN'S QUARREL.**—Drawing the lines.



**STUDYING FOR THE BAR.**—Office practice.



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

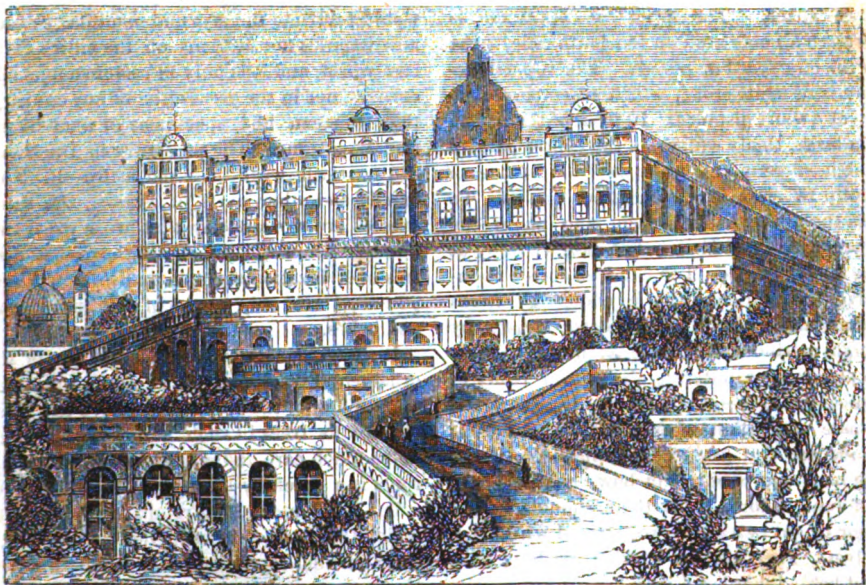
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Vol. XX—No. 2.....AUGUST, 1864.....WHOLE No. 116.  
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## ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

THE readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY can look at the picture on this page with much satisfaction and real pleasure. It was engraved from a photograph, and is a true representation of the Royal Palace at Madrid, a building that contains more art treasures, in the shape of pictures, than any other edifice in Spain. In it we find Divine Virgins by Murillo, Madonnas by Raphael, several subjects by Titian, one or two by Tobar, some by Rembrandt, and fancy sketches by Velasquez, the bold and dashing, who transferred to can-

vas everything that happened to please his eye. These pictures could not be purchased for money. They are some of the glories of Spain, treasures which she adheres to and will continue to grasp long after she is bankrupt, and Cuba sold to some speculative nation that desires to raise its own coffee and sugar.

A friend of ours, who recently visited the Royal Palace, and had the happiness of examining the pictures which hung from the walls, writes in the following enthusiastic manner:



THE ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

"Inexhaustible gallery, never-falling source of interest, months might be spent in roaming from one masterpiece to the other. Divine Virgins by Murillo seem to float in a heavenly atmosphere, and the perfect innocence and fascinating grace of the Infant Saviour and little St. John, must be seen to be understood. What Murillo's pictures must have been before they were scraped and re-painted, it is difficult to imagine, as even after all they have gone through, they are unutterably beautiful. One rises from the contemplation of those transported, ecstatic figures, those faces full of awe and heavenly meditation, with a feeling similar to what one experiences when, in some old cathedral, the organ peals forth its melody carrying the mind far away from the the cares of mortality, and lifting the soul to heaven."

Our friend loves pictures, and perhaps all our readers do not, so we will pass on to a description of the place. It is of enormous size, and quadrangular in form. Our illustration shows the richness of its architecture, and the beauty of its site. Many portions of the huge palace remain unfinished to the present day, hence it is a fit residence of the sovereign of a people of prouder conception than performance. It occupies the site of the original Alcazar of the Moors, which Enrique IV. made his residence. This was burnt down on Christmas eve, and rebuilt by Philip V. The entire palace and its appurtenances cover a large space. The principal entrance is through a noble arch on the south side, next to the courtyard or parade. The superstructure is of white stone, which resembles marble at a short distance. In front of the palace is a large, shady square, in the centre part of which, surrounding an equestrian statue of Philip IV., is a small, enclosed garden. To this the nurses and children who haunt the place have no admission, but gaze wistfully at the flowery oasis. The children solace themselves for their exclusion by endless gyrations round and round in little carts, drawn by stupid merino sheep, while, as usual, soldiers in plenty are sauntering about, ever ready to amuse the nurses, the most picturesque of the female population of Madrid. Round their heads are tied gay handkerchiefs, knotted at the back with a butterfly bow, another of a different color adorns their shoulders, and their bright petticoats are striped with black velvet. Their aprons, which have long ends tied behind, bordered with lace, look particularly well when worn with a black dress.

Many a fervid picture has been portrayed of the beauty and grace of the leaders in Spanish female society. Travellers all seem peculiarly impressed with the charms of those lovely daughters of Spain, the fascinating Madrilenas, and these bewitching characteristics have been often glowingly sung in poetry, rehearsed in romance, and immortalized upon the glowing canvas. With their clear olive complexion, their shining hair, and black, lustrous eyes, they unite attractions to turn the head of the sourest anchorite that ever wore a hair shirt, slept on a rock and sated sumptuously every day on water cresses and black bread. One style of dress in which they are attired is the silken *saya* and the black lace mantilla in which they drape their rounded and undulating figures with the most bewitching grace. They carry, too, the fan, that most eloquent of magic implements in the practised hands of a daughter of the South. The fan wielded by a belle of Madrid becomes eloquent and expressive. By means of the fan, the invitation and the repulse, the fluttering of timidity, the expansiveness of affection, are all expressed. It is in vain you doom a Spanish girl to silence or seclusion—give her the free use of her white hands and her fan, and she will express as much as her lips could utter, and perhaps more. We are sorry to say that the Spanish ladies are fast discarding their national costume and assuming French fashions. If they knew how much they lost by the change, they would return to the *saya* and mantilla. France now imposes her fashions on the entire civilized world, and it is only in remote nooks and corners, not in the great cities of any country, that you can find specimens of ancient national costume. The peasantry in the Swiss cantons still wear their old attire—in Normandy and other parts of France, the same dresses are worn to-day that were worn two hundred years ago, but in all the great centres of civilization the men and women whom you meet are only copies of Parisian beaux and belles.

It will be noticed the palace has few of the ornamental trees common in other countries. Only a few of the wide streets have the glory of trees, for trees in such a dry country involve much care and attention. Round their roots is a carefully-bricked little well, about a foot deep, intended to retain the water, with which they are daily supplied; when full, a little channel conducts the precious fluid to the next tree, and so on, till the whole avenue is refreshed.



## AUSTRALIA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

A large majority of our people have but a faint idea of Australia, its rise and productions, its inhabitants and climate. They can't understand that the largest island in the world (in fact some geographers call it a continent) is greater than all the New England States and with many square miles to spare. Since the gold discoveries, much attention has been turned to Australia, but all the accounts which we have received from there tend to confirm us in the opinion that the country is not favorable for emigration, because of the winds which raise clouds of dust and compel all classes who wish to preserve their eyesight to wear veils, and again, because but a small portion, a mere strip, of the island is fit

have been published in that interesting literary journal, "THE AMERICAN UNION," and will probably be continued in the same weekly during the present year, for they are much sought after, and have attracted considerable attention. An enterprising Boston firm has also put to press a book entitled "The Gold Hunter's Adventures, or Life in Australia," compiled from a series of sketches by the same Returned Australian as mentioned above, and first published in the AMERICAN UNION some four years since. Many of our readers may remember them. From the book and the UNION we have learned many important particulars respecting life in Australia. With the author we have dug gold, taken out nug-



NATIVES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

for cultivation or grazing purposes. All the rest is a vast desert, as far as known, covered with burning sands and salt, or brackish lakes, where reptiles breed and die, or else feed upon each other, undisturbed except by the roving bands of natives, excellent illustrations of whom accompany this article, and will help the readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY to understand the extent of Australian civilization, which is not of a high order outside of the cities. As far as the natives are concerned, they have not been improved by contact with English settlers. They have assumed all the latter's vices, and shunned their virtues or habits of industry.

A very interesting series of sketches, under the head of "The Gold Hunters, or Adventures in Australia," by a Returned Australian,

gets at Ballarat, sunk shafts at Bathurst, been unsuccessful at the "Devil's Elbow," and starved and parched with thirst on the plains. With him we have attacked and captured, or killed, those pests of the colony, savage bush-rangers, men who escaped from prisons and hulks and waged a war of extermination against those more successful and honest than themselves—we have sat by the side of the camp-fire, at night, and eaten damper and broiled mutton, or shot kangaroos and wild dogs at sunset. In fact we have never tired of reading the book or the sketches, but still they do not cover all points of Australian life; the author probably feared that his book and sketches would be dull if he was precise and statistical, too descriptive and formal in his accounts of what he saw and encountered



in that extraordinary land, where leaves walk, and certain species of fish climb trees and roost on the branches.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, have done a good work in laying before the public a book that all can read with much pleasure; and as we feel interested in the success of the work, we have consented to send it to all of our patrons, postpaid, on the receipt of the price, which is \$1.50. Our subscribers can therefore address us, if they choose, instead of the publishers.

But this is a slight digression. We wish to speak of the natives of Australia, and show

ent tribes of Australian natives. The one with the singular head-dress is a man of the Nauo tribe from Coffin's Bay, west of Port Lincoln. He wears a covering of emu feathers, with ornaments of shaved sticks in his hair, which is bound around with spun opossum fur; in his hand is a womera or instrument for throwing the spear. His breast is marked with deep incisions, cut horizontally across the breast; these are filled with clay, which prevents their healing, and renders them hard and horny, resembling tubes of gristle, which project from the skin, and produce a repulsive disfigurement of the body.

The figure on the left represents a woman of the Milimendura tribe, on the Coorong, equipped for travelling, with her net made of bulrush fibres and her rush-basket slung at her back; she is also provided with a digging stick or *katta*, and carries fire in her hand between two pieces of bark. Her garment is a circular mat made of reeds, called *paingkoout*. The centre figure is a man of the Milimendura tribe, wearing the seaweed cloak, the most complete and perfect garment to be met with among the South Australian natives. It resembles a coarse matting, the long ends of the grass-like weed forming a graceful fringe at the bottom of the garment. This dress is of rare occurrence, and only manufactured during the inclement season to protect the wearer from the wet



NATIVES OF FOUR AUSTRALIAN TRIBES.

them to our readers as they really exist, and for this purpose we have been at some expense in preparing the engravings which accompany this article, and at some trouble to hunt up the facts which neither the book nor the sketches allude to. The picture on page 91 is a representation of the natives of South Australia. The man is a warrior of the Mount Barker tribe; he is painted with narrow stripes of red ochre that reach quite round his body; his shield is made of bark. The female is a woman of the Parnkallah tribe, Port Lincoln, with her child on her shoulders. The little one holds on by the hair of its mother's head. The figure on the left is a boy amusing himself with a reed spear. In this picture, the singular protuberance of the abdomen, for which the Australians are so remarkable, particularly when very young, is very observable. The engraving on this page represents four differ-

ent tribes of Australian natives. The one with the singular head-dress is a man of the Nauo tribe from Coffin's Bay, west of Port Lincoln.

The engraving on page 93 is a representation of a hut, such as the natives of Jarvis Bay, New South Wales, build. It is a superior structure to that which follows, bearing out the opinion held as to the greater intelligence of the aborigines of the east parts of Australia. The native at the door of the hut is procuring fire, by rubbing together two pieces of grass tree. The sticks are of two kinds, hard and soft. The soft piece is held firmly by the feet, whilst the hard one is rubbed between the hands, with the point inserted into the soft piece.

The engraving on page 94 represents a hut of the Milimendura tribe, built on the shores of the Coorong, a lagoon in South Australia, and South and West Lake Alexandrina or Victoria. On these bleak shores, the



huts are built facing the northeast, in order to shelter them from the prevailing south and west winds. The native Australians possess no regular habitations, being generally on the move in search of food; but some places along the coasts, where they can obtain a constant supply of fish and oysters, they construct such huts as the two represented. There is a great diversity in the characters of the different tribes, as well as in their social condition; while many of them are mild and inoffensive, some are fierce, vindictive, and generally in a state of the rudest barbarism. Of this description are the natives inhabiting the vicinity of Cape Villaret; these savages, unlike the more advanced tribes, who wear cloaks made of opossum skins, go entirely naked, with the exception of a coarse grass mat round the waist; their spears, also, are clumsy and ill-shaped. Neither is there now any doubt that the native Australians, or at least some of the tribes, indulge in cannibalism. Haydar says that he has on several occasions seen human flesh in their possession, and that he was told that they make a point of eating certain portions of their enemies killed in battle. Infanticide is also practised to a great extent, arising from the extreme difficulty the mother finds in providing for her offspring. But here we leave the subject, referring our readers for further particulars to the sketches or the book above referred to.

In this connection, we will just revert to life in Australia as it now is. What we have given relates mainly to the aboriginal inhabitants of that peculiar continent. At present, if we may judge by the experience of some who have made their residence there, it is not a perfect paradise. There are some drawbacks to comfort. For instance, says one correspondent:

"Take any day of Australian life. You come home after a hard, dusty day's work, and you long for a quiet evening with your wife and children, such a one as you could get once in dear old England. When you sit down to dinner, which your wife has had to cook and your children to prepare for, you see the partner of your domestic joys with a face, from flea and mosquito bites, like a bottle of prize strawberries at Chiswick—a pleasant object to contemplate of an evening. During your dinner you are tormented with flies

and bitten by fleas; your very nice slice of roast mutton on your plate, before you have time to dispose of it, is blown by a yellow bottle full of live maggots; you pour out and drink half your pale ale, and in a moment your glass is crammed with ten thousand debauched flies, who die in drunken happiness. You call in your children; they come, looking squalid, pale and jaded; no rosy cheeks here; you help your wife to put away the things, and then sit down with flies, fleas and mosquitoes, a mottle-faced wife, irritable children, and your own pleasant reflections. You may have made a very fortunate speculation that day; but it takes a vast amount of money to compensate you for so much domestic misery. When you retire to bed it will be only a second torture of fleas and other vermin, and you will pass a restless, feverish, sleepless night; your children will cry and call for mama half the night long, and you will get up to another day of speculation, gain or loss, a jaded wife, tired children, and thorough discomfort."



NATIVE HUTS.

Among other forms of insect life in Australia, may be noticed the black wasp. Says the author of "Nine Years in Australia," a work of much interest: "In the warm summer days, during our residence in Port Sorell, and more particularly in the evenings, we had often noticed a large kind of black fly darting in and out of the house, with a loud, sharp, whizzing noise, and, on more attentive observation, we found a most tragic addition made to our list of antipodean contrarieties—nothing less than the discovery of a savage and sanguinary war carried on by flies against spiders, and pursued with such vigor, that one



would believe the Tasmanian flies were bent on avenging tyrannies and grievances suffered at the hands of spiders by the whole winged-insect family all the world over. We had observed the forcible and noisy abduction of many an unlucky web-spinner, before I could satisfactorily make out what became of them, as the frequent seizures made, apparently by the same fly, forbade the conclusion that they were forthwith devoured; but, by dint of sundry watchings and pursuits of the flies, and by ekeing out and piecing together my various small scraps of information and discovery, I at length acquired a tolerable knowledge of the habits and practices of my busy black neighbors. In size and shape they exactly resemble a large English wasp, but are wholly

pentagonal, depending a good deal on the site chosen. When completed, no aperture is left; but on being opened, three or four cells are usually found, two or three containing each a soft, white chrysalis, in a cocoon of white web; and the largest apartment of the mansion is devoted to the purposes of a larder, and is always full of spiders, of all varieties of size, color and kinds, all closely and neatly packed together, with their legs trussed up, so as to occupy the smallest possible space. The strangest part of the affair is, that the spiders are not dead, but remain perfectly soft and flexible in every part; and, on being exposed to the sun and air, and stirred, a feeble movement is evident in them, as though they were paralyzed or stupefied in some man-



HUT OF MILMENDURA TRIBE.

black, and possess formidable stings, a quarter of an inch long. They build very remarkable cells or nests of earth, finely-tempered and formed in layers of tiny mud-pats, like a swallow's nest. Many of these were placed in a small wooden outhouse, between the upright studs and the weather-boarding of the wall; several were formed on a shelf in the porch, where some small pieces of wood lying heaped together offered convenient nooks; and one wasp, resolving to have a more costly lodgment than his friends, took possession of a meerschaum pipe-bowl which lay on the same shelf, and very snugly laid out his house in its interior. All the nests I have examined are arranged in the same manner, the whole fabric being from two to four inches long, and rather less than an inch broad; the external shape of the mansion, whether square, triangular, or

ner, so as to be unresisting victims and good fresh meat at the same time. The storehouse is thus well supplied, doubtless for the benefit of the chrysalis tenantry on their awaking to the knowledge of life and appetite. I have rarely been more interested by any new insect than by these black wasps, ungentle and ferocious though they be; for there is a daring, dashing energy and brisk industry about their ways and doings that is very amusing and perfectly original. Solitary, stern, ruthless and resolute, he goes about his work of cell-building and spider-catching. If you chance to be near his chosen place of abode, you may see him dart past with a bit of mud or a victim, and a shrill, sharp, whizzing is continued for some seconds or a minute, during the operation of packing away his load, when forth he darts again on the same errand."



## DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.



Now the mighty moan of Ocean, sobbing like a god in pain,  
 And the rush of its emotion bursts upon my heart again;  
 And I hear it, musing lonely, musing on the woody beach,—  
 And I hear its mystic burden, all untold in human speech.  
 Ho, ye waters! sweeping southward from the ice-realms of the Pole!  
 Ho, ye waters! big with voices smiting on the fearful soul!  
 I feel, I feel your solemn music; who its meaning dares to know?  
 Ho, ye waters! sweeping onwards, onwards, onwards, ever so!

Summer ripples, elf-like climbing o'er the golden-gleaming sand,  
 Bring to us poetic visions of each far and palmy land;

Of the gladdest isles of Ocean, glittering in the southern sun,  
 Of the glorious brightest Orient, where barbaric spoils are won!  
 Winter-waters, madly clanging on the wild resounding shore,  
 Mighty in their billowy darkness, mighty in their thunder roar,  
 Bring to us the solemn story of the clime of ice and snow;  
 Ho, ye waters! sweeping onwards, onwards, onwards, ever so!

Move each gleaming ripple lightly, lightly, O thou southern wind,  
 As the touch of Love's pure feeling softly stirs the youthful mind:  
 Wake the waves to wildest fury, from thy caverns hurtling forth,  
 With the lightning and the thunder, winged lion of the North!  
 Still, beneath the rippled sunlight—still, where warring foam-crests sweep,  
 Silently the depth so wondrous all unchanged and changeless sleep!  
 As, despite the world's quick changes, Fate's dark currents voiceless flow,  
 Still, ye waters, sweeping onwards, onwards, onwards, ever so!

Sea! arouse the thoughtless changeling! Speak out to the listless herd,  
 Instant with your solemn music, be the soul of scoffer stirred:  
 Bid the sad, despairing thinker—musing on the misty yore—  
 Give his soul up at thy bidding—learn God's utterance in thy roar:  
 Let him catch the faintest echo of thy all-mysterious strain,  
 Let him learn the lightest secret hidden in the deathless main;  
 He shall hear a mighty music through eternal shadows flow,  
 And of truth divinest, greatest—something shall the Human know!

### THE WATERING-PLACE.

The engraving on page 97 is a natural and graceful artistic composition. It is the close of day, and the sun declining in the west, lights up the masses of foliage with orange beams, and projecting long and broad shadows from the intervening hills, defines every undulation of the land. The long day's toil is over, and the farmer's boy has ridden the two noble horses into the cool stream to drink. The reins are thrown loose, and the animals can drink at will. One is stooping his head; the other, startled at some noise, or interested in some distant moving object, pricks forward his ears and lifts his head to listen or watch. It is a satisfaction to see a horse drink, he does it with such a keen relish. When very thirsty he fastens on the water, and for some moments the regular vibration of his ears tells how steadily he is imbibing the delicious nectar. But when the poignancy of his thirst is slaked, he finishes his draughts very deliberately, as a connoisseur of wine sips the contents of his glass. Every now and then he lifts his moistened lips and surveys surrounding objects. At a long pause you fancy he is satisfied, but at the slightest touch of the rein down goes his head again, and more nectar is inhaled.

But when thoroughly satisfied, how quickly he plashes out of the stream, and how gaily he bears you home where he knows that you have a banquet of fragrant hay all ready for him! A horse is very nice in his tastes, and only great privation will induce him to swallow brackish water. In our boyish days it was rare sport to ride the horses to water, and we have not yet lost our relish for it. We love still to sit on a good horse while he is laying in his supply of the crystal element, and notice his unmistakable tokens of enjoyment. It makes one feel happy to see the happiness of even the brute.

### SOCIETY.

There is not, and there never can be, social enjoyment without social sympathy. There is a class with which each man has more sympathy than with any other class—a class in which he finds himself the happiest and the most at home. Therefore he belongs in this class, socially; and he will go above it, if there be anything above it, and below it, if there be anything below it, only to make himself, and those with whom he associates, uncomfortable.



**SERPENT WORSHIP.**

This form of idolatry has prevailed, perhaps without a single exception, over the whole surface of the inhabited earth. In the most classical climes, as in the most barbarous and

Britain, it was anciently held in high veneration, and the arch-druid possessed a talisman called the serpent's egg; all their temples were built in a serpentine form. In the East, serpents are regarded by some with feelings



THE WATERING PLACE.

uncivilized districts, the singular custom seems at one time or other to have been in vogue. The serpent, by some nations, is regarded as an evil, by others as a good deity. It may be traced in the ceremonials of the worship of Egypt, Greece and Rome. In

of horror, by others with sentiments of the greatest respect. Some travellers affirm that among certain tribes of the frozen and barbarous north, pictures resembling serpents are regarded with the highest degree of veneration.

## BURIAL-PLACE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The irregular building, surrounded by trees and shrubbery, delineated in our engraving, is the spot where, "after life's fitful hour," Louis Philippe, ex-king of the French, and the beautiful and intellectual Duchess d'Orleans, his daughter-in-law, "sleep well" in foreign soil. For the moralist or the poet we can imagine no fitter theme than the grave of Louis Philippe. We can imagine no spot of "hallowed ground" whereon the philosopher can better erect a fabric of solemn reasoning than the little sanctuary at Weybridge, where sleeps the late King of the French.

The village of Weybridge lies about one mile southward of the Weybridge Station on the South Western Railway, and is surrounded by some pleasant scenery, which derives a picturesque character from "the splashing waters" of the river Wey. In its immediate vicinity is Otlands Park, the residence of the late Duke of York, and after his death, of his amiable and benevolent duchess. There is a famous grotto in the park, originally formed at a cost of £40,000, and entirely composed of minute pieces of spar, rock, minerals and shells. But the tourist chiefly visits Weybridge for the purpose of inspecting the little and fantastic chapel, known as the Chapel of Borromeo, wherein are interred the remains of Louis Philippe and his two daughters, the Duchesses de Nemours and D'Orleans. It was founded by a gentleman of the name of Taylor, several years since, and intended as a family mausoleum. His tomb is placed in the crypt, in proximity to those of the king and the princesses. The tomb of Louis Philippe is extremely simple, and distinguished with but little ornament. It bears an inscription in Latin, recording his death at Claremont, on the 26th of August, 1850, at the ripe age of 76, and gives expression to the confident hope that his remains will yet be removed to his own country to repose with the ashes of his ancestors—"avitas inter cineres." Wreaths of "immortelles," and vases brimmed with flowers adorn the steps of the tomb. The chapel is surrounded by a very beautiful garden, and sheltered by graceful boughs, through which delightful vistas of the ample heath and distant meadows occasionally present themselves. The decease of Louis Philippe's daughter-in-law, the Duchess d'Orleans, (Helene Louisa Elizabeth) took place May 18, 1858. On her son rest the hopes of those who

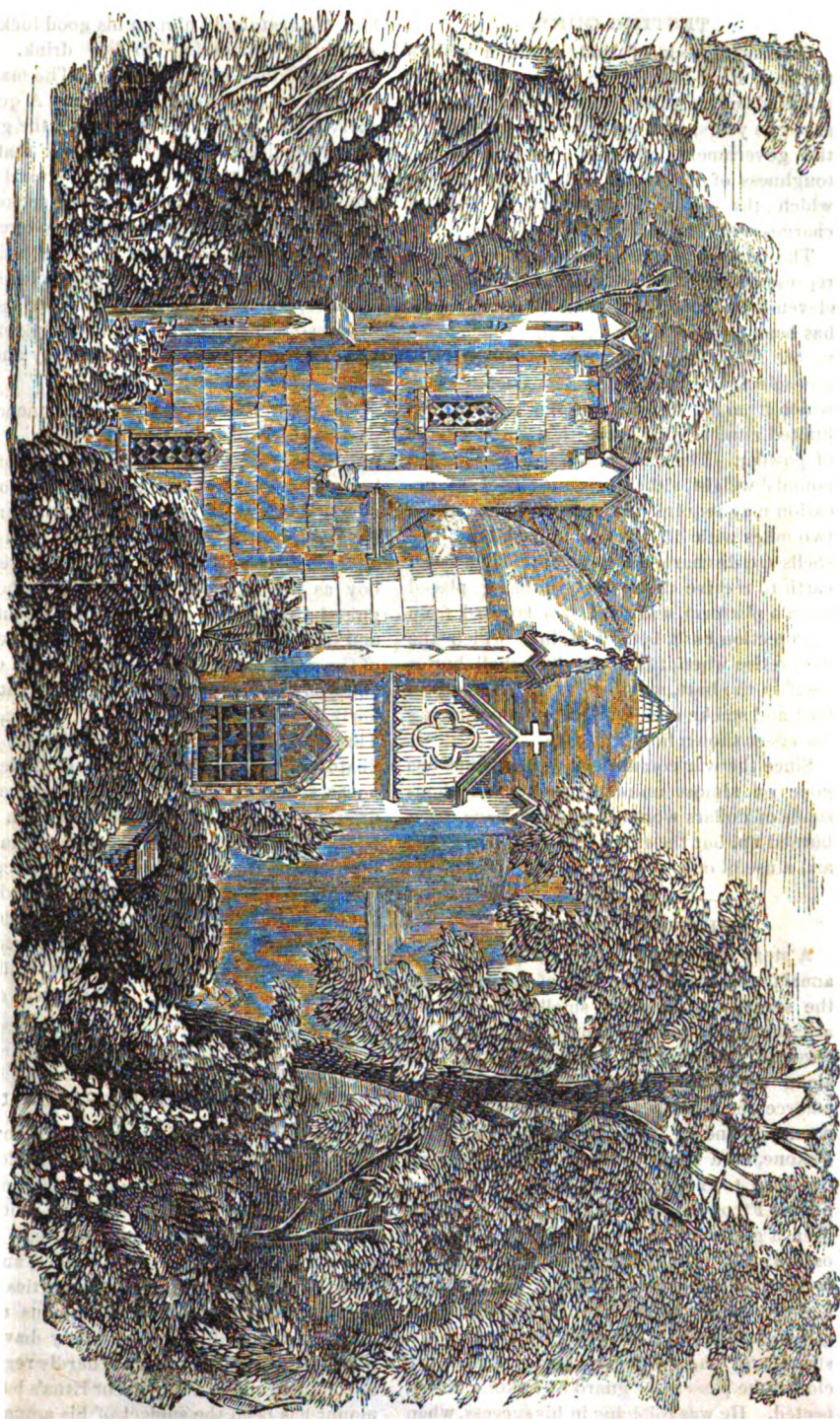
yet cherish the fond belief that France will regain her lost liberty, under the shadow of a constitutional monarchy. Whether these wishes will be realized or not it is not our province to inquire; but the fact of their existence, as well as the singular interest attaching to the career of him who was once extolled as the Citizen King, may well induce the traveller to pause for awhile at the Chapel of Borromeo, and muse by the tombs of Louis Philippe and his children. We doubt whether all history presents a more romantic chapter, or one more full of change and accident, of surprising elevation and sudden descent, than the life of Louis Philippe. In him the Orleans dynasty begun, and, apparently, terminated. With him commenced in France the experience of a system of constitutional government, which fell, as it had risen, with him. His life was one of sudden and extreme change, and he died at last, under the roof of an English palace, and now lies sleeping in a grave upon English ground. Never was monarch less loved than Louis Philippe—except in the bosom of his family—where the best side of his character was displayed as an affectionate father and a decorous husband. Never was monarch less loved, for no man believed in him, while all men believed in his insincerity; for it was suspected that he looked upon his ministers as mere tools, to be taken up and thrown aside as his purposes required.

## JUDGE NOT BY APPEARANCES.

An old man, named Guyot, lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry, and by habits of the severest abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace, whenever he appeared, pursued him with hooting and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. At length he died, and in his will were found the following words:—"Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which they can only purchase at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use." This was accordingly done.



BURIAL-PLACE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.



**TESTING GUNS.**

On a small neck of land, within a stone's throw of Fort Independence, Boston harbor, hundreds of guns have been tested during the past two years, and accepted or rejected by the government officers, according to the toughness of the metal and the manner in which the weapons sustained the double charges with which they were loaded.

The picture on page 101 gives a faithful representation of the manner in which ten and eleven-inch guns are tested. After the gun has been completed, it must be subjected to proof. This proof consists in firing from a gun selected from a lot, a thousand rounds, which it must sustain, and the rest, each a limited number of times with a small excess of powder. The gun is fired with shell of 184 pounds' weight, either filled or empty, as occasion may require. It has a range of about two miles with 15 pounds of powder. The shells are discharged into a butt filled with earth to receive them, the gun being placed upon a platform, and fired by a lanyard from a protection built behind it, into which the men retire when it is fired. The shell buries itself in the butt, and throws up a cloud of dust and smoke mixed with stones, producing the effect shown in our picture.

Since the war commenced, testing guns has gone on almost uninterruptedly, and thousands of dollars worth of powder have been burned up, but the expense is a necessary one, and a useful one.

**JAPANESE REVENGE.**

A story is told by Titsingh, in his Japanese annals, which shows the rigor of this restraint, the severity with which small delinquences are punished, and the impunity allowed to revenge. At intervals posts are established along the public road, and a guard set to enforce the interdict against the passing of women. One of these is at the mountain Fakone, at a short distance from Miako, on the road to Yedo. An inhabitant of Yedo, named Fiyosayemon, widower, with two children, a girl and a boy, was called to a distance on business. He was poor, and knew not how to provide for his children in his absence; and the law would not allow of his taking the girl with him. He, however, resolved upon a stratagem, and, dressing his girl in boy's clothes, he passed the guard at Fakone unsuspected. He was rejoicing in his success, when a man who knew what children he had, joined

him, congratulated him on his good luck, and asked for something to buy drink. The alarmed father offered a trifle. The man demanded a sum beyond his means. A quarrel ensued, and the man ran back to the guard, and gave information of the trick that had been put upon them. The whole guard were thunderstruck. If the informer spoke the truth, and the affair should be discovered, all their lives would be forfeited. Yet it was unavoidable to send a party to apprehend the offender, and thus to bring upon themselves the dreadful penalty. The commanding officer, however, resolved to save himself by another trick.

He delayed the party to be detached in pursuit, a sufficient time to allow a messenger with a little boy to overtake the offending traveller. The messenger found Fiyosayemon and his children taking food at an inn. He told of the information that had been given, of the pursuit, and danger, offered the boy as a temporary substitute for the disguised girl, at the examination to come off, and told the father that, when the falsehood of the charge should be proved by both of the children appearing to be boys, he might very fairly fly into such a rage as to kill his accuser. The plan was of course approved. The dilatory guard soon arrived, surrounded the house, seized upon Fiyosayemon and the children, and gladly announced that both were boys. The informer declared that some imposition had been practised, which the accused indignantly resenting, drew his sword, and cut off the informer's head. The guard declared that such a liar had only met his just deserts, and returned to their post, while the traveller took his daughter and went on his journey.

**DESCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.**

The spirited engraving on page 103 conveys some of the humorous features of the descent of Mount Vesuvius. Of course all who visit Naples desire to take a look at the mountain and the crater, and although the route is excessively fatiguing, dusty with ashes, and not entirely free from danger, still parties start every week in the year for the famous mountain, and right jolly times do they have. A person's travelling prestige is hardly regarded as complete unless Vesuvius or Etna's burning mount has been the subject of his actual visitation. This, perhaps, is quite in keeping,



TESTING GUNS AT FORT INDEPENDENCE.

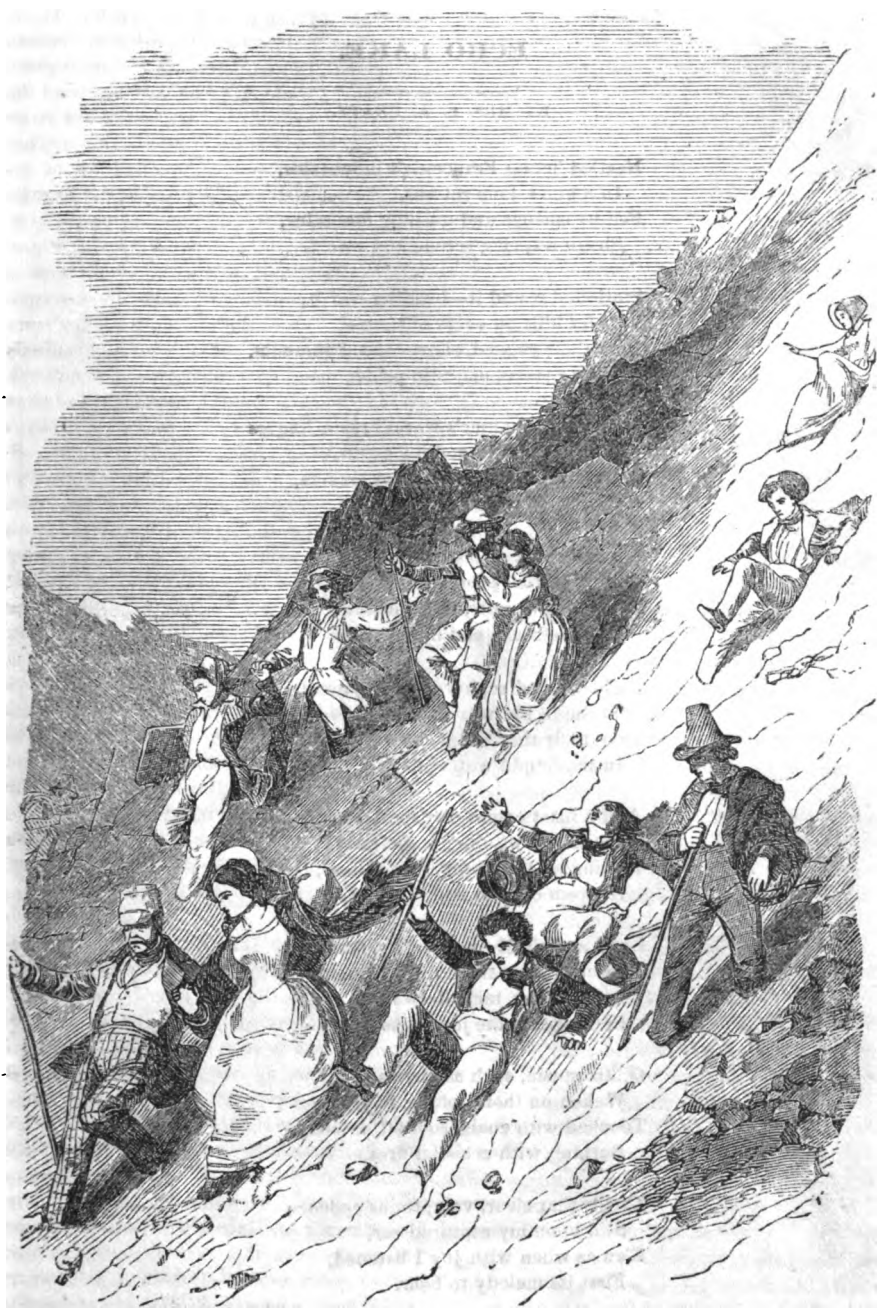




and many pass over the natural wonders nearer home, it may be, that their own eyes may see, and they may have somewhat to tell of the prodigies of nature abroad. To such of our tourists as may desire a programme of the route, we will mark out the lay of the land.

You leave Naples, after breakfast, at nine or ten o'clock in the morning, climb to the volcano, examine the crater at your leisure, and at five or six o'clock in the afternoon are on your way back to dinner in the city. Neapolitan hospitality has so levelled the way, modified the slopes, anticipated all the traveller's desires, that unless you choose to make difficulties, you need not undergo any extraordinary dangers. The Neapolitans like only easy pleasures. Compared to Vesuvius, the most inconsiderable Swiss mountain exacts more patience and strength. There are many ways of contemplating the ascent of Vesuvius. Each one, according to his character, cherishes different associations: one will bring back the *ennui* he carried thither; another will see only poetry, and yet another only amusement in the undertaking. Rich and *biase* travellers go in their carriages to the Hermitage, which is about two-thirds of the way up. The cone remains to be scaled, but they have at their command the arms of guides, litters and chairs on poles; their only source of regret is that gold cannot purchase the sublime spectacle of an eruption. But if you wish to travel truly, you must go on foot, alone or with one companion. You leave all care at the base of the mountain, and abandon eyes, heart and soul to the spectacle before you. At each turn of the path, you halt and gaze, enjoying all the changes of the perspective, surrender yourself to the enchantment of a splendid sky, and that azure sea to which waves of blackened lava seem sweeping between banks of fruits and flowers; you enjoy the intoxication of all the fermentations ascending from the bosom of nature; you are moved at the remembrance of cities buried under cinders and subterranean fires. A soft and distant melancholy elevates the sentiment of admiration. Thus you arrive, moved and palpitating, at the summit, raised above yourself, so to speak. Then, when from the midst of sulphurous exhalations, from the heights of this calcined foam, this soil, blackened, desolated, burning, and quaking with the growlings of the yawning furnace, you gaze down at distant Naples, beautiful and white as marble, its glittering gulf sowed with gem-like islands, and reflecting all the fires of the sun, what contemplative

soul does not feel, in all its profundity, the unparalleled contrast which inspired Chateaubriand with this exclamation, "It is Paradise seen from Hades!" For another, and the more numerous class of travellers, the ascent of Vesuvius differs very little from a donkey-ride at Montmorency. They find out a few days beforehand, at the different hotels, what strangers are disposed to join the party. One fine morning, after a breakfast of Fusaro oysters, washed down with white wine of Ischia, the joyous band hurries in corricoles to Portici. From the first houses they come to, a dusty crowd of guides and animals, shouting, neighing and braying, pouring into the streets, surround the carriages, and block up access to the house of Salvador. This is the name of an old and famous guide. He has left several sons; some have inherited his profession, and own a large and fine farm, situated almost at the foot of Vesuvius. Prices are discussed, donkeys and horses examined, and the air rings with merry peals of laughter. He who is most ridiculously fitted out is most jovial. The procession issues noisily from the houses, and begins to crowd the fine road which winds through the vineyards. While singing, story-telling, discussing, shouting and laughing, they arrive at the Hermitage. This interlude ended, the hacks are remounted, and they gallop on. But finally the verdure ceases; the lava lies under foot, and the peak ascends abruptly. Now is the time to dismount. The most delicate lady might walk without assistance by stepping from one block of lava to another, as you cross a brook on stepping-stones. But this would be too simple an operation. The arm of a cavalier is scarcely more so, but the rude jolts of a litter borne by two muscular Neapolitans are more amusing. At least there is some "local color" in hanging gently by one hand to a rope the guide pulls after him. The least false step is a new source of shouts and laughter. On the way up, instructive experiments are made. At the first indication of heat in the soil, at the first vapors of sulphur, a stick and some bits of paper are introduced into the fissure. The smoke rises, the stick blackens, the paper burns—great applause! But it is near the crater that nerve and wit are rekindled. Let a puff of smoke and a few stones rise and fall, what exclamations, boasts, flights and rallies! Neapolitan coins are handed to the guides, who place them on the fiery scorix issuing from the volcano, and immerse them with the end of a stick. The lava cools



THE DESCENT OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

round the cent, and the coins are cherished as indisputable proofs of a perilous ascent of Vesuvius. As for the descent, the guides lead you to a slope covered with ashes. You take care to strike your heels in deeply and bend

backward, and go down at a run. In five minutes you traverse a space it took you more than half an hour to climb. Some, from awkwardness, stumble and slide down, but all generally meet safely at the base.

## ECHO LAKE.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. S. A. PRATT.  
~~~~~

Nestled 'mong Franconia's mountains,  
In a quiet, lone retreat,  
Fed by springs and gushing fountains,  
Sleeps a spring serene and sweet.

Stationed round it—bending o'er it,  
Lofty hills on every side,  
Rear their rugged, snow-capped summits,  
With a stern, majestic pride.

And when summer's warm breath lingers  
Round the chill and icy north,  
Scattering flowers with rosy fingers,  
Giving glorious beauty birth;

Nature's own majestic wildness  
Here in rich profusion dwells;  
Mountain torrents, noble forests,  
Massive rocks and mossy dells.

Light-winged zephyrs floating gently  
Through the waving tamarac's bough,  
Lave their tiny winglets sweetly,  
In the limpid waters now.

And a blast comes o'er the lakelets,  
From yon winding bugle-horn,  
Waking all the slumbering echoes,  
As from crag to crag 'tis borne.

Loud and shrill—now softer, fainter,  
Sweetly does the note prolong;  
Thrice a clear, melodious echo  
Soft repeats the joyous song.

O. 'tis music, such as angels  
Waken on their golden lyres,  
Touched with coals from off an altar,  
Burning with celestial fires.

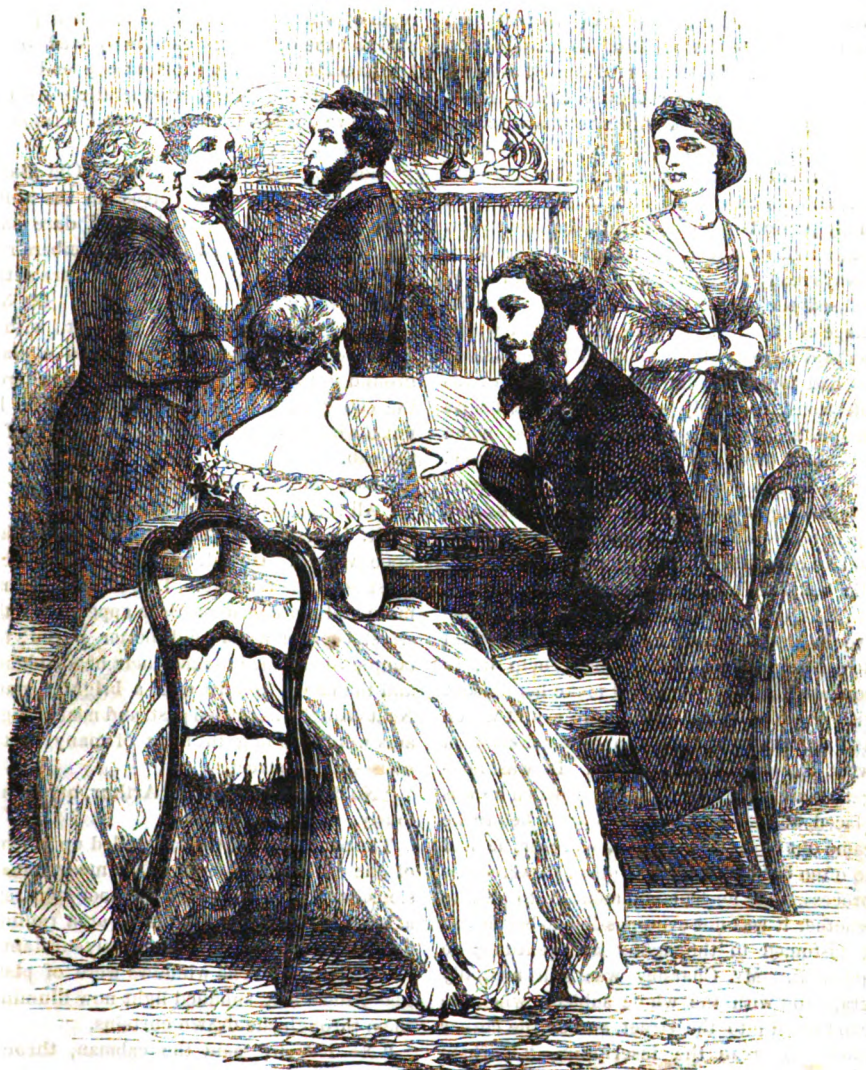
Thrills that clear, voluptuous cadence  
Still upon my raptured ear,  
E'en as when with joy I listened,  
First its melody to hear.

And in fancy's pictured mirror,  
Oft that silvery lake I see;  
But 'twould lose its chiefest beauty,  
Robbed of echo's minstrelsy.

## IN LOVE WITH AN ACTRESS.

## A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

BY GODFREY TURNER.



## CHAPTER I.

## A SUNDAY DINNER.

THE hands of the clock pointed to half-past five on the Sunday evening appointed for Arthur Charsley's visit to Mr. Bamford, as the former gentleman stepped into a Hansom cab at the door of his chambers, and gave the

driver directions to go to Durham Place. Mr. Charsley was in morning dress, but he still carried a lily in the button-hole of his coat. It had been a subject of much debate in his mind as to whether he should assume an evening dress or not; but remembering the vivid supposititious description his friend Guy Bingley had given of the festivity to which he had



been invited, he had ultimately come to the conclusion that full dress would be unnecessary and out of place. The lily, however, thought Mr. Charsley, will be appropriate and graceful. As the cab carried him to his destination, it cannot be denied he commenced to experience some nervousness and doubt as to what would be the character of his reception by Camilla, and the result of his introduction to the family. He comforted himself as much as he was able by the reflection that, after all, he had done nothing of which he was ashamed. He honestly felt the attachment to Camilla that he had so often expressed in his letters to her, and which had led him to make her so many presents without an introduction to her. Other fellows had told him that actresses were always ready to receive admiration, and never refused the material evidences of it in the shape of jewelry. Besides, the doctor would perhaps be found to be right, and the illusions he had formed regarding the object of his affections from only seeing her when before the public, would be cruelly destroyed when he should meet her under her father's roof. True, he was a man of the world, and therefore could put up with a great deal; but still his habits of life were those of a gentleman; and he certainly felt that he should be terribly shocked if he had to go through the ordeal at old Bamford's described by the doctor. Whatever might take place, he determined he would do nothing, if he possibly could help it, to commit himself. He would make his present visit one of inspection only. He would watch and wait, and form his own conclusions from what came under his notice. It was altogether a very trying situation in which he was placed, and he might be "muck'd" before he came out of it; but during his career, he had so often been subjected to that disagreeable process, that he had commenced to debate whether it was not even possible to become so accustomed to the agony as eventually to enjoy it. Mr. Charsley was still mentally grappling with the whole subject, when the cab turned into the street, and on the corner house he read the inscription, "Durham Place."

"By George, here we are!" said he, as he pulled his whiskers out to their full length with an increased nervous action.

Durham Place was one of those streets, the houses composing which seem to struggle amongst themselves as to the class that shall obtain the majority. It commenced with a large public-house at the corner. Then it ran

into a series of shops on either side of the way. Then small, private houses intermixed themselves with shops of a peculiarly respectable and sober turn, if the Berlin-wool emporium and baby-linen warehouse may be taken as examples; finally, it terminated in two long rows of modern mansions, recently built, the rents of which were high, the situation pleasant, and the occupants extremely well-to-do. Durham Place was, in short, at one end commercial; at the other, aristocratic. As the cab drove on, Mr. Charsley looked anxiously for number 102.

"Shops, I see," he muttered. "Old Bamford's a lodger, no doubt; lives on the third floor over a tallow-chandler's I dare say. No. 26, 29. I wonder how the numbers run—good way up yet. 40, 42; there's the tailor's where the doctor attended. 56, 58; private houses, small and pleasant, with a day-school on the ground-floor, and a playground in the back garden. Halloa! where's the cab going? it can't be here." And he put his hand through the trap in the roof of the cab.

"I say, cabby, is this right?"

"All right, sir; you said No. 102."

Mr. Charsley let the trap in the roof fall, unconvinced. He felt morally certain there must be some mistake. The houses became more and more aristocratic in appearance; the street became wider and better paved; the lamp-posts seemed to raise their heads higher, and the lamps to burn with a brighter glare. Neat broughams rattled past, and neat broughams were standing in front of many of the houses in the street.

"No. 99, 100," counted Arthur, quite anxiously.

The next moment the cab pulled up in front of one of the handsomest of the modern mansions, with a portico over the door-steps, and a stone balustrade in lieu of area railings. The house was high, and extremely substantial in appearance. The windows were of plate-glass, and a soft, subdued light now illumined them through the drawn curtains.

"No. 102, sir," said the cabman, through the trap.

"This can't be the house," said Arthur, without getting out; "there must be some mistake. There must be two Durham Places. Perhaps there's another 102 higher up, or perhaps the numbers run both ways, and there's a 102 lower down. And now I remember, I saw a 1 and a 2 over a shop at the other end of the street."



The cabman descended from his perch, and came in front of his cab.

"This here's No. 102, Durham Place," said the cabman, with emphasis. "There aint no other Durham Place, and there aint no other 102. The 1 and the 2 you see is a 1 and a 2 with nothing 'tween 'em, and that aint a 102. That's the dairy, that is, and that's No. 12. It aint at all likely as how a gentleman like you would want to go to a dairy, is it? This here's the house you want."

And the cabman pulled open the doors. Mr. Charsley got out. The appearance of the house, so different from what he had expected, quite disconcerted him. He felt he required sympathy of some kind, so he gave the cabman nearly double his fare, in order, at least to secure that individual's good opinion and gratitude.

"Thank ye, sir!" said the cabman, considerably astonished, and touching his hat. "Much obliged, sir. I am sure this is the house you want. Shall I ring the bell, sir? No, sir. Excuse me for not offering to knock, but there aint no knocker. Swells' houses, you see, don't have knockers now. Will you want me to take you back, sir?"

Take him back! Mr. Charsley had nearly yielded to the idea to be taken back at once; but, no, he would not be guilty of such moral cowardice now he had come so far. He would go through with the business. He therefore declined the cabman's offer, and descended the steps. On one side of the massive door was a bell-handle, in a circular frame, on which was inscribed, "Visitors." Mr. Charsley rang it. A few seconds, and the door was opened, a flood of light rushed into the street, and revealed to his gaze a tall, stout man-servant, who had answered the summons. He was a middle-aged man, with curling hair, and with a fat and florid face. He was attired in a complete suit of black, wore a stiff white cravat, and carried himself with an air of majestic importance and authority that would have made a drum-major envious.

"Is this Mr. Bamford's?"

"This is Mr. Bamford's sir," said the tall man, in a loud voice.

Mr. Charsley entered, and the door was closed. Whilst the drum-major gently relieved the visitor of his hat and overcoat, he was enabled to notice the interior of the house; and the result of his observations only plunged him still deeper into bewilderment. No flat candlestick guttering on the stairs; no smell

of cooking rising from the nether regions; no encounter with old Bamford on the door-mat, rushing out to meet and welcome him. A spacious, handsome hall; a lighted lamp of stained-glass hanging from the ceiling; a table of carved oak, with writing materials and a China bowl upon it; a large picture of fruit and flowers upon the wall.

"What name, sir?" said the drum-major, with condescending grandeur, half-closing his eyes, and bending his head slightly forward into a listening attitude, as if he were perfectly conscious of the responsibility of having to catch, and subsequently to repeat, the title the visitor might utter.

Arthur Charsley felt already like a culprit in having to tell a deliberate falsehood to the majestic individual before him. He would have given worlds to have been able at that moment to pronounce his right name; but this he could not do, as the acceptance of the invitation had been sent in a "discriminative appellation," borrowed for the occasion, and to this he must adhere.

"Mr. Mortimer."

"Thank you, sir," said the drum-major. "This way, sir," and he ascended the stairs with slow and measured steps. Mr. Charsley followed him, his feet sinking into the velvety stair-carpet. They passed an elegant conservatory on the first landing, and on the first floor the drum-major threw open the drawing-room door to its fullest extent, advanced into the room, and took up his station by the side of the door-handle, exclaiming, as he did so, loudly and emphatically: "Mister Mor—ti—mer."

Arthur's head fairly swam round with astonishment at the unexpected spectacle presented to his eyes. The drawing-room was large, and was most luxuriously furnished. In it was already assembled a brilliant party of ladies and gentlemen, "dressed for dinner," lounging on ottomans or conversazione sofas, examining books and pictures, and talking gaily. He had scarcely entered, and was vainly endeavoring to overcome his first sense of surprise at the scene before him, and the feeling of contempt he had immediately experienced for his own appearance, habited as he was in a bobtail coat and a pair of light, peg-top trousers, when a little gentleman, with silver-white hair, and dressed in black, dangling a gold eye-glass in one hand, and holding out the other, advanced towards him with a smile of welcome upon his face:

"How do you do, Mr. Mortimer?" he

said, kindly and pleasantly, at the same time shaking his guest heartily by the hand. "I am very glad to see you in my house. Allow me to introduce you."

This, then, was Mr. John Bamford; this perfect little gentleman was the original of the drunken old man that the doctor had pictured. Arthur followed his host mechanically, with extremely undecided notions in his own mind as to whether he was walking on his head or his heels. He heard strange names pronounced, and he periodically saw before his bewildered vision ladies and gentlemen, who bowed and smiled. Each time he stopped he was faintly conscious that old Bamford was introducing him by the now-acursed name of Mortimer, in a pleasant, lively manner, as if he had known him for years, and was one of his most intimate friends.

"Mrs. Thiseiton, my sister—Mr. Mortimer; Mr. and Mrs. Burnaby—Mr. Mortimer; Miss Knowles—Mr. Mortimer; M. de Marlemont—Mr. Mortimer; Miss Vokes—Mr. Mortimer; my daughter Camilla—Mr. Mortimer."

Arthur started. There, indeed, before him was the fascinating, inimitable Camilla Balfour, smiling upon him a welcome. But, O! how changed in appearance from what he had seen her on the stage! A young, fresh, simple little creature, in a plain white muslin dress, with a broad, silk sash; her face beaming with a child-like innocence and beauty, and her large, violet eyes glowing with an artless merriment. Her rich brown hair was drawn from the forehead and braided in folds, with one damask rose flowering at its side. Her well-shaped throat was encircled by a thin gold chain, to which a locket attached nestled lovingly in a dimple of her neck. From each of her small, uncovered ears, that looked like two transparent sea-shells, glittered a twinkling diamond. Could it be possible that this fairy-like little lady was the Camilla Balfour, the favorite of the Royal Gem Theatre, who performed a "leg part" in the new burlesque, who nightly sang rattling parodies and played the bones and uttered doggerel rhymes and fought combats and danced double-shuffle hornpipes to the inspring tune of "Skinamalak;" who, in everything she did, was encored fiercely by the pit and gallery, and whose whole performance had been described by the best critics in town as replete with *verve*, and as having the greatest possible amount of "go" in it? She was looking at some water-color drawings in an album, when her father had introduced her. She had glanced up, bowed and smiled, and

then had given the slightest movement to her chair, which might have been considered as the most delicate invitation in the world that he, Mr. Mortimer, might, if he thought proper, find a resting-place in the unoccupied seat by her side. Arthur sank into the chair; whilst old Mr. Bamford, having completed the introductions, rubbed his hands merrily, and crossed the room to a group of his guests leaning round the mantelpiece.

"I am so glad, Mr. Mortimer," said Camilla, "that you got papa's letter, and I'm so glad you've come."

"I am sure," murmured Arthur, in a hesitating, confused manner, "it was very kind of your papa—I mean your father, Miss Balfour—I mean Miss Bamford—to invite me." And then, suddenly remembering the appearance he must present, and thinking it incumbent on him to offer some apology, he added: "But I really didn't expect that—" And words failing him to complete the sentence, he looked despairingly and said, "I hope I make myself understood?"

"O! perfectly, Mr. Mortimer," replied Camilla.

There was a pause. Arthur was conscious that he ought to continue the conversation, but the agony of considering what would be the next appropriate remark to make, completely deprived him of ability to speak. At one moment he thought he would plunge into a series of compliments upon Miss Balfour's performance in the burlesque; but then her present appearance was so foreign even to the supposition that she could have ever assumed such a part, that he abandoned the intention almost as soon as he had formed it. Then he thought of starting a discussion upon theatrical affairs in general, in which he was pretty well informed, and of ascertaining her views upon the subject of Mr. Buskin's management of his theatre, of Miss Trompette's performance of the idiot girl in the last new drama, or of the probabilities of the success of the original farce by Flipkins, announced at the Gem, all of which topics, however, seemed to him, upon the smallest consideration, to be totally unfit for the occasion. As for referring, in the most distant way, to the fact of his having sent her love-letters concealed in bouquets, it only crossed his mind to suggest to him that he ought at once to apologise for such very mistaken conduct; but as this would involve him in far too difficult a situation for him to undertake, he thought it better to leave that subject, of all others, most carefully alone.

Whilst Arthur was ruminating upon these matters, Camilla was still turning over the leaves of the album before her, and carelessly glancing at the pictures. He accidentally caught sight of one of the drawings. There were white peaks in it. Switzerland, by all that was fortunate! He had been in that country several times. It was one of his most fertile topics. He plunged into it at once.

"Have you been in Switzerland, Miss Bamford?" he said.

"O, yes!" said Camilla, glad to have the silence broken. "Papa took me there last year. We were stopping for a long time at Interlaken. I like it so much. Do you know this place?" and she showed him the picture that had attracted his attention.

Arthur looked at it critically.

"The glacier of the Rosenlaui," he said. "O! I know it quite well. It's just as you leave Meyringen, and before you come to the Grindelwald. But the cave in the picture is not blue enough; it ought to be of a much deeper blue, Miss Bamford. Besides, there is an absence of poetical treatment in the drawing."

Mr. Charley considered himself an art-critic of no mean ability; for he had the run of several of the Langham studios, and had been enabled to pick up many of the terms usually employed by connoisseurs in noticing pictures.

"I remember the glacier very well," said Camilla gaily, "because there was a little chalet near it where we bought Swiss toys, and we had chamois for dinner, and papa didn't like it; and aunt tried to blow a horn like a hocky-stick, only much longer, and was carried up a mountain by two men, like a Guy Fawkes. We had such fun!"

"Scene in the valley of the Grindelwald," said Arthur, turning over another drawing and reading its description. "Ah, what a splendid view you have in the valley of the Wetterhorn! Let me see, where is the Wetterhorn?" and he looked inquiringly and anxiously at the picture. "Why, there's no Wetterhorn?"

"No Wetterhorn!" exclaimed Camilla.

"No, the artist has positively left out the Wetterhorn."

"O, what a shame," said Camilla, gently; "but then," she added, pointing to a group of figures in the foreground of the picture, "there's a pretty little lady on a horse, you see, and an old man with a delicious red cap and a marmoset, and ever so many other

little men looking at him. Perhaps the artist meant to bestow exclusive attention upon them."

"Yes," said Arthur, "but still he ought to have put in the Wetterhorn."

Our critic turned over another picture. This one represented a high waterfall.

"Falls of the Staubbach," he said, "yes, that's better; but I think that the water is not sufficiently dustified, it is too thick for the Staubbach, too much like a waterfall. It ought to be more like rain; let me see, what does Byron compare it to?"

"A horse's tail," said Camilla. "Don't you think it like a horse's tail, Mr. Mortimer. Wouldn't it be a funny horse with a tail eight hundred feet long, and all wet and rainy. Wouldn't you like to ride him, Mr. Mortimer? I should. O! wouldn't the people put up their umbrellas when they saw us coming?"

"Ah," said Arthur, assuming his most critical air, for he felt he was getting on admirably. "It's a pity the picture is so lamentably out of drawing; these clouds are too low in tone, the coloring is feeble, and the artist does not understand how to arrange the lights—"

Mrs. Thiselton here came across the room, and tapping Camilla playfully on the shoulder, said:

"Well, my dear, and what does Mr. Mortimer think of your sketches? I hope he is not too severe."

"Her sketches!" Mr. Charley gave quite a bound, and dropped the album, in his confusion.

"O, no aunt," said Camilla, with something like a pout rising on her lips, "only I wish I had treated the blue glacier more poetically, and had put in a Wetterhorn, and not kept my clouds so low in tone."

"You'll improve in time, Milly dear," said Mrs. Thiselton, kindly; "it is very kind of Mr. Mortimer to point out the defects; you will know how to avoid them in future."

"I had no idea," said Arthur, "that they were Miss Bamford's drawings; they are very pretty, very pretty indeed."

"No, I'm sure you don't think so, Mr. Mortimer," said Camilla. "It's not my fault, is it, aunt? Papa will have the nasty things put upon the table; I shall hate them for the future."

"Your papa, my dear," said Mrs. Thiselton, "is naturally fond of everything you do, without regard to its actual merit. You have no right, Milly, to expect that connoisseurs in art

should look upon your attempts from the same point of view."

This was said in a perfectly kind manner, but Arthur felt as if he had been made the object of a stinging sarcasm; it was as much as to infer that he could only be expected to regard Miss Bamford's productions as a severe and pedantic stranger, that neither she nor her performances could be of any personal interest to him. Bitterly he reproved himself for his unjust and heartless criticisms upon her dear, clever little drawings, and mentally he cursed the blue glacier, the dusty waterfall, and the odious Wetterhorn that had given rise to his observations.

"Cap-tain Cla-verstone!" said the drum-major, throwing open the door.

"Here is one, at least," said Mrs. Thielton to her niece, in a half-whisper, which was overheard by Mr. Charsley. "Here is one at least, my dear, who will not prove so harsh a critic."

Camilla burst into a little laugh, and tossed her head. The gentleman who had been announced, and who now entered the room, was a tall, extremely handsome young man, of about Mr. Charsley's own age. He had a bronzed, open countenance, and wore a long, fair beard and moustache, little, rigid curls clustered irregularly about his head, and there was a general breeziness about his appearance, as if he had just come out of a strong, bracing wind, and felt himself in the highest condition of health and spirits. He wore a suit of black, superbly cut, a plain shirt-front, and a black cravat.

"Confound him," muttered Arthur, "he's got on a Poole dress-coat," and as he contemplated his own attire, he felt intensely wretched.

"Glad to see you, captain," cried Mr. Bamford, shaking hands with the new-comer. "I think you know every one here. O, no," he added, as his eye fell upon Mr. Charsley, "Let me introduce you to a friend of mine—Mr. Mortimer, Captain Claverstone."

Arthur rose from his seat and bowed, the captain bowed in return, and looked at him as he did so with something approaching curiosity. It was only just a glance, but our hero considered that if the captain had spoken his thoughts at that moment, he would have said, "Who are you? Why the deuce can't you come out to dinner properly dressed? Where did you get that coat from?" In fact, he felt himself under the captain's eye, like a private who had come on to parade in his

shirt-sleeves, and was undergoing inspection. It was over, however, in an instant; and the captain, having shaken hands with Mrs. Thielton and Camilla, had glided into a seat by the side of the latter, and had at once plunged into a deep and half-whispered conversation.

Mr. Charsley retired from the table.

"So, Mr. Mortimer," said Mr. Bamford, rubbing his hands and smiling gaily, "I hear you're quite an art-critic and a great traveller. You will get on well with M. de Merlemont; he has been everywhere."

"Ah!" said M. de Merlemont, a little Frenchman, with stubble hair and a pointed moustache, suddenly springing on tiptoes, and pointing his forefinger at Mr. Charsley's breast, like a pistol. "Ah! I love to meet *wiz de* grand travellers. I love *ze* English; dey are grand travellers. I am in ecstasie. M. Mortimere is one grand traveller. Wat for your opinion, M. Mortimere, of de Kremlin?"

"I have never seen it," said Arthur, quietly.

"Ah!" said M. de Merlemont, with a deep sigh, and falling on the soles of his feet. "You have not seen it! Ah! *mais*—"

"Mr. Mortimer," said Mr. Bamford. "It seems we have some old friends of yours here. Mrs. Burnaby is certain she knows you."

Mr. Charsley turned visibly pale. The next moment his attention was attracted to the lady in question, who was subjecting him to rather a searching examination through a pair of gold eye-glasses, and was evidently communicating her opinions to her husband by her side. Arthur didn't remember to have met her before. She was a middle-aged lady, fashionably dressed, and with a languid manner, as if she were subject to sudden exhaustion and fainting-fits; and she carried a number of preventive instruments, such as a fan, a long scent-bottle, and smelling-salts, which, by their encumbrance, appeared perpetually to perplex and confound her.

"I knew him, James," said Mrs. Burnaby to her husband, sufficiently loud to be overheard by Mr. Charsley, and moving her head round sharply, so as to describe the letter Q in the operation. "I was sure it was he directly, when he came into the room. I recognized the nose."

"It's quite the nose," said Mr. Burnaby, a tall, stout gentleman with bushy hair, "though I scarcely think it's the mouth and chin. Yes, it's quite the nose."

"I hope, Mr. Mortimer," said Mrs. Burnaby, addressing Mr. Charsley in her sweetest

manner. "I hope you will pardon the rudeness of the question, but are you not related to the Mortimers of Leicester? The Mortimers are particular friends of ours. We were stopping with them at Darlington Lodge last summer." And then, without waiting for an answer, she went on. "Of course you know that Fanny Mortimer is engaged to be married to young Mr. Biggleswade, the banker's nephew. It's quite a love match. I suppose you will be at the wedding, Mr. Mortimer?"

Arthur's natural timidity was increased a hundred fold by these unexpected questions. His hesitation in answering was taken advantage of by M. de Merlemont, who saw his opportunity for resuming his conversation with "one grand traveller."

"Permettez," cried the little Frenchman, performing his saltatory feat again. "Wat is your judgment, M. Mortimere, of de grand desert of Sahara?"

"I have never been there," said Arthur.

"O!" cried M. de Merlemont, in an agony of disappointment. "You have never been there! Ah! ça, mais—"

"I'm sorry we didn't meet you at Darlington," went on Mrs. Burnaby. "We really had a most delightful *conge*. The neighborhood was so very gay. You should not have missed the Members' ball, Mr. Mortimer, and Lady Bullivant's *fete champetre*. Let me see; I think you are the nephew of Mrs. Mortimer, of Darlington—are you not? Yes, to be sure. Your aunt and myself are like sisters. I remember, dear Caroline told me her sister had a son, but I never had the pleasure of meeting him before. I recognized you, however, directly, as you came into the room. By the way, Mr. Mortimer, I think I have to congratulate you upon your engagement to be married. I trust you will allow me to do so. Dear Caroline told me all the particulars, and I was most happy to hear them."

This was going rather too far. Mr. Charsley instinctively glanced at Camilla, to see what effect this unfortunate announcement had made upon her. She had been in earnest conversation with the captain, but she had evidently overheard the last observation of Mrs. Burnaby's, and had gently moved her head into a listening attitude, whilst an expression of surprise very strongly marked upon her countenance. Mr. Charsley felt that he must undeceive Mrs. Burnaby at once.

"I assure you, Mrs. Burnaby—" he began, when M. de Merlemont again struck in.

"Excusez," cried that gentleman. "Wat tink you, M. Mortimere, of your own grand possessions of Hong Kong?"

"I don't know anything about Hong Kong!" replied Arthur, almost angrily.

"Ah!" cried the little gentleman. "You don't know Hong Kong! Ah! bah! You must go instantly to Hong Kong!"

Poor Arthur Charsley at that moment devoutly wished he could.

"Dinner's served!" cried the major-domo, throwing open the door.

Mr. Bamford advanced, and offered his arm to Mrs. Burnaby. Mr. Charsley began to consider whether he should be called upon to take down Camilla, when Mrs. Thiselton approached him, and whispered, "Miss Vokes, if you please, Mr. Mortimer;" and immediately afterwards he saw Captain Claverstone proceeding arm-in-arm with Camilla, followed by M. de Merlemont with Miss Knowles, and Mr. Burnaby with Mrs. Thiselton. Arthur and Miss Vokes were the last. Miss Vokes was a tall and intensely intellectual-looking lady, dressed completely in black and wearing spectacles. Mr. Charsley had observed that, during the whole time he had been in the drawing-room, Miss Vokes had sat in a corner by herself, and had performed the part of a pantomimic chorus to the surrounding conversation. If any one in the neighborhood of Miss Vokes had smiled, Miss Vokes had laughed; and if any one had been astonished, Miss Vokes had thrown up her hands and eyes and been astonished too. When serious conversation had been undertaken, Miss Vokes had looked most solemn; and when domestic incidents had been related, Miss Vokes had instantly imparted to her face an expression of profound and all-absorbing interest. From these indications Mr. Charsley concluded that Miss Vokes held the position of "companion" in Mr. Bamford's establishment, and knew how to perform the duties of that important avocation in the most attractive manner.

At the dinner-table Arthur was placed between Miss Vokes and Miss Knowles, and opposite him were Mrs. Burnaby, the captain and Camilla; Mrs. Thiselton at the head, was supported by Mr. Burnaby on her right, and M. de Merlemont on her left. A handsomely furnished dining-room; the sideboard artistically arranged with lights and plate; pictures on the walls; a full-length portrait of an extremely beautiful lady over the mantel-piece; a marble bust of Mr. Bamford, with a bare neck, and a sculptured towel thrown over his



shoulders, as if he were an ancient Roman who had just been shaved, standing upon a pedestal on a corner. The drum-major and a pretty parlor-maid in waiting; the dinner admirable in every respect; everything well served; the *cuisine* excellent; the *entrees* superior; the wines good and varied; everybody genial and pleasant; Camilla more radiant and lovely than ever. And yet, with all these inciting addenda to prandial enjoyment, Arthur's appetite was of the very weakest order, and his animal spirits at the lowest ebb. True, he was *vis-a-vis* to her he loved; that he every third minute caught her eye, and that at such times she greeted him with a little smile. True, he could listen to the sound of her voice, when she spoke loud in answer to questions from her father or aunt; but then there was the maddening fact of her being side by side with the handsome Claverstone, who did not seem in any way disposed to allow his opportunities for improving the occasion to escape. With what solicitude he watched her every requirement! How ardently he appeared to pour words into her attentive ear! What power did he possess to make her laugh so happily when he spoke? Who was he? It soon became clearly demonstrated who he was; for M. de Merlemont having made some observations in reference to his travels in Russia, the conversation fell upon the Crimean war; and then Arthur learned that Claverstone had at that period acted as cornet in the 170th Lancers, that had served throughout the campaign, and that he was at that moment captain in the same distinguished regiment.

"Ah!" said the interminable Mrs. Burnaby. "Poor Harry Mortimer was in the dreadful charge of Balaklava. You know," she added, addressing Arthur, "your cousin."

"I know him well—Mortimer of the 111th," said the captain; "as brave a fellow as ever lived. I carried him out of fire, after he was wounded in the charge. I have not come across him for some time. How is he?"

"Quite well, thank you," stammered Arthur.

"I am glad to hear it," said the captain.

"Mr. Mortimer," called out Mr. Bamford, "shall I send you some woodcock?"

Mr. Charsley declined. He was gradually becoming extremely miserable. He became every moment more convinced in his own mind that he was "nick'd," and that he had made a gigantic mistake; in vain he endeavored to struggle through the repast with an assumption of graceful indifference. If he

spoke a word across the table, Mrs. Burnaby always managed to utter something concerning the Mortimers, and charged him with such an extensive relationship in such a persistent manner that he almost began to doubt his own identity. As for Miss Vokes on his left, although he plied her with questions, she seemed to have no desires, tastes, or opinions upon any known subject. The captain still paid assiduous attentions to Camilla. The Frenchman still chattered about his travels to Miss Knowles, an oldish young lady by his side. Old Mr. Bamford still laughed gaily at everything, and did his best to make the affair go off pleasantly; but during the whole dinner not a word was said by anybody about the theatre, or Camilla's performance, or the new burlesque.

It was an hour later, and Arthur Charsley was sipping tea in the drawing-room. On coming up stairs with his male companions he had hoped to have had an opportunity of explaining to Camilla the error into which Mrs. Burnaby had fallen respecting his acquaintance with the "Mortimers of Leicestershire," but he had found her at the piano playing one of Beethoven's symphonies, and the captain was instantly by her side to look earnestly into her eyes, and watch his cue to turn over the leaves. Camilla played with exquisite taste and feeling,—every one was silent; our hero was so rapt in his attention to the music, and so earnest in his contemplation of the fair musician, that he did not observe that Mrs. Burnaby had taken a seat by his side, and now whispered in his ear:

"You admire Miss Bamford, Mr. Mortimer?"

The whisper was so sudden, and the question sounded so strange, that Arthur was fairly startled. When he had recovered his composure, he said:

"Very much, Mrs. Burnaby."

"Ah," continued the lady, in a confidential whisper, "you would indeed be an extraordinary exception if you did not; she is a darling girl, quite a universal favorite. I knew her poor mother, Mr. Mortimer; her portrait hangs in the dining-room; she died at Florence. Her daughter attended her night and day for months, never out of the room—a most devoted and affectionate girl, Mr. Mortimer, is our little Milly. I have often mentioned her to your aunt, dear Caroline, and she has often expressed a wish to see her and know her."

Arthur was again about to undeceive Mrs.

Burnaby, but his curiosity to hear more of Camilla prevented him acting upon his intention, and kept him dumb. The music still continued, and Mrs. Burnaby went on with her communication in the same confidential whisper:

"After poor Mrs. Bamford died, Mr. Mortimer, Mr. Bamford fell into great trouble and adversity. Our accomplished little Milly then undertook the public position she now occupies. Ah, it was a great struggle for the dear old gentleman to see his pretty little flower going to battle with the world in such an arena, but she is as courageous as she is good, and she surmounted all the obstacles that lay in her path. Our dear old friend got over his troubles, and the greater portion of a fortune he thought lost was happily restored to him. But then dear Milly had got to love the career she had chosen, and nothing has as yet induced her to abandon it."

"Do you think she will much longer continue in this position?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Burnaby; "there is one, however, who will only have to ask to obtain compliance with his wishes."

"And that one is—"

"Can you not guess, Mr. Mortimer? Have you not observed Captain Claverstone's attentions to our dear Milly? He is a noble fellow, of good family and excellent position; he is devotedly attached to Milly, and from what I have seen of their engagement, I am sure they will be very happy when they are married."

"Engagement! Married!" Arthur started, and involuntarily grasped the collar of his coat with a spasmodic action. He had not noticed that the music had terminated, and that Camilla herself was now standing near him.

"O, Mr. Mortimer!" she said, as she observed his sudden, and to her unexplained, movement. "O, you have crushed that pretty lily in your coat!"

Mr. Charsley had ordered a cab at ten o'clock, and the drum-major being in the room, engaged in removing the tea-service, now approached him, and informed him that his cab was at the door. He rose to take his leave. As he bade adieu to Camilla, she gave him her hand, and the same pleasant smile played upon her face as when she had first greeted him.

"Good-by, Mr. Mortimer." Perhaps there was a little accession of melancholy in the tone with which she uttered the parting salutation—at least, Arthur thought so.

"Good-by, Mr. Mortimer," said Mrs. Burnaby. "Be sure and remember me to your aunt."

"Good-by, Mortimer," said Mr. Burnaby. "Don't forget to give us a call soon."

"Good-by," said Captain Claverstone; "give my love to Harry, when you see him."

"Good-by, M. Mortimere," said M. de Merlemont. "I am glad to meet one grand traveller; but be sure you go incessantly to Hong Kong."

In the hall Mr. Charsley met Mr. Bamford. The drum-major was standing at the door.

"Good-by, Mortimer," said Mr. Bamford; "glad to have made your acquaintance; you'll find a little parcel in the cab—good-by." They shook hands heartily, and Mr. Charsley sprang into the cab.

"Where to, sir?"

"Dr. Bingley's, Beck street."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PARCEL IN THE CAB.

I WAS seated with Dr. Bingley in the consulting-room; we were waiting for The Gentleman with the Lily, who had promised to call in upon us, after the dinner at Mr. Bamford's, and inform us of the result. It was about half-past ten o'clock when a loud, impatient knock was heard at the street door, and the next moment, Mr. Charsley entered the room. He looked in a wretchedly dishevelled state; the lily was broken in his button-hole, and hung its head in a dejected manner. He carried under his arm a large parcel, which he threw heavily upon the table, and then flung himself despairingly into a chair, exclaiming as he did so:

"Nick'd, by George!"

"Come," said the doctor, "tell us all about it. Was my description right?"

"No!" shouted Mr. Charsley, starting up and striking the table with his hand. "It was wrong—beastly wrong. I've never been through such an evening in my life. I've been driven nearly mad one way or the other."

"Come, come," said the doctor, good-humoredly, "don't give way. We can't always be right, you know; besides, a little experience does no harm. Light a cigar, and relieve your feelings by a confession. It will do you good."

Thus addressed, our friend sank again into his chair, and after several deep groans, obeyed the doctor's injunctions. Under the sooth-

ing influence of the cigar, he became more composed, and then he proceeded to relate all that had occurred, and which I have described in the previous chapter. During the whole of the recital, I steadily watched the doctor's countenance. There was the same half-serious, half-humorous smile hanging about his mouth, and the same restless twinkle in his eye, that I had noticed whilst he had given his advice to the Gentleman with the Lily at our previous consultation. When the story of the dinner was over, the doctor made no comment, but pointing to the parcel on the table, said:

"And that parcel you found in the cab, eh?"

"Yes," groaned Mr. Charsley. "Open it, doctor, I have not the courage."

Guy Bingley obeyed. Immediately there was disclosed to view what might have been considered, upon the first glance, as the entire stock in trade of a small jeweller's shop; in fact, the whole of the love-offerings of The Gentleman with the Lily to Camilla Balfour.

"My presents returned!" murmured Mr. Charsley.

"What's this?" said the doctor.

It was a bundle of letters tied with green silk.

"My letters," groaned poor Charsley. "Burn 'em, doctor, burn 'em."

"But here is one that is not from you, but for you," continued Guy Bingley, taking up a letter that had laid by itself at the bottom of the parcel.

"For me!" cried Arthur, with a sudden brightness, as if a new hope had been lighted in his breast.

"Yes, and in old Bamford's handwriting."

"Open it, Charley; read it out."

The doctor did so, and read as follows:

"Sunday.

"DEAR SIR:—With this I return the presents you made to my daughter, and the letters you addressed her. I trust that the illusions you had formed of my dear child from seeing

her in public, and which will excuse the letters you wrote her, are now completely dispelled. I have endeavored to bring about this conclusion in as pleasurable a manner as possible; and I sincerely hope the remembrance you will still retain of me will not be the less kind for my method of proceeding.

"Yours truly, JOHN BAMFORD."

Mr. Charsley again started up. "By George, doctor, old Bamford's a regular trump. I honor and respect the man. He's worthy to possess such a daughter as Camilla." And then sinking again into his chair, he feebly added: "I shall go down into the country to-morrow."

"Well," said the doctor, "the malady was getting dangerous; it has been stopped in time. The remedy was severe, though steeped in sweets; but the cure is perfect."

Several months after these events the newspapers announced the retirement from the stage of the charming actress, Camilla Balfour, on her marriage with Captain William Claverstone, of the 170th Lancers, "who, it may be remembered," added the paper, "obtained the Victoria Cross for his distinguished personal bravery at Balaklava, in saving the life of the gallant Mortimer, whilst under a galling fire."

The Gentleman with the Lily's cure was indeed perfect, and when I next heard of him he had married his cousin, and had taken up his residence in his own county, where he was making himself generally useful and highly popular.

How far Dr. Bingley was concerned in the cure thus effected, I never knew; but although I subsequently met Mr. Bamford at the doctor's house, and they appeared to be old friends, I could never obtain any exact information as to the date of their acquaintance, and whether it was before or after Charley Guy had been consulted by the Gentleman with the Lily upon his extremely difficult and dangerous case.

## WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Not when her eye is brightest,  
In pleasure's beaming hour;  
Not when her heart is lightest,  
Does she exert her power.  
But when dark shades are crowding  
Around the fireside hearth,  
And grief her home's enshrouding,  
Then man will own her worth.

If she be kind and generous,  
With free and open heart,  
Her love will grow more strenuous,  
As fortune's rays depart.  
Would you secure a treasure  
To stay by you through life—  
Search not 'mid halls of pleasure,  
The heart e'er makes the wife!

## BE NOT WEARY.

~~~~~  
BY EMILY R. PAGE.  
~~~~~

Laughing down the misty valleys,  
Where the morning faintly falls,  
Go the sources in life's spring-time,  
Scattering where the spirit calls.

But, while yet the dew is weeping,  
From the flowers along the way,  
They are pausing—spent with labor,  
Ere the noon-tide of the day.

Be not weary, spring-time sowers,  
Through the valleys' level sweep—  
If ye be but faithful doers,  
In the autumn ye shall reap.

When the homeward lark uprising,  
On the air her matin leaves,  
In life's field swart hands are busy,  
Binding up the golden sheaves:

Up and up the sun is climbing,  
And the day grows faint with heat,  
And along the harvest meadows  
Faltering fall the reapers' feet.

Be not weary, sturdy gatherers  
Of the full and golden store,  
In the season that is coming,  
Ye can sow nor reap no more.

Ye who keep on Zion's mountain  
Watch, to tell us of the night—  
Who, in truth's victorious army,  
Battle bravely for the right—

Ye who stand on life's proud summit,  
Whence your way lies down and down,  
Mong the shadows of the valley,  
Where earth's empty echoes drown—

Ye who struggle—ye who suffer—  
Be not weary doing good;  
Ye shall wear the shining garments  
That are fitting angelhood.

## ZORAH, THE SHORE CHILD.

## A STORY IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

~~~~~  
 BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.  
 ~~~~~

"Below me lay the wide sea; the scarlet sun was stooping,  
 And he dyed the waste water as with a scarlet dye;  
 And he dyed the lighthouse towers; every bird with white wing swooping  
 Took his colors—and the cliffs did—and the yawning sky."

THE sun was going down as it seldom goes down of a March evening. There were no pearl and amber vapors afloat, such as are seen in summer, but there were reds and royal blues and purples, and all were piled together in a great glowing heap which filled the whole western sky. Little Zorah Lee, out on the rocks of the shore, where she had come for a pail of sea water, cried out—her heart swelling up to her throat—and forgot all about her errand.

From the yellow sand of the shore to the crimson and Tyrian purple of the sky, the blue water stretched, unbroken by a single sail; only flecks of snowy foam stirred it here and there as the waves tossed in the mild March breezes. Higher up on the shore the winter's banks of snow lay piled, white and still, and beyond the snow, just above the breakwater, rose the crazy shore shanty which was Zorah's home.

They were expecting her there, and waiting for the bucket of sea water. But Zorah had forgotten. She realized nothing but that her great soul was expanding and struggling for release from her little breast. The child could have cried with the pain. Her dark eyes gazed ecstatically up into the deep sky, until the space seemed to intoxicate her, and, pantingly, she reached up her arms.

The slender little figure poised thus on the edge of the cliff, was too great a temptation for the wild, rough March wind to resist. Rushing pell mell against her, it pushed her from the rocks into the sea. The water was terribly cold; the first plunge took the child's breath. Blinded and frightened, she caught at the rocks, but a retreating wave tore off her frill hold and washed her under again. But with the flow of the next wave she clutched the rocks and was safe. The shock had weakened her so that she had hardly strength to draw herself out of the water, however, and a pair of strong, firm hands suddenly lifting her out, was a great relief.

"What, for heaven's sake, were you doing to tumble into the water?" was the first salutation which reached her ringing ears, and which she heard before she had discovered who was the person at her side.

She flung back her dripping hair, making her questioner suddenly retreat, and saw him to be a stranger, a gentleman with a keen, firm, proud face. As she dropped her eyes and commenced wringing out her sleeves, she answered:

"The wind blew me off."

"The wind wouldn't have blown you off, if you hadn't lifted your arms in that way! What in the world did you do that for?"

No answer. John East looked keenly at the little, dark face.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Zorah Lee," was the prompt answer.

"And where do you live?"

"In the shanty up there," and Zorah knelt down upon the rocks and dipped her bucket into the sea. The stranger watched her keenly.

"And how old are you?"

"Fourteen."

"You are a little thing of your age; I don't wonder the wind blew you off. Look up here and let me see you."

Another toss of the wet, dark hair, and the small, dark, dauntless face was upraised to be examined.

While looking at it the stranger was conscious that he was under the strictest observation. He stroked his brown beard, nodded and said:

"I guess we shall know each other another time. You had better make haste home, Zorah."

And Zorah took up her pail, turned away and marched down the rocks without a word. The west had grown all of a dull, dead blue at last, the twilight gathered thick and fast, and, turning, John East went down the rocks and across the shore to the Cove House.



Swinging her pail, little Zorah walked across the sands. It was rather heavy for her, she was so slenderly made; but she bore it into the kitchen of her home, where her step-mother who was cooking supper, fretted at her for being gone so long, and then scolded her for getting wet, until Zorah went up in the loft to change her clothes. Once up there, she did not come down again that night, but, wrapped in a blanket, crouched by the window, and dreamily watched the sea under the cold moonlight—watched the sea and the wild sky, and dreamed strange, brilliant dreams of her future.

At fourteen, Zorah Lee had seen but two phases of life. Her home, the home of an illiterate fisherman's family, gave her one view; the parties of elegant, fashionable people who drove and rode upon the shore, gave her another. There was nothing in her nature akin to her circumstances; and so, for what it seemed to symbolize, she preferred the other. The other, as she knew it, was knowledge, grace and beauty. It was power, liberty and pleasure. Therefore she desired it. Her sybaritic nature loathed the homely house she lived in, the homely round of work daily required of her, her homely clothes, and her step-mother's homely ways.

The child had no one to love. If she had had, perhaps she would have found enough sweetness in her life to curb her great unrest of soul. Perhaps she would have learned early what it took the experience of a life to teach her,—that we can make our happiness out of all circumstances, but circumstances alone will never make us happy. But not knowing this, Zorah believed that if she could have learning and wealth, she should not only be content, but blissfully happy. And knowledge and wealth she believed the future would bring her—the beautiful, mystical future, far ahead. She felt the assurance in all her young, fresh energies; and in her leaping ambition she believed it. How stories of self-made men and women fired her blood; how she devoured books; how she planned and dreamed and enjoyed in anticipation that which she never found in reality.

Zorah had a father, a step-mother, and two married brothers—fishermen, like her father. The boys had married while Zorah was a baby, and they had babies of their own to care for, and little thought and less love to give her. Her father was fond of her in his rough, hailing way, for he did not understand her; it was impossible that he should. Her step-mother

did not like her. She had no patience with her "uselessness," as she termed Zorah's avoidance of housework and her tacit non-interest in practical affairs generally. She thought the girl must be half daft to stand gazing over the sea as she did, and not know a word that was said to her often, when a person spoke half a dozen times.

Thus circumstances which continued to render Zorah free from the natural, clinging home ties of childhood, helped on the girl's plan to mark out a new path for herself.

"Go up! despise these humble, grassy things;  
Sit on the golden edge of yonder cloud!"

The next morning Zorah was on the beach again. She was wrapped in a shawl, head bare, and her thick, dark locks, like the hair of poor Maggie Tulliver, blowing about her face. They had been scolding her at the house for neglecting her work, and she had run away.

Suddenly she heard a step and looked up to see John East. He smiled and nodded.

"You seem to be very fond of the sea, Zorah," he said.

"Yes, it's as good to watch a wild sea when you're mad, as it is to strike somebody."

"Is it?" said her companion, with a short, amused laugh; but the next moment he was looking gravely at the child.

She seemed to forget him for an instant, while her cheek crimsoned and her eyes flashed. Then, suddenly, she turned away from his gaze.

"Do you go to school?" said East.

"No," replied Zorah, quickly.

"Wouldn't you like to?"

"O, better than anything else in the world! I can't do much studying at home."

"What do you study?"

Zorah was silent. She hardly liked to name Scott, Bronte, History of Napoleon, Exploits of Nelson, Days of Chivalry, etc., of which her library consisted. She broke away from the question.

"I do wish I was rich!" she said.

"Why?"

"O, so as to have books and music, and a carriage with horses, and lots of such things."

"Why do you wish for such things?"

"To make me happy."

Question followed question, and there came prompt, naive, surprising answers to every one. In consequence, Zorah, after half an hour's talk, flew down the rocks, leaving her companion, to come back in ten minutes with her hands full of manuscripts.

"Here they are, my stories!" she cried. "This was finished last. Read it carefully—and O, notice the place where 'Lizette' tells her father who she is. He don't know her—she's altered so! It's in the chapter called 'The Fisherman's Daughter.'"

"Yes," said Mr. East, gravely. "I'm going home now, and will read them this evening. Meet me here to-morrow night."

So he walked down the rocks with the manuscript in his hand, and Zorah stood still and watched him—watched him with an interest born of an anxiety for her dear future; for he had promised that if the stories pleased him, he would help her to go to school.

That evening John East read the manuscript carefully. The stories were written in a little, quaint, cramped hand, and with many words misspelled; but he thought they were promising, considering the circumstances under which they had been composed. So he told Zorah the next day at sundown, when he climbed the rocks to find her waiting there—still as a small, carved statue. As he went on she grew so pale that he was startled. He spoke to her again, and she burst into a strange, breathless, tearless sort of crying that alarmed him still more.

"Zorah, child, what is the matter? Don't cry like that; you mustn't. Stop," and he took her hands from her face with a kind firmness.

She looked up with a sobbing breath.

"O, Mr. East!"

"What, child?"

"I am so glad!"

"Well, come with me to your father now."

So the boathouse was sought, and Mother Lee counselled with. The result was that Zorah, the wild shore child, was sent to a boarding-school in an inland town, and Mr. East paid her expenses. They were arranged for in advance by him, and immediately afterwards he sailed for Liverpool. Perhaps, pacing the packet's deck, he had hopeful dreams for a life hitherto faced sternly, full of griefs borne and faced down—his own life; and perhaps not. Who knows the secrets of men with natures like John East's?

## PART SECOND.

"Then shall I drink this draft of oxymel,  
Part sweet, part sharp? Myself o'erprized to know,  
Is sharp; the cause is sweet; and, truth to tell,  
Few would that cause forego."

A new author had appeared, and John East believed her to be Zorah Lee. The *nom de*

*plume* was "Margaret Yerk," and at the first glance at the pages the fresh originality and certain peculiarities had struck him as being synonymous with the natural traits of the wild shore child he had educated.

She had graduated at the boarding-school where he had left her, six months before he had anticipated her doing so, and had disappeared. No one knew where she had gone. She left a note for him, saying that he would hear from her again—thanking him—promising to repay him. Subsequent investigation proved that she wrote her father occasionally from New York city, but the letters gave no clue to her address. A year had passed.

When this fresh girl-author claimed the public attention, John East went to the publishers of her book, the senior member of the firm being his own uncle, and there pursued the clue. The author was personally unknown to Messrs. Bernard & Chase, but the manuscript had come from New York with a letter worded after Zorah's quaint fashion, though the penmanship had a finish which was not familiar to East.

In a fortnight a new proof occurred. Three days after, Mr. Bernard sent by mail a check for three hundred dollars. John East received the same with a letter from Zorah. She said the money was the proceeds of her first book, and was re-payment for the money he had spent upon her education. Her next book should be better, for she had gained confidence and skill, and she hoped some day that he would feel satisfied with what he had done for her.

John East wrote a reply and enclosed the check, saying that the money was given, not loaned, and wishing her all success.

But again the check came to his hands, with word that he must give her the privilege of repaying the money—she should not be contented else. Once more East wrote her, but there came in answer only a photograph of herself—a dark, grave, dreamy face, with a strange power of fascination in the great eyes. The picture was cherished, while the recipient waited for the end, and the days grew into seasons and another year went by.

\* \* \* \* \*

A gray December day brought the first snow-storm of the season. The delicate flakes came fluttering down into a narrow street of New York, where a thin, dark, thoughtful face pressed against the panes of a window, watched them. The face was Zorah Lee's, and the small, sparsely furnished room was her home.

Heaven only knows what aids the girl had in that place to help on her imaginings. The room was comfortably warmed, but sufficient heat seemed its only comfort. The floor was bare, and the furniture poor and mean. There was a bed, a stove, two chairs, and a table. This table was strewn with sheets of paper closely written upon. Near it sat Zorah, but with her face turned away, and her dark eyes fixed dreamily on the fallen snow. This room bounded her daily life. Here she had lived alone two years, and she was a wonder to other women of the house, who clasped hands daily with sisters or husbands and children in their equally poor lodgings. What she could have to take up her heart in her lonely life, was a marvel to them. Ah! it was not taken up.

Among the papers on the table was a large pile of closely written manuscript. It was Zorah's second book, ready for press. No wonder her eyes were thoughtful that day. She was very near to fame and fortune.

That evening the manuscript was expressed to Bernard & Chase, and in a fortnight she was in possession of money which finished her Spartan period of pinching poverty.

Time passed. She was well situated, courted and admired, but in certain long days she was sad. Her heart had no food. Restlessly she sought the entertainment of fashionable society. The charmed gates swung back for her entrance. She had the reputation of a genius, therefore the leaders of the *ton* struggled for the opportunity to chaperone her. So her rooms were crowded with gay visitors for months. She sifted their worthless lives through, and flung them from her. Anxious for quiet, at last, she escaped early in the summer from New York life and went down to the seashore—down to the shanty where she was born. It seemed strange to her, after the great changes she had seen, to find the gray old rocks, the sea and shore not changed at all.

She stood on the cliff where she had first met John East, and listening to the plashing of the water, tried to imagine herself the girl who had stood and listened to it six years before. It was impossible. The childish faith was dimmed—the youthful buoyancy gone. She felt in every recess of her soul the experiences she had known. It was impossible for her to look forward again with the old, beautiful beliefs. Still she was far from the truth of life; the old ambition was strong within her—strengthened and revived by the warring of

the water, and she turned her face inland with new fire in her dark eyes.

A few months later her third book came out. It was her best one; and at twenty-two Zorah Lee had won a name in American literature.

The next winter she met, for the first time since her childhood, John East. It was at a soiree. There was a bevy of people about Zorah when East came up, and Zorah was looking superbly in their midst. She had the faculty of being handsome on occasion, and it was her pleasure to look superbly on that night. Her dark eyes flashing here and there, suddenly met John East's. He was leaning carelessly against a pillar, looking at her with quiet criticism. His grave face expressed thought and attention—nothing more. Did he know her? She was not sure. But she knew him, and held out her hand to him across the room. He came over and took it, saying:

"Is this you, Zorah?"

"Yes, Mr. East."

"How you have grown!" he said, looking at her, quizzically.

Her imperious mood could not brook his coolness. She smiled, but she was piqued.

"Grown—how?" she asked, her eyes flashing under their long lashes as she looked away. "Homely?"

"No. Weary."

"I? For what pray?"

He paused a moment, then he quoted from Jean Ingelow:

"I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O, bring it,  
Such as I wish it to be."

He watched a flush stain the white temples. He followed her glance looking over the splendid room of which she was queen. Those brilliant dark eyes came back to his.

"Isn't this enough?" she said.

"No."

That "no" was already in his heart, but she scouted it.

"This is glorious; it is enough, I say!"

He bowed and left her.

Only she knew how the music and dancing, the gallantries and compliments palled upon her during the remainder of the evening. But the day following she took counsel with herself. She and East were henceforth at odds.

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird  
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,  
Than that a seraph, strayed, should take the word,  
And sing His glory wrong."

Zorah was stubbornly proud, and East saw her always at a disadvantage. He grew to believe her heartless. She knew it, she wept over it—yet never abated one whit of her animation in society—kept her laugh merry and her eyes bright—and could forever, before him. She had grown to know herself, but he did not know her. He believed the pure aspirations of her childhood perverted by worldly success, and that he had been mistaken in supposing that peculiar look in her dark eyes the result of an aching heart. She was eager for fresh conquests, or wearied by literary labor, or jealous, or thirsty for more fame. Anything but hungry for love, and eager to love worthily. She was not a true woman, after all. Success had spoiled the promise of her childhood, and he declared himself disappointed in Zorah.

The fall and winter passed, and spring came again. Zorah was thoroughly satiated with the attention of crowds.

Among her acquaintances was a gentleman named Greyson Chester, an intelligent, good-looking man, kind-hearted, and with a well balanced mind. He was sensible and practical, and not in the slightest degree fanciful or impulsive. He admired and loved Zorah Lee, for he knew much in her nature that was loveable; but a certain innate element of hers he never could comprehend. His character was irreproachable, and his social position the same she had attained to—therefore he saw no reason, from his practised, straight-forward view of the matter, why he might not seek her hand. And long and persistently he had sought it, and circumstances favored his suit. Zorah, with her aching heart, finally promised to marry him. The news of the engagement spread. For a while Zorah enjoyed a certain content in life. There was a sweetness in the thought of a quiet domestic future, guarded and embellished by one who loved her, and she built beautiful dreams for herself, and thought she had found her "story." But at times she felt that it was only a dream. She saw, after a little while, that she did not love Greyson Chester for himself—only because of her woman's need to love. She saw that he did not understand her—that he never could, and that there never could be complete sympathy between them. Somehow she felt as if her life was a failure in all things. Then she

would accuse herself of sighing after vague happiness, like the dreams of her childhood, and apply herself to her life as it was, seeking enough in it to satisfy her. So a long, golden summer crept away, and Zorah was to be married the next winter.

A late autumn morning, with the first snow of the season falling, found her sitting in her private parlor at the handsome house where she lodged. She was seated by the window in a lounging chair, over the back of which a magnificent Afghan was thrown, her slight figure clad in a wrapper of cashmere, her dark, handsome face with the rich black hair sweeping about it, turned upon the snowy scene without. She was thinking of a November day several years before, which she had regarded as thoughtfully, but with far different thoughts. Suddenly a servant entered with a card. It was John East's. A quick crimson came to Zorah's dark cheek.

"Show him up, Edwards," she said to the servant in waiting, her slender fingers toying nervously with the bit of pasteboard. A moment after, John East entered. She rose to greet him.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. East," she said. The words were common greeting, but the dark eyes were very brilliant, and the tell-tale crimson still lingered on her cheeks.

John East retained her hand, looking at her face.

"Pleasure, eh?" he said. "You used to be as frank as light, Zorah."

"What do you mean?"

"You say that it is a pleasure to see me now. Is that quite true—said truly from your heart—the fresh, impulsive, rich heart I used to know?"

She looked troubled.

"It is said truly," she answered, in a low voice.

He changed the conversation. They sat together in the warm, luxurious room, and chatted while the wind blew drearily without and the snow fell. East had never seen Zorah in a home atmosphere before in his life. He commenced to watch her keenly.

She knew it. She took up her work and her lids drooped heavily as she watched the fairy meshes of the scarlet crotchetery her white fingers made.

"You make a charming domestic picture, Zorah," said East, suddenly.

"Do I?" she answered, simply, but there was a strange thrill of lingering pique and triumph in her voice.

"I can imagine myself Greyson Chester now, and he delighted," continued East.

Her lids flashed back; for an instant they looked clearly into each other's eyes and read each other's souls.

"Zorah, I have lost you!" cried East, despairingly.

"You never had me; you never wished for me!" she exclaimed, proudly.

"You are mistaken. I dreamed of you, so unformed, so fresh, so sweet and passionate in your impulses, and planned, in many a lonely hour, what a grand woman you would make. I sought you eagerly when I returned from Europe. You were gone;—and since—since, Zorah, all these years—you have never been as near to me as you were the day I lifted you from the sea at Black Rocks, a little, dark, dauntless girl, who flung back her wet hair and looked me fairly in the face down into my heart."

He paused.

"Now to-day," he added, "I see the look in your face which I have craved to see so long. You are not heartless—you are not spoiled—you are rich in loveliness, though too proud for your peace, and, Zorah—you are another's!"

The pathos and pain of his voice cut like a knife into her heart and vitalized its secret core. She put her hand to her heart, deathly pale.

"O, why did you tell me this?" she cried. "I can never be content now. God help me!"

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed, catching her hands. "Is it possible—"

"I have unconsciously loved you all my life," she said, "but you never seemed to care for me. You were cold and proud, and I, who have taught others the secrets of love, did not know the secrets of my own heart. I was weary writing books, and living hollowly;

Greyson Chester was tender of me—the only one—and I—I promised to marry him, hoping for domestic peace and happiness. Dear God! shall I ever have it? O, my life is lost, wrecked!—a failure and a burden!"

She broke into a passion of weeping. John East spoke, almost sternly.

"Zorah," he said, "you do not love Greyson Chester truly?"

"No, I do not!" she exclaimed; "I know it to-day. I never knew it before. I never before in all my life knew the truth of love. And I—I," she said, "have written romances for others; told them the secrets of true love! Was I insane?"

"And you love me?"

"I love you," she said, sadly.

"God bless you!"

"But I confess it only to our sorrow. John East, I am to be married at New Years."

"Dare you?" he said, sternly.

She dropped her face in her hands. He waited. She looked up at last.

"I cannot!" she cried.

"What?"

"Marry Greyson Chester. I do not love him; it is sacrilege!"

He put out his arms to her. Suddenly a step sounded behind them. They turned—Greyson Chester stood there. With the usual privilege of his relationship, he had entered unannounced, and heard enough of the conversation to cause him to say:

"Enough! I am not foolish enough to wish to take such a mocking chance of happiness as marriage with you under present circumstances offers me, Zorah!"

The scene was soon ended. Zorah, released from her engagement, at Christmas married John East instead of Greyson Chester. And in the heaven of love she found the happiness she could never have found elsewhere.

## THE LOVER'S DREAM.

BY R. T. A. MACEY.

O, let me dream that dream again,  
'T were worth an age of waking thought;  
Even one brief moment to remain  
Entranced as then, all else forgot.  
All but that passing moment's bliss,  
The radiance of that parting smile;  
The rapture of one lingering kiss,  
The voice that breathed of love the while.

Ye dull realities, begone!  
Chase not that vision from my soul;  
There let its memory linger on;  
While Lethe's waves oblivious roll  
O'er all that fain would bid my mind  
Its bitter waking thoughts regain;  
The sun is dull—the world unkind,  
I'll seek my couch and dream again.



## THE GENERAL'S WIFE.

BY CATHARINE EARNshaw.

"Is the day-star so fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?"

A LOG house near the banks of the winding, blue Rappahannock. You could not tell that it was more pretending than many more rough-hewn soldiers' houses near by; but by something, an indescribable air of superiority, you imagined it to be the dwelling of an officer. It was at present the headquarters of Gen. Charles. In the cosy sitting-room, whose carpet brought the remembrance of home, to offset the camp-like appearance of the tent-cloth hung walls—in that room it was very evident that a woman was living, for she had written her language in characters of taste throughout the house of the general. By the great open fireplace she sat—the general's wife.

How often have I felt the inability that torments me, when I attempt to sketch a face that has haunted and bewitched me! Never did I feel it more vividly than do I now, when I wish to fasten to paper a perfect idea of the face of Mrs. Charles. It might have been the face of Evangeline, before Evangeline had lost Gabriel. Now, happiness lay quiescent in the brooding softness of her brown eyes; it slept, smiling unconsciously, in the sweet curve of her lips; it nestled in the negligent droop of her heavy brown hair. Was it her eyes or her mouth that gave one that idea of beauty that is associated with all purity and goodness?

A year ago she had married Gen. Charles, and had been left at home through the weary days of a long campaign. Now that the army had settled down to their winter quarters, she had eagerly left her New England home, and joined her husband in Virginia. Entering with Southern vivacity into the spirit of her new life, she enjoyed with intenseness the strange and somewhat rough routine of camp life—her happiness somewhat heightened, perhaps, by the uncertainty of her stay.

Untravelled and unsophisticated, Olivia Charles still had that graceful, distingue manner, the best which a grand fealty of heart can give. Having lived her twenty-five years

of life in the retirement of a Massachusetts village, she felt conscious of no embarrassment when she received the brother officers of her husband, and the hostess they met there was so easily self-possessed, so radiant with sparkle and gaiety, that Gen. Charles felt prouder of her than he had ever felt of a successful engagement.

"Musing upon your conquests among the epaulettes, Olivia?" asked a voice whose owner put his head in from the outer door.

A momentary scraping of mud from his boots, and Gen. Charles came in, standing before his wife with gleaming eyes and smiling lips. The face to which Olivia looked up, was one to trust in, to admire and love. A bronzed face of forty years or more—true-hearted gray eyes—a heavy, martial moustache shading a mouth of firmness and sweetness. The instantaneous radiance that illumined the face of Mrs. Charles, when she saw her husband, revealed the cause of the quiet happiness that had been sleeping in her face before his entrance. She rose and stood by his side, smiling, as she replied:

"Not dreaming of my conquests, but of my conquest. You appreciate the difference, don't you, Frederick?"

He answered with tenderness the gay softness of her glance.

"Yes; and that appreciation makes my happiness. I hope the officers will not envy me too much—it might make me too self-exultant."

His wife unbuckled the sword, and untied the sash, saying, as she did so:

"General Charles is absurd—he fancies every man will be as much in love with his wife as he is. I am not so confident of my attractions."

"Heaven forbid that I should think so!" exclaimed the general, fervently. "I should have allowed you to remain obscured in your home, instead of bringing you here—but I don't repent," he added, gaily; "and by way of proving that I feel no remorse, here is an invitation for you and me to the dinner-party

at General Town's. Look over your wardrobe speedily, for it is for this very night."

True to the feminine element, Olivia instantly, and with laughing eagerness, followed her husband's advice. He sat by the fire, and watched her with slightly contracted brows, but with smiling lips, answering gravely her appeals to him for advice. In looking at him, one would not imagine—and surely his wife did not—what were his thoughts, for there was no striking graveness in his face. He was wondering, as he had wondered many times before, how it happened that this girl loved him—such an old man as he was; he might have been her father. He never thought of his age, excepting when thinking of his wife. He could not help thinking that now that she had an opportunity of seeing many other men—polished, talented, of her own age—perhaps she might discover a mistake which she had never realized before. He knew her invulnerable honor; but should her love stray—should some one awaken the life of a deeper depth than he had known? Making an effort, he shook from him feelings which he deemed unworthy of him. Unconsciously to himself, the viper of Frederick Charles's life was that of jealousy and suspicion, and though it slumbered, its dreams were disturbing and unhappy. No pitying angel prophesied to him how terrible would be its awakening.

In the last gleaming of the sun, General Charles and his wife rode along the banks of the Rappahannock. The vivid yellow of the sun, the unusual softness of the air and sky, and the strangeness of her surroundings, appealed strongly to Olivia's taste for the beautiful. It was not a poetic taste that she possessed, only the womanly characteristic of a liking for all beauty and prettiness.

Softly patting her horse's neck, Olivia looked toward her husband to see what had been the effect of the scene upon him. She was startled to meet his eyes, with a grave, almost anxious look in them, which showed they had been fixed for some moments on her face. Nearly alarmed, she suddenly turned her horse still nearer to his, and exclaimed:

"What is it, Frederick?"

Ashamed of himself, and of his thoughts, Gen. Charles smiled, while he pressed the hand she had extended to him. He said:

"I don't know what has possessed me, but I cannot help foreboding some evil to one of us—some evil we shall meet at the party to-night."

Olivia was surprised at the expression of anxiety with which he said this.

"Do you want to return?" she asked. "Don't go for my sake. It is very strange you feel so. I am willing to go back."

Gen. Charles half checked his horse, and said:

"Have you, Olivia, felt no presentiment of anything unpleasant to occur to-night?"

"Not in the least," she replied, promptly.

"I have only anticipated pleasure in connection with it."

"Then, by all means, let us go on," he said.

"I can't tell what makes me so foolish."

The gracefully draped and brilliantly lighted tent, which was this evening the reception-room of Gen. Town, was, to Olivia's unaccustomed eyes, one of the most unique and beautiful things she had ever seen.

Rendered self-possessed and perfectly at ease, by the unsophisticated innocence of her nature, Olivia was one of the great attractions of the evening; though had any one expressed that fact in words to her, she would have returned a glance of undissembled wonder.

After having been presented by her husband to Gen. Town, she stood with the latter in a little circle of ladies and gentlemen, listening to the gay persiflage and the witty repartee. She had just looked round for her husband, and discovered he was not there, when Town bent down to her, and said:

"Mrs. Charles, I see my friend Wyndham coming this way—may I present him to you?"

Olivia murmured her assent, and then looked up, as Gen. Town pronounced the name of Major Wyndham. She returned his deferential bow, seeing, as she did so, a slender man, of medium height, possessing a thin, beardless face, with eyes of steel color, whose wonderful flash and power Olivia was yet to learn. His fair brown hair was thrown back from a forehead broad and white; his head looked symmetrical and well poised. The voice in which he spoke was well modulated, and marked by a perfect correctness of utterance. Although his appearance was rather characterized by quietness, yet Olivia felt instinctively that he possessed force and will to a great degree. He offered his arm for a promenade, and amused her by his airy descriptions of the people present, while he made her feel, in some unknown way, that he offered to her, to her only, more respectful attention, almost affection, than he could possibly feel for any other woman in the rooms, or in the world.

Most subtle and most acceptable flattery—who could help being charmed by the rarity and the power of it?

Olivia Charles listened, and talked with him, with resplendent eyes and crimsoning cheeks. She was opening a new book of social intercourse, and in translating its characters, she found a hitherto unknown pleasure. But as yet she could receive no harm. For persons of her peculiar temperament, a long process of preparation is necessary—otherwise they will absorb only the good, even in the midst of evil, and grow on in purity, like the flowers from the dark mould of the garden. Certainly no thought of evil entered Olivia's head, when she walked with Major Wyndham—with him whose smile was attraction, whose voice was fascination itself. She talked with that suspicionless unreserve, which, strange as it may seem, is so often so much better than the guarded impenetrability which is sometimes the armor donned for a passage at arms with the world.

She was more astonished at her own powers of conversation, than at the versatility which her companion displayed, and she was not sufficiently worldly-wise to attribute to his art her sudden acquirement. Perhaps for the first time since her marriage, she lived for half an hour without thinking of her husband.

During a pause in the conversation, she wondered if Frederick had ever seen her companion—surely he must have mentioned so brilliant an acquaintance, if he had known him. Then she remembered that she had not seen Frederick for almost an hour. She raised her face from the interested droop it had involuntarily taken while she listened, and looked for her husband. The bright faces of the ladies, the bronzed, blue-coated gentlemen, passed rapidly before her seeking gaze. At last, at the far end of the room, she saw him, and her eyes summoned him to her side. Wyndham, who had followed her glance, and had seen the man on whom it at last rested, said:

"Your father must enjoy the society of his daughter. He is making his field of Mars more attractive than the Lares of other people can make their quiet homes."

Olivia looked up in perplexity.

"You have made some mistake," she said; "my father is dead."

Wyndham's eyes dilated with surprise.

"You must pardon me," he said; "but I have been talking to you and thinking of you as Miss Charles—a miserable mistake. General Charles, then, is not your father?"

There was something of pride in the accent of the next words Olivia said.

"General Charles is my husband."

Wyndham noticed that slight inflection, and he spoke his next sentence in accordance.

"Then this is my introduction to Mrs. Charles. The general is happier even than I thought him. I wish I knew him, that I might offer him my congratulations. You must introduce me, Mrs. Charles."

"Then you do not know him?" she said, with interested vivacity. Pausing a moment, she continued, with a half laugh, "You must not let me talk of the general, or I shall get so enthusiastic as to forget that I am at a party, and talking to a stranger."

"She is in love with her husband," thought Wyndham, and allowed a little more respect to come into the admiration in his eyes, as he replied:

"Allow me to entreat that you do not think of me as a stranger."

By this time, Gen. Charles had succeeded in reaching them; he stood near, and heard the last words of Wyndham, looking critically at his face as he uttered them. Then Olivia raised her eyes, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Frederick, how did you know I wanted you?"

Wyndham turned as she spoke, and respectfully drew back a step. Gen. Charles quietly took the place just vacated by Wyndham, and replied:

"The language of your eyes is so well known to me, Olivia, that I could translate it further off than at the extremity of this room. You wanted me, didn't you?"

"Yes; I thought I had been deserted long enough."

"You did not look deserted," he said.

"And I wanted to introduce you to Major Wyndham," she continued.

Wyndham murmured his thanks and his pleasure, while the general bowed in silence. The three stood conversing a few minutes. Neither of them alluded to the mistake Wyndham had made concerning the relationship between his two new acquaintances. Olivia did not speak of it, because her kindness of heart knew better than to mention anything referring to her husband's age; she knew him to be sensitive concerning that subject in connection with her, though for herself, she never thought of it. Wyndham had sufficient tact to avoid every topic which he did not imagine to be an agreeable one. He talked with easy brilliancy, now more particularly to the gen-

eral, and with an almost impalpable deference, which, though Olivia could not see, she could feel; and, as Wyndham had anticipated, such a manner toward the husband heightened the good opinion of the wife.

"You are in a Pennsylvania regiment, are you not?" Gen. Charles asked, during a momentary pause in the conversation.

"Yes; we are situated a few miles south of you—that is, if your headquarters are still at the encampment of the — regiment from Massachusetts."

"Yes; that is my situation during these quiet times. I have almost begun to think myself in some peaceful nook in New England, so free are we from any belligerent symptoms."

"We'll sound the bugle to some purpose this summer," exclaimed Wyndham, with the battle-cry gleaming in his eyes. Then his glance softened, as he continued, "You are within pleasant riding distance of my regiment; allow me to request the pleasure of paying my respects to you."

He bowed to both with inimitable grace. Though the words trembled on her lips, Olivia left it to her husband to reply.

He said, "We shall be happy to receive you," in tones more polite than cordial. Olivia could do no more than echo his words.

It was Major Wyndham who conducted her to dinner; it was he who made it one of the most agreeable repasts she had ever partaken. After dinner, he resigned her to Gen. Town, and did not approach her again during all the delightful promenading which followed. He wisely concluded that to be thought of and remembered most particularly, he must not be too exclusively attentive. Amongst all the gentlemen who bade her good-night when she left, Olivia looked in vain for Major Wyndham. She bent forward as she said her "Thank you" to Gen. Town, when he mounted her on her horse—she bent and glanced once more into the half-deserted tent. No, the eyes that had pleased her all the evening were not there to bid her good-night. Gen. Charles noticed the look, and divined its purpose; but he did not know that in five minutes more Wyndham was completely forgotten by Olivia, in the pleasure she felt in riding with her husband through the beautiful scenes of a soft Virginia moonlit night.

Tranquillized by the sweetness and beauty that met and filled every glance of her eyes, Olivia's spirits sank from their bright gaiety to the calmness of simple delight in her sur-

roundings. It seemed to her that never had she loved her husband so well as now, when she looked at him riding slowly by her side, the moonlight refining his martial figure, and making his grand face almost beautiful. She could hardly keep her eyes from him—every heart-beat seemed to implore a blessing from Heaven upon him.

At last they rode up to their own door. When he had taken her from the horse, she nestled a moment closer in his arms, and said:

"Where are your evil forebodings, now, Frederick? Here we are safe at home again."

The coruscant light of Wyndham's brilliant eyes seemed flashing before Gen. Charles, as he replied:

"Yes, safe now; we shall have no trail of the serpent lingering from that party, shall we?"

"No—for there has been no serpent," she answered, lightly, and ran into the house.

Major Wyndham called on Mrs. Charles, he met her at parties, on horseback rides, at excursions in search of beautiful views. He imagined he knew how difficult it would be to make a conquest of this woman, but his egotism blinded him somewhat. He could not think it possible that the practised gallant of Philadelphia could fail, especially when he felt his heart so engaged as it was by Olivia Charles. He meditated no serious harm—that is, not what the upright and honorable "they-sayers" of society denominate harm; but he wished to see her face glow at meeting, and sadden at parting with him. He wished it to be his voice that should call the mist of sensibility to her eyes—his words that should awaken the flames of excited interest. He wished, for once, to receive the love-draught which he had seen offered from Olivia's eyes to her husband.

Olivia talked much of her friend, "the major,"—she was undisguisedly pleased with his presence. It vexed her that her husband did not sympathize more enthusiastically with her admiration of Wyndham.

A blue, cloudless afternoon in March, with soft air blowing, filled with that indescribable sweetness which seems to be the first sigh of the flowers when they think of spring—a sigh that fills their souls with ineffable delight, and that whispers a dream of happiness to the breezes. Gen. Charles and his wife were seated on their horses, before the door of their house; he was giving some directions to a subaltern who stood near. As he turned to speak to his wife, the clatter of a horse's feet suddenly sounded near, and in a moment Ma-

for Wyndham rode up. If Olivia had ever read "Pelham," she would have thought instantly that Pelham must have ridden and looked like that.

"I had a presentiment that you would not allow this afternoon to escape you, without leaving some memorial of ride or walk," Olivia said, placing her hand for an instant in the extended hand of Wyndham. His eyes lighted with pleasure; he bowed down to her hand, and replied:

"I am happy to prove your presentiment correct, and still more happy to learn that you have thought of me to-day."

"It is one of my characteristics to think of my friends," she answered. "You were coming to call on us, I suppose? Do you not prefer to ride with us?—or shall we dismount, and receive you at home?"

"Major Wyndham is too much of a horseman to wish to dismount, when there is no necessity for it. Have I not read your mind rightly? You will accompany us, will you not?"

Gen. Charles had compelled himself to speak serenely, though he inwardly wished the man miles away.

Major Wyndham replied that nothing would give him more pleasure than a canter with Gen. and Mrs. Charles.

"Then away we go!" responded the general, touching his horse, which started forward with a bound. Wyndham and Olivia soon overtook him. If Wyndham felt any disappointment that he should not enjoy a tete-a-tete with Olivia, he disguised it completely, and directed his conversation principally to Gen. Charles. Olivia, absorbed in the pleasure the mere act of riding gave her, paid but little heed to the talk, and was well pleased that she had so small a share in it. They halted at a cross road, and submitted the direction they should take to Olivia.

"To the river," she cried; "let us see how the blessing of this day rests on the water."

They turned in the direction of the river, but had hardly advanced more than a few yards, when an aid came galloping behind them, in quest of Gen. Charles. The party checked their horses, and waited. After a hurried consultation with the aid, the general's face darkened, as he turned to his wife, and said:

"It is very unfortunate, but I am obliged to go back. Major, I shall depend upon you to bring my wife safe home."

The involuntary frown on the brow of Gen. Charles seemed in discord with the words he

uttered. It required all Wyndham's self-command to conceal the triumph he felt at this unexpected good fortune; he trembled, though, for its continuance, when Olivia said: "Then I will return with you, Frederick; it's too bad for you to lose the ride."

A look of gentleness relaxed the stern lines round the general's mouth. He replied, in a softer voice:

"It's just as bad for you to lose the ride. As you have an escort, you can ride on; don't imagine I shall deprive you of that pleasure, merely because I can't accompany you."

He lifted his hat and bowed, then turned and rode rapidly away with his aid.

"I am sorry," Wyndham said, commencing his conversation very appropriately with a falsehood. They were walking slowly through a narrow lane, heavily shadowed by trees, already odorously with premonitions of spring. Olivia was softly stroking her horse's neck; she did not reply—did not seem to hear his remark. He continued, with a sort of sad gaiety that was very bewitching, "Don't you care, then, that I am sorry because you are sorry? How little does my sympathy affect people. What shall I do that I may make an impression upon you that shall last for a moment when I am not with you?"

Olivia looked up; fortunately for him, Wyndham at that moment withdrew his eyes, and she did not see the expression there; she only saw his delicately-cut face, slightly bent, pervaded by a look of sadness which would instantly challenge the interest of a woman. Olivia felt unaccountably impressed by that expression; though unconscious of the fact herself, yet it was true that she had never before so powerfully experienced the undefinable charm which some people exercise by their mere presence. She spoke, and her voice had that sweetness which it might have had, had she put her hand on his forehead as she spoke.

"You are dejected, Major Wyndham; perhaps some memory of an old sorrow is at this moment shadowing your heart? I wish that I had the power to illumine that cloud."

The melody of that tone penetrated to the soul of Wyndham; never since his childhood had he felt that vague, unutterable tenderness which has so much of longing in it. He raised his eyes to those of Olivia; his own beautiful with the tears of an exquisite susceptibility, and Olivia's face pale a little; her sympathy was appealed to most strongly, yet how could she alleviate this man's sorrow?"



"Mrs. Charles," he said, and his voice vibrated in lute-like music, "to other women I might offer an excuse for my lack of control; is it strange that you are the only woman before whom I should not be ashamed to reveal that the childlike element of my heart has never died? Can you tell me why I feel thus toward you?"

Though the emotion Wyndham had just felt was genuine, yet he only let it display itself because he knew it would best serve his purpose. He had learned that rare art, of making his emotions his servants. There was a silence, during which Olivia knew that the subdued fire in Wyndham's eyes was upon her. Instead of blushing, she felt herself momentarily growing paler. Exerting herself to reply to his last question, she said:

"I know of no reason, but that you find me still as unsophisticated and suspicionless as a child. You know by intuition that I should not scoff at any feeling that was real. I can pardon almost anything that is not affected."

Wyndham only bowed—he had not yet decided on the words he wished to say. They rode on rapidly. Had Wyndham been able to divine his companion's thoughts, though flattered by the interest she felt, he would have been slightly disappointed at the character of that interest.

They emerged from the wooded road through which they had been riding, and came out upon a high grassy ground that overlooked the river just above a pontoon bridge. Olivia uttered an exclamation of delight, as the winding stream, over which gleamed the last light of the sun, first came to her sight. A dim, golden haze seemed rising from the earth, the incense offered to the disappearing sun. The air grew sweeter, as the dampness of evening grew more perceptible. Wyndham's horse stood close to his companion. Filled with an ungovernable desire to possess the love of Olivia, he became conscious that in the pursuit he had offered her something nearer true love than he had ever known before. Bitterness and humiliation came in the thought of Gen. Charles—another man had gained what he wished for. He was too thoroughly selfish to know a pure devotion; in his heart the conviction became more fixed, the determination more strong—he must hear words of love intense as his own, from the lips of Olivia Charles. He looked at the beautiful mouth, from which a word might make him imperially happy. The sweet curve of Olivia's lips showed that the beautiful scene

had made its impression upon her. While he looked, the sun suddenly sank in a heavy black cloud, low in the horizon; a chill wind came sweeping through the trees, and ruffling the river. Olivia shuddered, but without knowing that she did so.

"We are to cross the bridge, are we not, Mrs. Charles?" Wyndham asked. "We ought to go across, and try a canter over the hard road on the other side. We can easily return before the evening is late. This breeze is too invigorating to be lost. Will you go?"

"O, yes; I never know when to stop riding," Olivia answered.

They crossed the river, and spurred on with exhilarating speed. When they came back to the river's edge again, the shadows of night had fallen gloomily—the water flowed blackly—the stars were half obscured by the clouds that flew hurriedly over the heavens. Olivia and Wyndham gained the bank of the river, a little above the bridge they were to recross. Wyndham rode close to her bridle, guiding the horse over the uneven way. Within a few steps of the bridge, as Wyndham was bending to speak to his companion, the sharp, deadly crack of a rifle sounded near, and the ball sped over the bowed head of Wyndham, and cut the plume from Olivia's hat. Wyndham checked the horses suddenly. Though Olivia had not screamed, yet it seemed to her that she must have been shot through the brain, so suddenly and near had the report sounded to her.

Wyndham looked searchingly around them—there were no trees, and scarcely a bush on this side the river. He felt confident his keen eyes could discover the rifleman, even through the gloom; but he could see nothing—he could not imagine by what mistake that shot had been fired.

"We will go on now," he said; "it is some blundering or drunken marksman—he should beware," he added, with suppressed ferocity.

As he turned the head of Olivia's horse toward the bridge, she suddenly leaned forward, and grasped his arm.

"There?" she exclaimed, in a whisper. "Do you see?"

Close by the river there crouched a shadow, motionless, but weirdly sinister. In the instant that the two looked at the shadow, a faint gleam from the stars glimmered on some bright thing held by the unknown.

With despair and passion thrilling his heart, Wyndham bent swiftly in front of Olivia, and half clasped her in his arms, his body between

her and the danger. As his hands touched her, while his fevered breath first swept her cheek, again through the night came the fierce, bloodthirsty whistle of the bullet. Olivia felt herself grow rigid and strong to support the weight Wyndham had unconsciously imposed upon her. Even while the blood burst from his wound, and crimsoned her hands, Olivia's straining eyes saw, as in a dream, the dark shadow rise and flee away—till it was buried in the darkness. She was alone with the man who might be dying for her.

The horses had stood perfectly still, close together. Wyndham no longer kept his seat. Olivia bent her lips to the face that had fallen on her shoulder; she whispered:

"Try to rouse and support yourself a little, till I can get you more comfortably situated on the ground."

A faint flutter of the eyelids—nothing more. In a moment more, he would be utterly unconscious—in a deep swoon.

"Try, for my sake," she murmured, feeling her strength fast giving way, as he grew heavier and heavier, and giving him, unconsciously, the strongest incentive to effort. He smiled slightly, but did not unclothe his eyes. He made a slight movement, and she slid from her horse, and placed him gently on the ground. The blood gushed again from the wound in his side. Sighing faintly, he fainted as she raised his head to her lap. Softly placing his head on the turf, she ran to the river, and filled her hat with water. It spilled on her hands, as her feet caught in her long riding-dress. She shivered with some dreadful sensation; ever after, she could never feel the drip of water on her hands without a vivid remembrance of that night. She knelt by Wyndham, and bathed his head; she tried to bind up the wound with her handkerchief and his; and all the while she heard the melancholy piping of some night bird in the woods across the river—she could not have heard it plainer if she had been listening for it.

As yet, she had not had time to think what she should do, alone with a wounded man. Before the thought had come to her, so intent was she upon restoring Wyndham's consciousness, a horseman galloped down to the opposite bank, and sped across the bridge. Olivia looked up with a subdued cry of relief. It was Gen. Charles, who, as soon as he became disengaged, had ridden to meet his wife, and rightly guessed she would ride on the best roads near.

When her husband knelt by her side, the

strength that had been so overtaken in Olivia gave way—the unstrung bow vibrated and trembled. She sank down on the grass by Wyndham, her whole frame quivering and palpitating. She watched her husband eagerly, as he applied a cordial to Wyndham's lips, then, with the thoughtful care that never left him, Gen. Charles gave his wife the flask, and bade her drink a few drops. Wyndham opened his eyes; instead of Olivia's face, he saw that of her husband. He wearily closed them again, whispering, "I thought she was here."

Olivia bent over him.

"Yes, I am here," she said. "Some time when you are better, I will try to say to you what I know can never be said as it should be."

"Olivia!"

It was the dying man who spoke. Olivia bent yet nearer, and took both his hands in a soft, firm clasp.

"Your husband may hear all I say, for I know you incapable of wronging him." An expression of bitter mental pain came over his face. "Heaven forgive me," he continued, "but, Olivia, let me say it once—I love you. I am bad—I am selfish; I might have harmed you—but now, at least, I truly love you."

Olivia's tears fell silently. Had she loved him, her pain would have been too dreadful for weeping. She gently disengaged one of her hands and placed it in the clasp of her husband; that firm, familiar touch strengthened her. A silence of a few minutes, then Wyndham spoke again:

"Now, in such an hour, I read your heart aright; though you have felt kindly toward me, you never could have loved me." Another pause. He continued, "Your husband must believe that." Then, with a last gleam of his old manner, he said, though with thrilling earnestness, "And now, Olivia, for the gift of my life, I ask in return, what will repay me, as I know that had I lived, I could not have hoped for it." He stopped, as if gathering strength; at last he said, "Let me feel your lips on mine, Olivia—they cannot sully you now."

Softly, like the blessing she breathed with it, Olivia Charles kissed the man who was dying for her.

In the quiet home in Massachusetts, far from the camps of Virginia, in dreams there often comes to Olivia the picture of a dark flowing river, with a man lying on its banks; and while she vainly tries to stop the flowing blood, the birds are singing—singing in the trees by the black water, and she wakens to cry herself to sleep again.

**MELLICENT:**  
—OR—  
**THE MAID OF THE CABIN.**

BY AGNES MONTAGUE.

It was a fine day in early October when Ralfe Edwards turned his horse's head into the wilderness of a forest lying in the northern part of the State of Maine, now well known to sportsmen, but then visited only by lumbermen and land speculators. A surveyor, and a successful one, he had been employed to run out a wild township which the owner had never seen, nor ever expected much from; but now, with reduced business, hoped to make of some profit.

He had one assistant who had come from Boston with him by stage, for this was before the time of railroads. At the last settlement of any size they hired horses, with a guide and porter in the shape of a red headed Yankee, and packing their supplies which consisted of hard bread, bacon, coffee and sugar, a few drugs, a journal and the instruments, they started for the woods.

It is useless to detail all the experiences of a three weeks' tramp over rocky hills, through cedar swamps and dense thickets of pine and birch. It is enough to say, that the survey was completed without special hardship or any adventure beyond the killing of a few deer and moose.

The route in had been very circuitous, avoiding a lake and range of hills that lay to the southwest of the township; but Edwards thought that a rich belt of land encircled these on the north, and wished to strike due westward on their return, and making a sharp bend round the western end of the lake, come down directly to the settlement from which they had started. After careful observations from a rocky hill that towered above the rest and commanded the country for miles around, he became satisfied that it was practicable, and urged his companions to return that way. But they were so unwilling to try a new route, and brought so many arguments to show it was more difficult, that he determined to send them home by the old way, with the horses, and with only his rifle and an extra coat, to try the other way himself; and after seeing the others started from the last camping ground, he shouldered his rifle and started off alone on his venturesome journey.

Notwithstanding his education and culture, Ralfe Edwards was a thorough woodsman in days when it was thought that hardihood and refinement were altogether incompatible. And a manly looking fellow he was as he strode with a firm step through the forest. Of medium height, stout and muscular, his brown cheek ruddy with health, his eyes bright with intelligence and good nature, a firm-set mouth, telling of character and determination, deep brown hair and whiskers, and a clear voice trolling a gay song, one could hardly find a better model of manly beauty.

He had seen hard usage enough, too, to develop a character in harmony. While yet a lad just entering the sophomore year, his father had been ruined by heavy forgeries and other swindling transactions of his partner in business; and, after a few months' struggle, had died of disappointment and over-exertion. His mother was delicate, but she would have taken a boarding-house (the invariable resort of such persons), and made an effort to continue her son's college course, but he would not consent. By the favor of an old friend of his father's, he obtained a situation where, for extra labor, he received wages much in advance of what he had expected; and this little income, with the remnant of their property supported them frugally.

His evenings were spent in study, for he never gave up the hope of completing his collegiate course; and when his mother died, some three years afterward, he went to work in earnest to lay up funds for his favorite purpose, pinching himself severely to effect it. In spite of poverty, discouragement and sneers, he graduated with all the honors, but with health and vigor so diminished by the strain, that he was advised to try surveying as both healthy and remunerative, until he should be well enough to go into a profession or mercantile pursuits, as he should choose. Of course he had some knowledge of surveying, which determined him to accept the advice, and a few months with a practical surveyor qualified him to start in business for himself.

Five years of such a life had given him sound health, vigor, endurance, and valuable

knowledge of men of all classes, and he had already begun to negotiate with a large mercantile firm in Boston, who were anxious to secure his services, even without any special adaptation to their business, so high an opinion had they formed of his character. This was the last engagement he had intended to make for surveying, and he thought he might finish his woodland life quite appropriately by a few days' solitary adventure in the woods.

The first day's travel was interesting only as it proved his judgment to be correct in reference to the land. After crossing a swampy piece, and a range of rocky hills that bounded the township he had been surveying, a rich bottom land, gently rising to undulating hills, covered with noble trees, untouched by the lumberman, gave him easy travel. The brooks were full of trout, the partridges whirled away from under his feet, and game of all kinds seemed in the greatest abundance. But the travel grew more fatiguing, and he thought he would hurry on toward the settlements, but made much less progress than he expected; and when he climbed a hill to look at the prospect, saw nothing but uninterrupted forests, with a lake lying to the south of him a few miles distant.

After travelling three or four miles he struck a rude path through the forest made by felling a tree here and there, and lying under the chain of hills that bounded the lake, so as to be invisible at a mile's distance. This gave him a direction in which to travel, but beyond a ruined hut or two he had found nothing, when the chilly sunshine sent up a faint rose-color into the sky. Tired out, he sat down on a rock to consider whether he should make himself a shelter in one of the old huts, and try to be comfortable through the storm that seemed to be approaching.

While he was considering, something came springing with rapid bounds down the steep hill by the roadside, and he had just caught up his rifle, thinking it might be a deer, when a young woman sprang from a high rock directly into the path before him, evidently much astonished to find a man in her way. Edwards was the first to recover, and came forward, cap in hand.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," he said. "I am Ralfe Edwards—surveyor—at your service, and I should like a night's lodging."

The girl looked earnestly at him a moment, and then coloring slightly, turned away a little.

"You can stay with us if you like," she

said, and gathering up the cedar and a few colored leaves she had dropped in her spring, she turned down the path. "This way," she said, waving her hand to him and starting on before at a rapid pace.

As she seemed to wish that he should only follow her, and answered an inquiry very briefly, he contented himself with observing her as she walked. She seemed to be eighteen or twenty, and was as light and elastic in figure and gait as a young deer. Her dress was singular enough; cut in a fashion that he never remembered seeing, but fitting her with a sort of grace, and she had adorned the rude straw hat she wore with a wreath of cedar and a tuft of late autumn flowers. He thought her face might have been very pretty if she had not been sunburned and freckled, and the hair, which was cut short, curled up close around the rim of the hat. For a mile she sprang along from stones and old roots, with the same light gait that brought her down the hill when she first appeared; and at length they reached a clearing of about an acre, in the midst of a growth of birches. At the side farthest from the road, under a magnificent tree, stood a low log-house, long enough for three rooms, and having as many chimneys of stones and clay standing up from it. The acre was enclosed with a fence of birch trees, made quite tastily, and a path led straight up between a hedge of wild roses on either side from the road to the door.

The girl only looked behind her to see if he closed the gate; but when she opened the door she waited for him to pass in first, saying, in a grave, half shy way, "You are welcome, sir."

The tone and air were so unlike the region in which he found her, that Edwards felt a sudden surprise; but he would not embarrass her by taking any notice of it, and only bowed as he walked in, and proceeded to divest himself of coat, knapsack and cap, which he hung up in the room, leaving his rifle by the chimney.

Without taking off her hat, the girl replenished the fire which had been mouldering between two logs of beech, and catching a water pail, ran out to a spring just at the edge of the wood. She would not allow Edwards to assist her, but declined his overtures in quiet, curt little answers, that had a tone of good breeding singularly in contrast with her dress and countrified aspect. In a short time she had a smoking supper ready for him, and would have waited standing had not Edwards

declined eating until she should sit down opposite him. Even then she would not eat, but sat playing with her spoon, while he despatched a hearty supper.

"I think I haven't the honor of knowing your name yet," Edwards said, when he was nearly done.

"It is Mellicent Grey," she said, lifting such a clear, lambent pair of eyes suddenly up to his face, that he was quite startled.

The brows were delicately pencilled, too, and met in an arch, and the lashes lay in a thick fringe on the freckled cheek. The hair was one soft wave from the parting down to a small, sunburned ear.

"By George!" Edwards thought, when he had taken in these with a swift glance. "If the child was only civilized, a man would have to look out for himself."

"And are you quite alone?" he asked.

"When father's gone, as he is to-night," she answered, "I am alone."

"And you are not afraid?"

"I don't know what should want to hurt me," she said, laughingly.

Then she busied herself in clearing up the table and room, while Edwards, looking round for something to amuse him, saw a long shelf of books at the further side of the room, and taking some of them down, found they were the standard authors in Greek and Latin, well worn, and bearing the name of his hostess. There were English classics, poems, romances, history, and even philosophy. What should such a child want of Sir Francis Bacon?

"Do you read Greek and Latin, Miss Mellicent?" he asked.

"I read them a little," she answered, timidly.

"Your school is not very near, I suppose?" he questioned.

"In this room, sir. My father is a scholar, and when he is at home he has not much to do but teach me. We can learn a great deal in the winter time."

"Very true," said Edwards, absently, thinking what a singular specimen of Yankee enterprise he had chanced upon—a little freckled forest girl who read the classics.

He brought a few of the books to the table, and drew a couple of seats up to it before the fire. He had to use some tact in getting her to occupy one of the seats, and persuading her to talk with him; but at length his frank, genial ways and varied conversation won her to exchange ideas freely with him, which he considered quite a treat. Not that he obtained any light upon his old studies, though she

proved to be a thorough scholar; but that all the old, dry knowledge seemed to derive a new freshness from her wild, young fancy. It was as if the old literature had been grafted on to a wild stem, and the sap blossomed up out of the dry twigs in wild, fresh clusters. She was full of old ballads and tales, too, and seemed to have read indiscriminately, and to have remembered the whole.

Another peculiarity was, that when she became interested in speaking of any character, historical or poetic, she seemed to drop her own shy, rude personality, and to speak in their character; and when the enthusiasm died away, she came back to the old bashfulness. Edwards had never seen such a study before, and it was very late before he thought of retiring.

The room into which he was shown, and which she said was her father's, was very singular. There was a rough bed, table, two chairs, and a chest of drawers of the rudest workmanship; while on the walls, behind hangings of coarse calico, were several hundred choice books, which looked as if they had been picked up in stalls and old bookstores. There was but one window, and both that and the door were furnished with massive, clumsy fastenings, as if the occupant expected to be besieged.

"I've got into a perfect Bluebeard's den," thought Edwards. "I wonder if the man has committed any crime, or if he only shuts himself up here out of disappointment? It is cruel to keep that girl here. I should like to see her among cultivated people. She would make a splendid woman."

He went comfortably to sleep, thinking of his young hostess dressed and moving among ladies, and astonishing everybody as much as she had him. He began to dream of her as soon as he slept. Now she showed him the way out of the wood; now chased him down paths that suddenly became streets in a populous city; now was a ferocious man, that had come suddenly upon him as he turned a corner; and at last she was the deer he had killed and left in the woods a day or two before, and stood at bay, with great round eyes staring at him—frightened, angry, threatening eyes—and in his dream he tried to turn, or shut his own, so that he should not see them. In vain, for he must still look directly into them, and knew that something horrid was impending. Great drops of sweat poured off him. His nerves were strained like whipcord, and his heart beat so hard as to shake his



whole body. The agony at length awoke him. There was the strange room, the bed, the rude door; but there were the eyes between him and the door, looking out of a dim light, with all the horror of his dream. Something glittered suddenly towards him, and with an instant comprehension he sprang with one bound to the foot of the bed and caught his rifle. But the man stood still in his place, holding the knife, and looking as if he was turned to stone. He was old, too, with straggling gray hair and stooping shoulders; and Edwards began to have some compassion for him, for he was probably the girl's father, and must be insane, or he would not look so.

Suddenly the knife flashed, and the old man sunk with a groan to the floor. Edwards sprang to him, and would have lifted him, but he pushed him away with an expression of fear and hatred, and tried to drag himself into the other room. Hastily throwing on his clothes, Edwards called the daughter from the opposite room, and telling her that her father had returned, but was hurt, went back and drew the knife out of the wound, and lifted the wounded man to the bed. In spite of the old man's struggles, Edwards tore off his clothes and tried to stanch the blood that flowed freely. At length the crimson tide grew less and less, and almost ceased to flow; and though the old man was faint, and breathed with slow gasps, as if each might be his last, he yet lived; and Edwards tried to comfort the daughter, who did not weep, but bent over her father with a white face and rigid lips.

"Don't say what you don't believe," she pleaded. "If he must die, I want to know it."

Edwards assured her there was much hope; and, as the old man still manifested the same aversion to him, contented himself with watching in the outer room, while the girl sat by her father, bathing his lips, rubbing his cold hands, and smoothing back the gray hairs, with fond words and tender little endearments. He found both his cap and portmanteau on the table, and they, as well as his coat, had been searched. Was it money the old man wanted? They contained nothing but his journal, his report of the survey, and an old letter.

Edwards sat down again with a mind full of anxiety. What was he to do with these people? The man must have medical aid, and could not be left alone with his daughter. Yet some one must go to the next settlement and bring help, and it must be he, for the

girl could never undergo the fatigue. Then for one moment he doubted her. She was this old murderer's daughter, brought up by him in the wilderness. Who could tell but she was like him? The next moment he was ashamed of his suspicions; and when the daylight revealed her pallid face, so changed from the look it had borne the night before, he had no feeling but the deepest pity for her.

He proposed going to the nearest settlement for help, but she begged him to remain that day with her, lest her father should die with her alone, and he could not refuse. All day the old man wandered between sleep and a weak delirium, but at night he slept some, and was so calm in the early morning that Edwards thought he might venture to start. It was just daybreak as he looked over the woods from the door of the cabin, and tried to comfort the poor girl with the hope that he should return in twenty-four hours, if no accident happened to him.

"You must soothe and indulge his whims if he seems delirious," he said, "and keep up a good heart. I am your knight, gone for a while, and coming to your rescue," and he smiled cheerfully. The girl tried to smile in return, but clung to the hand he held out as if it was her only hope. He kissed hers gently. "If I am to be your knight, you must be like those ladies of old who watched their champion from the walls, and were as brave as he."

He had struck the right chord, for she dropped the hand she held.

"Good-by, and don't be long gone," she said, and turned away from the door.

Here Edwards looked back, just before he was out of sight. She stood there still, with both hands clasped over her heart, and her head bent forward to watch him. He kissed his hand to her, and the woods shut her from view.

"Where has he gone?" was the half delirious question her father asked her when she went back to him.

"Gone for help, father—a doctor, and some one to stay with us," she replied, softly.

"I must get up," he said. "I must be off before they can get here," and he tried to rise.

She strove to soothe him with the promise that he would be better soon, and have some skillful man to dress his wound; but it only excited him.

"I tell you I will get up, child," he cried, his eyes growing wilder, and a feverish flush rising to his face. "Would you like to see

me in prison? Would you like to see me hung? I must go before they get back."

"But where will you go, father?" she said. "There's no place but this for miles."

"I've a place prepared," he answered. "I've had it all ready for a long time. You can take the drag round to the door, and I can get on it, and you can carry me there so, can't you?"

"He's quite mad," the girl thought, despairingly; but she helped him to rise, his fever giving him strength, and managed to get his clothes on. She thought every moment that a reaction would come, and he would be willing to stay, but he only grew more eager.

"Bring me the little box in the chest of drawers," he said, giving her a key from round his neck.

She brought it. Here were her mother's picture and her own, painted while she was a little child; a few keepsakes, a wedding ring and certificate; and below them a bundle of papers, tied and wrapped, which her father tore open and told her to burn by the kitchen fire.

As she went to do so, a name—Ralf Edwards—on one of the papers, caught her eye. It was on another, and another, and with a sudden impulse she thrust the papers into her bosom, pinned the little shawl she wore close over them, and stirred the embers of the fire until they sparkled up. It was her first deception, and her cheek was crimson as she went back to him.

"Are they quite safe?" he asked.

"Quite safe, father," she answered, going about some other preparation for departure.

She had only time to gather up a few articles she thought she might need if he really had a place of refuge, for the sudden sight of that name on the papers had made her father's fears seem less like the vagaries of a madman. After a severe effort she managed to lift him upon the hurdle which she had brought to the door, and covered with quilts and pillows. It was only a rude truck, used for dragging wood from the forest, but with care she might manage it; and closing the door, and taking one look down the road where Edwards had gone, she turned in the opposite direction, as indicated by her father.

It was slow, painful work, for the great stones and stumps of trees still stood in the road, and every jolt brought a groan from her father; but she dragged wearily along, hoping that at length he might tell her to go back again. A mile was thus toilsomely won, and she stopped.

"Where are we going, father?" she asked.

"You will die in these woods."

"I have a place," he answered. "Hurry, or they will be back and take me. You get along very slowly."

She turned again, and dragged for another hour. Her hands were so worn with the rope that the blood dropped from them when she held them up; she was faint with fasting, and her head ached with fear, anxiety, and loss of sleep. As she dragged the hurdle along, the trees seemed to dance and to grow tall, and the distant sky to come down and meet them. She could see the bright spots chasing each other over the landscape, and hear bells toll slowly and heavily. To add to her distress, the storm which had been so long impending began to whistle through the woods in melancholy puffs of wind, and great waves of damp mist swept round her, until she shivered in her wet clothing.

At length her father told her to turn off the road between two hazel trees, whose branches seemed to meet and shut out any intruder. She hesitated, but he ordered her to go on with a look so terrible that she obeyed. For a rod she pushed her way through underbrush where there was no sign of footstep, and then the faintest possible path began to show itself. Gradually it grew to a narrow footpath, through which she dragged the hurdle with difficulty, catching it in the bushes as she went. Up hill and down the path led, into deeper and deeper wilderness, and the day waned, and the rain began to come in a few heavy drops. Now she wept as she went, the tears flowing freely over her cheeks, and at last she sat down by the hurdle and sobbed aloud.

"We are almost there," said her father, faintly. "Have courage, Milly."

She wiped her eyes, and rising, dragged away wearily for a little while, until the path seemed to terminate in a dense thicket of pines. Through these she had to push her way, and was astonished to find a hut built in the midst of them. Her father produced a key, and unlocking a rough door, she saw a room furnished with a rude but comfortable bed, table, seats, and a fireplace, in which was wood all ready to light. There were cooking utensils, too, dishes and food, and even water in a pail, so that he must have been there at no distant period.

She found it difficult to remove her father from the hurdle, as he was too much exhausted to help himself, but at last succeeded. After

much effort she managed to lift him on the bed, and building a fire as soon as possible, made warm drink and food; but his strength was nearly gone. In an hour or two fever set in, and he was in a raving delirium all night. She had been thoughtful enough to gather what sticks she could find among the trees before the darkness set in, so she had a comfortable fire, and tried to relieve her father's sufferings with baths and cooling drinks. He would start up in bed, crying out that they were after him, and then sink back exhausted, muttering incoherent sentences, in which she often heard the name of Edwards, and another which she could not understand.

At daylight the storm had not abated, and the old man's delirium continued. He seemed to have moments of reason, but was so faint that he could only press her hand when she bathed his head or turned him upon his pillow. He would take nothing but wine, and she was too sick at heart to eat or drink. She hoped he would be better, so that when the storm was over she could go back to the cabin, where no doubt she should find help.

With sunset the storm muttered itself away in the woods, and a faint glow lit up the tree tops on a hill at some distance; and with the storm her father's delirium went out, and he sunk into a heavy sleep, not waking even when she turned him upon the pillow and kissed him, weeping and calling upon his name.

Another long, awful night! It seemed an eternity to the poor girl, who waited there in the darkness and cold for the coming of death—for she knew it must come sooner or later. The candles were burned out, and only a sickly flicker would come from the wet boughs she had gathered, and the old man's feet began to grow cold. Hour after hour dragged heavily by. Would morning ever come? She prayed silently, and wept and waited, clasping her father closer, for he grew colder and colder, and sometimes she had to put her ear down to hear that he breathed. With daylight he revived a little, but knew that he was dying, and spent what little strength remained in telling her what she was to do. Her mother's sister lived in the State of New York, and would no doubt receive her. She must go to her, although she need not be quite dependent, for there was a considerable sum of money in a New York bank, entered for her and in her name. It had been her mother's, and he had left it for such an occasion as this. Other directions he gave her, and blessed her for a faithful child; but he said nothing of himself,

except that he commanded her to bury him under a beech tree on the little clearing, and raise no stone or symbol over his grave. If he had committed any crimes, or had any remorse or anguish of heart at that last hour, he said nothing of them; but he asked her to sing an old hymn her mother had taught her when a little child, and then to repeat the Lord's prayer. When she had done, he asked for it again and again; and on that faltering prayer, spoken with sobs and tears, his soul went out.

She saw the eyes fix themselves, and she knew nothing more. It was late in the forenoon, and when she revived the daylight was dying among the trees, and only lingered on the hilltop. Her father lay quite cold and rigid, but when she covered him up and pressed a kiss on his lips, she saw that the stern look had gone from his face. It was placid, and even happy looking. What late, unspoken repentance and pardon might not have come with that prayer, so fervently breathed, and with so much anguish! Kneeling down she prayed again, and covering up her father's face, she went out, fastened the door, and took the path towards the main road.

When Edwards left the cabin, he followed along the road as fast as the nature of the ground would permit. It had been opened some years before into what was considered a rich lumber district, and was nothing more than a narrow clearing, with all the rocks and stumps of trees left in it. The storm still hung full of menace in the east, and would have urged his steps, if they had needed urging. He was in some doubt as to the direction he should take, but after a little consideration decided to go westward. Fortunately it proved the right way, and after some three miles' travel, he saw the sparkle of a light in a farmhouse.

The family were all gathered before the kitchen fire, husking corn, laughing and joking, but they made a place for him; and, almost before the story was half told, the good housewife was busy cooking a hot supper for the traveller, while he was conferring with the host as to the best way to help the unfortunate people in the cabin. He had told the whole story, except the old man's evident intention of taking his life, and attributed his attempt at suicide to insanity.

"I know him," said the farmer. "A strange sort of a fellow. I always thought he was a little cracked. If he hadn't been, he wouldn't

have taken that girl of his into such a place."

"We must have a doctor immediately," said Edwards.

"You won't get Doctor Murch this night, I know," said one of the youngsters. "He thinks too much of a dry skin."

"Now you be still," said the mother, reprovingly.

"I think it's about an even chance he don't get him," said the father. "But if you'll get up the supper, mother, we'll go together to the doctor's. He may go when he hears the whole story."

Edwards was compelled to eat a hearty meal, to which, it must be confessed, he did justice, notwithstanding his anxiety, and, wrapped in an old hunting-coat, got into the farmer's wagon, for it was a full mile to the doctor's. They found him at home, but he refused at once to start on such a road in the night, and in such a storm.

"It's ridiculous to think of it," he exclaimed.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars for the job, if you'll go to-night," said Edwards.

"Have you got it by you?" said the doctor, rather sneeringly.

Now Edwards never did carry money with him, but it so happened that he had drawn a check of two hundred dollars for a friend just before starting for the East, put it in his pocket-book, and forgotten it until he was too far away to send it with safety; but now he hailed his carelessness as a providential thing. This would at least establish his credit. There was no denying the paper; and when Edwards offered to place it in the farmer's hands as a warrant that he would keep his engagement, the doctor wavered.

"If it wasn't such an awful night," he said, going to the window.

"I've just come from there on foot," said Edwards, "and I propose to go back as soon as I can, whether I go alone or not. I've no interest in the matter except that of humanity, but I will not leave that helpless woman with an insane man, and dying at that, any longer than I can help."

"Well, it is a hard case," said the doctor, "and I believe I'll go."

"And I'll go for the other man we talked of, and the horses," said the farmer.

He returned in a short time with a rough, slouchy looking man, whom he assured Edwards was the fittest man for such an occasion, and two horses. The doctor was soon ready with his horse and saddlebags, and the

three set off, followed by the farmer in his wagon.

It was midnight when they started, and so dark and muddy they were obliged to ride very slowly, the guide going ahead, while Edwards and the doctor followed. Often they were obliged to stop while the guide hunted out the road, for many small streams were swelling and sweeping off little log bridges, and lying in great pools across the flat road, so that it was impossible to distinguish them from the deeper swamps or ditches. The doctor was free with oaths and complaints, but said nothing about going back, as Edwards feared he might; and when daylight dawned, though the storm increased, and the hardest of the way was yet before them, he became quite cheerful. On the plains the miry soil gave way at every step the horses took, and now that they were in the woods, their feet slipped on the wet stones and roots, and they found it impossible to go faster than a walk. The rain came down in torrents, and the wind beat so hard upon them they could scarcely keep their seats. Added to this was the danger of injury from falling trees, that occasionally went down near them with a report like cannon. So slow was their progress, that it was late in the afternoon when they came in sight of the cabin.

Edwards looked anxiously up, but there was no face at the door or window, and no smoke from the chimney, and his heart sunk within him as he opened the door and saw the evidences of hasty departure and the empty rooms. The doctor was too well satisfied to find shelter to wonder after the first exclamation, and the guide seemed too much bent on his duties to wonder at anything; but while the one dried himself by a sparkling fire, and the other found a shelter for his horse in the woodshed, Edwards went out to see if any clue could be gained to the mystery. There was only the disturbed bed, the trunk from which the papers had been taken, and where the two paintings remained; for Mellicent had thrust the others into a drawer, and put the ring upon her finger, but in her haste had forgotten the pictures. The rain had washed away the tracks of the hurdle from the soft soil about the cabin, but just where the turf began the trucks had cut through, leaving a distinct mark. He went to the shed and found the hurdle was gone. Here, then, was a little trace. It was impossible for the old man to walk a rod in the state he was, and the daughter must have carried him away. The doc-

tor's remark was a sententious one,—“A maniac, no doubt, sir,” said he, and snuffed the savory supper the guide was cooking; but the guide had his own notions.

“I’ve seen him several times, sir, and he is no maniac,” he said aside to Edwards. “More likely he has committed some crime, and had to hide away. He was as sensible as I was last summer.”

It seemed of no use to search that night, for the sun was already sinking,—the same setting that gilded the treetops which poor Mellicent looked at when longing for help. But Edwards could not rest. He went out and picked his way carefully up the road, in the direction the fugitives must have taken, listening every few moments, and even calling on the girl’s name, if possibly they might be within hearing; but there was no sound except the echo of his own voice and the melancholy hoot of an owl. Finally, giving up all hope of tracing them that night, he returned to the cabin, finding the doctor reading a romance, and the guide preparing fuel and food for an early breakfast. The doctor was soon installed in bed, and Edwards and the guide were to sleep by turns before the fire, so if the girl came home in the night, she might find some one watching.

Very early the next morning Edwards was out searching for traces of the hurdle, and returned to the cabin to organize some plan for the day. The doctor would much rather have gone home, or remained in the cabin to finish his novel, but shame obliged him to offer his services; and as soon as their breakfast was despatched, they started in different ways to search the woods within a mile of the clearing.

The day wore away with no success, and Edwards, as a last resort, walked back on the road which he came on the first night of his stay in the cabin. It was frosty, but pleasant, and thinking of the strange fate that had bound him up with the fortunes of this family, he went some distance, and it was quite dusky when he returned.

About a mile from the cabin he overtook some one walking slowly and unsteadily. At first he thought it was the guide who had come after him, but on nearer approach he discovered it to be Mellicent. When he spoke to her she stretched out her arms to him without a word, and, more dead than alive, he almost carried her to the cabin. Proper stimulants and a little food restored her after a time, and she slept profoundly until morning, when the doctor departed for the settlement

to send in such help as was needed. Edwards determined to respect the dead man’s wish to be buried in the wilderness, but he wanted an inquest and a respectable funeral, and gave instructions to the doctor as to the persons who should be present. With Mellicent’s guidance they found the hut, and brought home the dead body. When a clergyman and a jury of men from the settlement had reached the cabin, the inquest was held, resulting (as Edwards had supposed and wished) in a verdict of insanity; and funeral services were held, committing the man solemnly to the soil he had tilled, to be watched over by the birches, and sung to by wild birds in a perpetual solitude.

Quite exhausted and spiritless, poor Mellicent clung to Edwards as her only friend. On his arm she leaned when they followed her father to the grave, and he was her best comforter when they returned to the lonely cabin. That evening she gave him the papers she had saved. He looked at them with astonishment.

“Where did you get these, and whose were they?” he asked.

She told him, and at his request brought the private papers, which her father had told her she would find in a particular part of the chest of drawers, the wedding ring, and the pictures. Here was a revelation he little dreamed of. This man, upon whom he had chanced so strangely, was his father’s dishonest partner. The papers he told Mellicent to burn were the missing notes of the old firm. Here were the names upon the pictures and ring, and upon the deed of a little property that had once been Mellicent’s mother’s. But the certificate of bank stock was in the name of her mother’s family, Mellicent Grey. This accounted for the fear and dislike of the old man towards him, the attempt at murder, and the suicide. He had found the son of the man he had wronged so much in the solitude he had thought perfectly secure, and with his constant morbid sense of guilt and fear of punishment, he thought Edwards had come to detect and expose him.

He would have been glad that Mellicent should not know this; but the presence of his name on the papers must be accounted for, and it was better that she should be told the whole. So as tenderly as possible he told her that her name was Delaroy, not Grey; that her father had been a forger, and fled to Europe, where he had been followed closely; then returned to some Southern city, where he was again tracked, and finally had disap-



peared from sight. He comforted her as much as was possible with the thought of his probable insanity; and when she told him of her father's last words, and asked timidly if it would be difficult to reach her aunt, he promised to take her there himself. The papers relating to the firm, not being of any importance now, he advised her to burn. He was so tender, so thoughtful, that Mellicent gave up all anxiety for herself, and depended upon him as though he had been her brother.

All Mellicent's little valuables, books and trifles that had been gifts from her father, with such clothing as could be made suitable to travel in, were packed up, and the more valuable things in the cabin safely packed in rude boxes, to remain until snow should furnish a suitable path to drag them to the settlement.

Early the next morning the whole party were mounted to return, and Mellicent looked a last farewell to her father's grave, and the rude home that had sheltered her so many years. There was nothing noteworthy in their journey. They were hospitably entertained in the settlement, where a coarse suit of mourning was obtained for Mellicent. They went by comfortable stages to Boston, where Edwards thought she had better wait to hear from her aunt, and where she was received at the house of a widow lady whom Edwards had known long enough to trust. Here she was received as a daughter, the good woman being perfectly happy in buying fashionable mourning, and otherwise beautifying her charge. Only the freckles resisted her efforts; but the hair curled beautifully, and the face promised to bloom out into loveliness under the influence of refined society, and a life of ease and luxury, such as Mellicent would probably have.

No day or evening passed without Edwards's presence. He knew what secret sorrow and fear must cloud the girl's life, and tried by every attention in his power to divert her mind from them. With all the distress she suffered, she was young, and the world was new and dazzling; and while he was with her, showing the wonders and pleasures of a city, or talking gaily of places and people he had seen, she forgot everything but to be amused and happy. She never thought of the future with a shrinking heart. She was basking in the sunshine of a presence more intoxicating than any she had ever known before, and as yet she had too little knowledge of the world to realize what her emotions were. Edwards's frank, kind ways, so familiar and brotherly, were the

farthest possible from a lover's. She was the poor little waif he had picked up in the wilderness; their destinies were strangely connected, and he wanted to be very kind to her, and make her forget her trouble. Especially did he wish her to know that he bore no malice for the wrong her father had done him, and did not consider himself at all unfortunate in consequence of it. To her he seemed like the heroes she had loved to read of and brood over in the woods, or by the winter evening's fire. He was so noble, so handsome, so gay! She hung upon his words and looks; she listened for his voice; she thrilled all over with exceeding happiness when he praised her, when her arm pressed his in a crowd, or when his hand touched hers. She was like many another foolish woman, pouring out her heart at the feet of a man who only pitied and was kind.

In the midst of all this came letters from the aunt, to whom Edwards had written. She thanked him for his care, and invited him to visit her, and to Mellicent she wrote affectionately that she was childless, and longed to welcome the sister's daughter. There was a liberal allowance for expenses, and a request that she would come immediately if her friends there could find any escort for her. The poor girl wept all night, and came down to Edwards, when he called in the morning with very red eyes and a quivering lip.

"This seems so much like a home to me," she said, faintly; but she had too much womanly pride to show any further emotion, or to oppose his suggestion for an immediate journey.

"I shall go with you to deliver you safely," he said, "though I do not know what I shall do when you are gone."

He smiled quite cheerfully as he spoke, while her heart was like lead. She began to have some perception of the difference in their sentiments. Woman is the same, bred in courts or hovels, and Mellicent was as proud as any. She made all needed preparations for her journey, bade her hostess good-by, and accepted Edwards's attentions on the way with as much apparent indifference as though she had been all her life a fine lady; but secretly she drank in every word, and tone, and little familiar kindness, for she had an instinctive sense that it was the last time she could be with him on such terms. Their paths would grow wider and wider apart.

The aunt was a wealthy widow, living in some style on a country estate, a sensible,

good-natured woman, who gladly welcomed her sister's daughter. She was grateful to Edwards for his kindness, and felt that some reparation was due him for the old wrong he had suffered, and would fain have kept him in her house and entertained him sumptuously; but he felt ill at ease there, and thought that his business had been too long neglected, so he consented to stay but one night. When he came to say farewell to Mellicent, she was as quiet and cold as a statue.

"I cannot thank you," she whispered. "I cannot say anything I should; but I shall write you on business before long, if aunt permits, and you must let me do whatever I want."

"I hope you'll write a great many times," he said, "and let me come and see how you get along. You belong partly to me, you know, and I am not disposed to forego my claim."

Poor Mellicent! She understood the phrase much better now than she would have done a month before, and only smiled faintly and gave him a passive hand as he said good-by.

A new life now began for our heroine. At the cabin it had been primitive enough, and at the house where she had visited in Boston there had been much respectability, but not much style. Her aunt had really an elegant establishment. She was rich, and free to do as she liked, and lived in a grand sort of way among her servants and neighbors, associating with a few country families, and going to New York for an occasional visit. She saw at once the capacity of her niece, and commenced a course of training. The girl's solid acquirements were enough for any fine lady. She could sketch and color very prettily. Everything that her father, who was a man of fine education, could teach, she knew thoroughly, but of music she was ignorant. It was necessary she should understand that, and as she showed some taste, Mrs. Meyne coaxed an old retired professor of music down into the country with the offer of a large salary, and the drilling began.

Hour after hour Mellicent practised, and wonderful was the proficiency she made. The professor was in ecstasies, and rubbed his hands joyfully while he assured Mrs. Meyne that her niece was the most remarkable young woman he had ever seen. It was wearisome work, but Mellicent grew to love it, and threw her whole soul into it. It was the same with the Frenchman, who came down in the spring to perfect her pronunciation, for Mellicent was

a good French scholar, reading correctly, and writing the language with elegance. Into this also she brought all the hoarded energies of her nature, and made such proficiency as astonished her teacher.

Mellicent improved greatly in person, too. The freckles and tan wore off, leaving a fair, pink cheek, and a forehead without spot; the curling hair drooped on smooth shoulders that might have served for a model, and all the work she had done had not spoiled the tapering fingers. There was a natural, airy grace about her, like the waving of a tree; she stepped as if she walked upon mosses, or beds of arbutus, and, gentle as she was, there was a daring frankness, a nobleness about her that won all hearts.

She had written once or twice to Edwards in answer to letters from him—frank, brotherly letters—while hers were stiff and cold, like any school girl's epistles. How could she make them otherwise? Once only she had spoken freely. When, as she had hinted to him at parting, she made over to him every dollar that was her own, as a fragment of return for what her father had deprived him of. She could not hold and enjoy a cent while such a debt remained unpaid, and her aunt decidedly approved of the step. She implored him not to refuse her the consolation of doing that much justice, since she should not think of the dead quite so hopelessly, or of the living with such a heavy load of obligation.

Edwards was deeply affected. Without a word of complaint there was a secret loneliness and sadness in the letter that touched him to the heart. His first impulse was to go and see her at once, but he had entered as junior partner in an importing house, where he had the whole business to learn. It was an unusually good position for a man with but little capital, and unaccustomed to business; but the senior partner was a friend of his father's, and he did not wish to disappoint him in his attempt to help him on in the world. They were very anxious that he should be prepared to spend a year or two in Europe with their agent, whose health was beginning to fail, and be ready to take his place. He wanted to go that autumn, and had not a day to spare. He could not visit her, but he wrote warmly and with such tender appreciation, that Mellicent wept over the letter for many long days. He could not use the money, neither could he return it, but he would fund it where it would be ready for whichever one might need it first. They must be brother and

sister in this as in everything else. Poor Mellicent! What a pang the words gave her!

When summer came, Mrs. Meyne thought it best to travel with her niece, that she might see a little of the world, and the result more than justified her hopes. At the springs and Newport Mellicent became the fashion, and learned a few little coquettish ways that became her very much. It would do now to take a house in New York for the winter, so to New York they went. Mellicent's time was mostly occupied with lessons, but she saw a little choice society, and entered with zest into such pleasures as Mrs. Meyne allowed her. She had not forgotten her father—had not forgotten to love and long for Edwards, as many a tearful night could testify; but the opera was charming, and the choice circle that filled her aunt's parlors every Thursday evening—artists, scholars, men of genius of all kinds, especially as they did homage to her in a platonic sort of way—was a pleasure expected eagerly from one week to another. It pleased her aunt to see with what a naive grace Mellicent received all the worship that was offered her, as if it was the most natural thing in the world, and with what a curious reverence old gray-headed men regarded the girl's scholarship, and simple, direct judgment of men and things. So a very pleasant winter went by for Mellicent, although she knew that Edwards had left the country while she was at the Virginia springs, and might not possibly return for years. There was a sore spot in her heart, but the world was large, and new, and beautiful.

The next summer Mellicent was introduced into society, and became the boast of her circle. Whether at the watering-places, or at home among a gay crowd of visitors, Mellicent was foremost, and it pleased her to be so. Not that she lost her singleness of heart, or her integrity. She would not be a coquette—she would not say a word that her feelings did not wholly warrant; but it was pleasant to be loved and praised, and to feel herself necessary, after a life as barren of stimulants as hers had been.

Another winter and summer found her still the same, only more matured in body and mind. She could have married scores of times, but she preferred her independent life, for Mrs. Meyne gave up to Mellicent, and only thought and cared for her. She received occasionally very kind letters from Edwards, describing the places and people he was among; very nicely written and entertaining letters, but

they vexed Mellicent, for he seemed still to think her the simple, awkward girl he had first found her, and wrote—as men often will—as if he lowered himself to her capacity. It piqued her into writing such little plain, school-girl letters as she knew he expected, though it gave her a certain sort of pain to stand on such a footing with him. Not that she imagined herself in love with him still. That time was a great way off, and was useful because it had saved her from committing the same folly towards some one who might have taken advantage of it. She could not be sufficiently thankful to him for coming in her way just at that period, but it brought a frown over the lovely brow, and a stern look over the pretty smiling lips whenever she thought of it.

In the meantime Edwards was on the high road to fortune. It took but a few months for him to learn the details of his business, and he brought into it so much energy and good judgment as to justify the predilection of his friends. Suddenly the senior partner was prostrated with incurable sickness, and Edwards was obliged to trust affairs abroad to an agent, and come home to a settlement of the business, which was too complicated to be easily settled.

After a rough voyage in early December he landed in New York, where he had some business to attend to, intending after one night's stay to go directly home. While eating his breakfast he thought of Mellicent, and reflected that he could scarcely pass through New York without calling on her. Finding a directory, he ascertained where Mrs. Meyne's dwelling was, and after rather an indifferent toilet, he called for a carriage and was set down at her door.

It was certainly a very handsome house, and there was much more splendor and taste than he had expected. Edwards mentally withdrew the "poor little thing!" with which he had coupled Mellicent's name in the carriage, and stood looking at a fine painting, when a rustling in the room attracted him. Was that Mellicent standing there—the beautiful woman with such a fair brow, such rippling folds of hair, such grace and dignity?

"I hope you succeed in identifying me," she said, with a sweet laugh, holding out the whitest little hand in the world.

Edwards remembered a very brown one, but this was not the least like that, and there were diamonds upon it, too. He took it, but did not venture to retain it long, as he would have done the other.

"You must find some excuse for my stupidity," he said, coloring. "I have thought of you always as I last saw you," and then he felt that he had said a foolish thing, and was vexed at his awkwardness.

"You didn't give me credit for much capacity for growth," she said, pleasantly, waving him to a seat with an air that would have become a queen. She was quite at ease, just happy and excited enough in seeing him again to be very brilliant, and to look (as she knew she did, and exulted in it,) very beautiful. To be sure her heart had given a great bound, and she had nearly fainted when his card was brought up; but that was only the natural consequence of the foolish feeling she had cherished for him so long, and now she was herself again. Wouldn't it be fine to bewitch him, and so pay back a little of the debt he owed her?

Edwards had never felt so ill at ease, nor appeared to so little advantage. He managed to sustain his part in the conversation, scarcely knowing what he said, and rose to go as soon as possible. He told her he should remain in the city some days, although he had intended to leave the next morning, and as he bade her good-by she asked him to accompany them to a party that night. It was at the house of a friend where they could easily introduce him, and as they were without escort it would oblige them. He promised, bowed himself out, got into the carriage, and was soon in his room, without having any definite idea of what he had been about. All day he was unfit for business. When he tried to think of anything, he saw Mellicent standing before him; now as the little brown maiden whom he had rescued from the forest, and now in sweeping silks, with bright waving hair and dazzling brow and eyes.

When the time for his appointment came, he dressed with unusual care, and entered Mrs. Meyne's parlor with a strange flutter of the heart. The hostess was richly dressed, but Mellicent was radiant. She sailed in such a halo of satin and pearls, odor of rare flowers, dazzling white neck and brow, and sunny, rippling hair, that it almost bewildered him. She just nodded a good evening to him, and held out her arm for him to fasten her bracelet with as much nonchalant grace as if he had attended parties with her for a lifetime.

"You have quite a foreign air, Mr. Edwards," she said. "Now all my beaux have a provincial look, and I'm getting a little tired

of them. I'm very glad you've come, sir," and she made a mocking little courtesy.

"She's a naughty, spoiled girl, sir," said Mrs. Meyne, with a fond look. "She was much more manageable when you and I first took her."

A slight shade flitted over the bright face. "Bygones must be bygones, auntie," she said, laying a light hand on her aunt's shoulder.

The party was like all parties—a crowd, fine clothes, music, costly flowers and supper, and very bad air. Edwards ate ices, danced, was appropriated by one pretty woman after another, but saw little of Mellicent except in a throng of admirers. She was the queen of the evening, so graceful, so gay, so beautiful that Edwards looked at her in astonishment, and asked himself if that was the broken-hearted girl who, one autumn evening, stretched out her arms to him, glad to find a refuge. She might have seen something of this in his eyes, or perhaps the contrast struck her; for later in the evening, when she took his arm for a promenade, and they were away from the crowd, she said:

"You must not think me forgetful of your old kindness if I seem indifferent, or never speak of it; but those recollections are so painful that I strive to forget them. I have an abiding sense of your goodness, and my indebtedness."

"I beg of you not to think of me in that light," he said, earnestly. "I always wished to be thought your friend. Will you give me that privilege?"

His voice had, unconsciously, a very tender cadence, that thrilled Mellicent; but she thought, "it was just so before, and he meant nothing but pity," and she hardened her heart.

"If you like crowds," she answered, with a light laugh, "my friends are legion. Really I think sometimes that I must have a list, lest I forget some of them."

"Better to be remembered in a crowd than not at all," he answered, as lightly. "Gratitude puts one so at a distance."

"Does it?" she said, absently.

"Doesn't it?" he asked, meeting her eyes with a look that brought the blood to her cheek, for he was a very handsome man, and she had loved him once with all her heart.

"I suppose it does," she said, recovering herself. "So if you want a better position, you shall go in with the dear five hundred. And here comes Mr. Jones to claim me. Remember you are promised the last quadrille."

"I wonder which of them will win her?"

thought Edwards, as he gazed. "Well, she's a prize, whoever gets her," and he sighed and then laughed at himself.

All that night, when he slept, he heard dancing, music and Mellicent's voice mingled, and saw her, now in satins and jewels, beneath blazing chandeliers, and now beneath the pine trees in the distant forest, a brown, shy maiden; but whether in hall or forest, she mocked him with laughter that somehow mingled with music, and beckoned him to her, and when he tried to go, eluded him with the same mocking laugh. Now she loved him, and twined those white arms around him, and laid her sunny head on his shoulder, until his heart beat with great bounds, and his breath came fast in his dreams; and now she pointed her finger at him, and told him to take his place in the procession of lovers with five hundred before him, and he awoke with a headache, dissatisfied with himself and everything else.

The next day was Mrs. Meyne's reception, and of course he must call on the ladies. He dressed himself carefully, and felt extremely anxious to appear well as he stepped into Mrs. Meyne's parlor. The company had already assembled, but of a different hue from the gay crowd of the evening before. Grave men, with gray hairs that covered much learning, and art, and poetry—women of high culture and simple manners. And among them all Mellicent shone pre-eminent, but still unlike the Mellicent of the night before. Calm and proud, without a bit of the playful coquetry she had bewitched him with then, she seemed far more attractive, and more in her natural element. Here her fine intellect had opportunity, too, and he listened as she talked with men much his superior in knowledge, and felt himself quite at a distance from her, and in that distance he was conscious that he loved her. No matter how short the time, or how unreasonable the passion, he had the sore, jealous longing, that could not be mistaken. When she talked with him, so cool, so graceful, he could have fallen down at her feet and worshipped her.

It was folly, as he said to himself, when he was shut into his own chamber, but then men had been just so foolish ever since the world began. Should he go home at once, and try to be cured? She was lovely and rich, but he was not without advantages. Why should he not stay awhile and try his chance with the rest? He had business that might keep him there a week; at any rate he would try his

chances like a man, and not be too hasty in returning.

In pursuance of this resolve, he called the next morning, seeing only the ladies of the house. In the evening he accompanied them to a concert, and the next day had the privilege of a *tete-a-tete* ride with Mellicent. For a week he was almost constantly in her presence, and as uncomfortable as man could be. She was cordial and social. She fascinated him with one charm after another, but there was always something in her manner that discouraged all hope.

At length his business was completed; there was no pretext for remaining longer, and he went to make his last call upon Mellicent. He felt very gloomy as he walked up the avenue and stopped at the door. He was shown into the library, where at a cabinet piano sat Mellicent, in a dim light, playing one soft air after another, and improvising between. She only smiled a good evening at him, and continued to play.

"Doesn't that sound like the pines?" she asked, leaning towards him and almost whispering. "I've been thinking of the pine trees and wishing for them. Often and often I've lain under them, and listened to hear them whisper, and wished I knew what they said. But I will not talk nonsense to such a sensible man as you any longer," and she would have risen.

"Sit still," he said. "I love to hear you play in that way, and the light accords, and your dress, too. I should think the arbutus had taken form and walked out from beneath the pines."

"Why, you're a poet!" she exclaimed. "I never gave you credit for that. When and where did you learn, Mr. Edwards?"

"You must believe that your presence inspires us all," he said, gallantly.

But her manner pained him. She was full of a willful, mocking spirit. She had been thinking as she played, of all the longing sorrow of her soul for him—of the months wasted when she should have had a girl's enjoyment, and she was angry with herself and him.

"I never gave you credit for being at all poetical," she persisted. "Hark! that trill sounds just like a robin that used to come down from the beech trees to feed when I threw him crumbs."

"What did you give me credit for, Mellicent?" he asked, more and more depressed.

"Why, you've — No, I shall not go over a list of your good points. No doubt you

know them well enough already, and no one likes to hear of their faults, so you'll have to go unlabelled. I'm sorry aunt isn't at home to-night."

"Why, Miss Mellicent?"

"Because she likes you so well."

"Perhaps I intruded," he said, proudly, rising. "But I only called to say good-by, and I may as well say it now as at any time."

"Now he's cross," she said, a little aside, "and we mustn't quarrel with any one who has been good to us, must we? Don't be vexed, Mr. Edwards, and let us part good friends. You said once we were to be brother and sister. Behold how good and how pleasant a thing—" and she drummed a few notes on the piano to finish, and held out her hand.

He was hurt, vexed, fascinated by the bright mocking smile, and stung into saying what he had not meant to, as he took the white hand and held it fast. "Mellicent, darling, may I keep it always?"

She turned red, then pale, with an emotion she could not define; but here was her revenge.

"I think you've made a slight mistake, sir," she said, coldly, drawing her hand away.

He drew a long breath, full of pain and disappointment.

"Forgive me," he said. "'Tis a mistake a man makes but once in his lifetime. I have been very presumptuous, and I must pay the penalty, but I am sorry to have troubled you. Good night."

"Good night," she said, quietly, but full of a strange tumult.

His voice was so sad, and so gentle, too; its pathos echoed through her as if she, too, was as sad. His hand was on the door. Her breath came fast and her heart beat.

"Come back!" she said. "You were very kind to me, and you must not go off in anger. Let us be friends, at least."

He took her hand—he looked in her flushed face and downcast eyes. The touch and the glance electrified him.

"Mellicent," he whispered, "you do love me!"

It was enough. The passion in his face, his voice, his touch melted all illusions. With her head on his shoulder, she sobbed:

"I have loved you always, with all my heart."

## WISHING.

BY AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

A little home is all I claim,  
A spot unknown to wealth or fame,  
Bearing an honest, humble name;

With a wife

Whose gentle features, sweet and fair,  
Show not a trace of grief or care,  
Whose heart, as radiant as her face,  
Gives to her actions ease and grace.

A little of the world's rich store,  
Yet asking, wishing nothing more;  
Contentment dwells within our door,

And our life

Is one unbroken sea of joy,  
With naught to mar, molest, annoy,  
Love, the goddess, rules each hour—  
Affection is our only dower.

Pride and envy are unknown,—  
Joy is ours, and joy alone,  
\*And our hearts are ever prone  
Still to love.

Prompted thus to kindly deeds,  
Thinking of each other's needs,  
Life glides sweetly by, and fair  
Seems each hour devoid of care.

O, 'tis happy thus to dwell,  
Bound by love's most magic spell!  
'Tis like living in a dell,

Where a stream

Murmurs by in music sweet,  
Where the birds and flowers meet;  
Song and fragrance all combined—  
Perfect bliss and joy I find.



## THE HALF-WAY OAK:

—OR,—

## THE COMBAT OF THIRTY.

BY MORRIS RUTHERFORD.

IN the beautiful province of Morbihan, one of the fairest in that western part of France, known in old time as Brittany, and famous for all the hardy valor and somewhat braggart spirit of its natives, who were for the most part engaged, during the long French and English wars, under the banners of the British Plantagenets, against the standard of the House of Valois, there lies between the towns of Ploermel and Josselin a wide expanse of heathery waste, extending for many leagues on every side, interspersed here and there, on its most elevated surfaces, with patches of old forest, occasionally intersected by deep ravines, where the streams and rivulets, tributary to the Oust, the Claye, and the Vilaine, have channelled the sandy soil of the lands, and sinking, at its lowest levels, into vast green morasses, full of all sorts of wild water-fowl which may tempt the ardent sportsman.

Most solemn and most solitary are those vast level tracts, across which the west wind sweeps uninterrupted, from its long career over the wild Atlantic, with its deep melancholy voice, in the lulls of which it requires but a small effort of the imagination to detect the wail of the Ossianic ghosts, which may well be supposed to haunt those desert heaths, on which yet stand unvisited and half-forgotten the mossy cairns and monolithic circles of the old unhallowed Druids.

Yet is there a strange quiet beauty in those long undulating levels, waving far and near with the purple blossoms of the rich russet heather, relieved here by the golden bloom of the prickly furze and the gorgeous Spanish broom, haunted by myriads of wild bees; and there by the deep emerald verdure of the feathery fern, or the brighter and more velvet-green of the treacherous morasses, from which the lonely bittern booms and the curlew screams unmolested.

Midway between the two quaint old provincial towns, above mentioned, on a conspicuous swell of ground, whereon the tufted heather has made way, over a space of a few hundred paces in circumference, for a growth of dense short mossy turf, there still stands,

huge, gray, stag-horned, and lightning-shivered, yet not wholly dead, one of the giants of the ancient forest, which, probably, before the days of Cæsar, overshadowed all those bare and barren plains, an immemorial oak.

Some fifty paces from the trunk of the grim veteran, there gushes from a little hollow in the hill side, where a richer growth of herbage, mixed with a few tall meadow rushes, and tufts of the sweet-scented water-briony, gave token of the vivifying effects of the grateful moisture, a clear, sparkling source of very cold water, which ripples away merrily over a bed of many-colored pebbles, to join a neighboring stream, the channel of which may be seen furrowing the plain toward the far bright line which marks the course of the Vilaine.

The shadow of the old oak tree, grateful in the noonday heats of a French September, and the delicious coolness of the limpid water, found here alone amid the arid and treeless waste, had rendered that spot a favorite resting-place of mine, when wearied with the pursuit of the red-legged partridge and the blackcock, which abounded on the heathery swells and coppices of oakwood, or of the snipe and woodcock, which swarmed in the marshes, long before I knew or suspected that the lone mound and the oaken canopy, to which I owed so many a noontide slumber, or half-waking day-dream, had pillowed the last sleep, and waved above the gory and disfigured forms of knights and nobles, borne down in the fierce game of spears, at the clear trumpet call of chivalry and honor.

Yet so it was, for five hundred years ago the half-way oak betwixt Josselin and Ploermel, old even then, and already a time-honored landmark, had felt its scanty foliage thrill and shiver to the keen-charging blast of the French and English trumpets, and its gray, gnarled trunk had groaned and trembled, when the earth shook beneath the furious horse-tramper of the chivalric combatants of Brittany and Britain.

Those were the saddest days—the darkest days—that ever gloomed over the fair land of France, until four centuries later the hellish

toosin of mad revolution called forth a nation of enfranchised slaves to celebrate the saturnalia of lust, and blasphemy, and blood.

The leopard banners of the dread Plantagenets floated free as the winds that shook their emblazoned folds over one-half of the provinces of France. The wild northern dialects of Yorkshire and Northumberland were as familiar as the merry *langue d'oïl*, or the soft *langue d'oc*, to the sunny shores of the Garonne, or the volcanic mountains of Auvergne. The island archery held watch and ward in half the garrisons and castles, from the *pas de Calais* and the sand-hills of the British Channel, to the rude crags of Finisterre, and the purple vineyards of the broad Garonne.

All France was alive with the clangor of trumpets and the din of arms; for when the royal armies were in the field no longer, and weariness, or want of the sinews of war, had forced the chiefs to brief inaction, the lords and seneschals of the French provinces and the commanders of the English garrisons would prosecute their private feuds, would set their arrays in fierce opposition, and fight as gallantly, as fiercely and as fatally for the possession of a frontier town or fortress, or failing these incitements for the mere winning of *los* and renown in arms, as would their monarchs for the sovereignty of a fair empire.

Never, since first the possession of Normandy and La Bretagne had been disputed to the posterity of Rolla, had the war-spirit waxed so high between the sons of France and the island invaders, in the year 1351 of the Christian era. This was in truth the very age of chivalry, and the English Edwards the highest, the truest, and the most consistent of its champions and patrons. These were the feats of knight errantry, the high and perilous emprises for the light of ladies' eyes, the punctilious and fantastic courtesies, the wondrous deeds of daring and devotion done and suffered, which are ascribed by the poets and romancers of the middle ages to the fabulous court of King Arthur and his table round, or to the early feudal days of Charlemagne. The order of the garter, the pearl chaplet of Eustache de Rebeaumonte, the captive majesty of France served on the bended knee by his bare-headed conqueror, himself the vallant son of a right vallant king, the passages of arms fought, out, a *Pouissance*, in all courtesy and grace by friendly and admiring foemen, the wild honor shown in the judicial combats, the faith that yet existed, living and real, in the honor, truth and gallantry of man, the rever-

ence for, and adoration of, the virtue and the purity of women, which pervaded every sentiment and institution of that age, as never any other, either before or since, attest those bloody years of France, the very age and body of the days of chivalry.

Nor any stranger or more famous exploit was performed in all those stirring times, than that which rendered famous, even to this very day, the old half-way oak tree of Ploermel, that even in this nineteenth century the Breton peasant of the landes, striding across the blasted heath, like some gigantic fowl of fairy legends, upon his towering stilts, pauses beneath the thin shadow of the sere oak to breathe a prayer for the brave Bretons who died there for their country's glory, or to cool his lips at those limpid waters, from which bravest Beaumanoir refrained his fiery thirst, so long as one foe stood unconquered in the lists.

About this time, Sir Thomas Daggeyorthe, a good knight, and of great renown, who was King Edward's constable in Brittany, was slain in an action with the French; and thereat the English knights and esquires, nor these only—for Sir Thomas was right well loved by the host,—but all the archers and varlets of the army, were exceeding wroth, and greatly set on vengeance, so that they filled and wasted all the country far and near, and the hamlets and open villages they fired, whenever they came into them, seeing that they might not lay hands on those who slew him to have present vengeance; and of what castles they took they admitted not the garrisons to any composition, nor held their lords or castellans to any ransom, but put them to the sword without mercy; only the ladies they harmed not. But the villains and the Jacques of the country, on whom the war had laid its hand lightly heretofore, seeing their dwellings wasted and destroyed with fire, and all their substance harried, were enforced either to fly with their families to the strong cities for succor, or else they scattered themselves abroad in the heaths and forests, and become pillars themselves, and murderers of men and violators of women, and associated themselves in armed bands, waging war on all sundry, whom they might find delivered to their hands, and they did detriment to the country more than the English or the free companions. And thereat, in their turn, the French commanders waxed wroth, for they said it was fortune of war that Daggeyorthe had fallen, and that in rude feats of arms men must need look or

such things, for it is like that some must die; but that this was no just war which the English and the companions waged, to burn open towns and hamlets, and plunder miserable peasants, and put knights and nobles to sword, whom they might hold to ransom, and so have good gain and win *los* before God and the ladies.

Now Beaumanoir was, in those days, marshal of France, and he commanded in Bretagne for King John, and Sir Miles Bemborough was governor of Ploermel for King Edward, and held it with a force of Englishmen, and some Germans and Bretons, all good and doughty men-at-arms.

And Beaumanoir, desiring that this sort of cruel war should have an end, sent to Ploermel for a passport to hold conference with Bemborough; but when they came together, nothing proceeded, save that they came to high words, and haughty, and defiance on both sides; for Bemborough had been a comrade in arms to Daggeworthe, and he denied calling the virgin and the saints to witness, that it was no fortune of war or fair fighting when Sir Thomas fell, but that he was done dishonestly to death after he had yielded himself to ransom. Then one of them proposed a combat *a l'outrance* of thirty on a side, for decision of all difference, and, at once, the place was appointed for it at the half-way oak, between Josselin and Ploermel, and the day was fixed for the 27th of March, the fourth Sunday in Lent, when they should meet, armed each as he should choose to fight it out for honor and the ladies.

The day came round, and no fairer shone that year out of heaven than that fair and fragrant Sunday, in the sweet early spring-time, when the birds were singing joyously from every spray in the thickets, when the meadow blooms were gay among the green springing grass, and when the newly budding leaves were lending a hue of verdure even to the gray and gnarled branches of the half-way oak.

With the first break of dawn came a few pages and varlets, all unarmed, with chirurgions and medicaments for the wounded, and such refreshments as might be needed by the worn and weary, and priests to shrive the dying, and smooth their road into the dark and pathless realms of the unknown.

Two large pavilions were pitched at a mile's distance, the oak midway between them; nearer than this no person, save the heralds on either side, with their pursuivants and

trumpeters, should be permitted to approach the field, lest succor of any sort, which was strictly prohibited by the terms of the cartel, should be rendered on either side by the pages or servitors of the knights, who should chance to be worsted in the *melee*.

At nine of the clock both companies made their appearance on the plain, all armed with the exception of their casques, arrayed under their proper banners, with their heralds and trumpeters before them.

That was a goodly and a glorious sight to behold, for they were all noble horsemen, and the horses they bestrode were all right handsome and strong, and full of fiery spirit; and their riders were sheathed in suits of plate and mail that blazed in the red sunlight, and they wore overcoats of silk and sarcenet, and some of cloth of silver and gold tissue, emblazoned with the bearings of their houses. And they all bare themselves bravely, sitting upright in their stirrups, with their lances erect, flashing back the sunbeams from their broad heads of Bourdeau steel. They had all confessed them yestereve, and as their souls were free from sin, so were their breasts light and confident, and their countenances joyous and full of animation, as champions' countenances should be, who do battle willingly for God and their countries' and their ladies' honor.

With Beaumanoir there rode nine knights and one-and-twenty squires, whom he had elected for their prowess. The knights were the Lord of Tinteniae, Guy de Rochesfort, Yves Charruel, Robin Raquenel, Huon de St. Yoon, Caro de Bodegat, Olivier Arrel, Geoffry du Bols, and Jehan Rousselet.

On the English side there were few knights and not many esquires, for the number of the garrison limited them, so that they were forced to admit private men-at-arms, and some free companions, and so many as ten Germans, for of Englishmen or true Bretons they could collect but twenty. But among them were some soldiers of great note; Sir Robert Knolles and Sir Hugh Calverley, two of King Edward's greatest captains, and the celebrated Breton partizan, Croquart, and Herve de Lexualen, and Richard and Hugh le Gallart, and Richard de la Lande, and two private soldiers—Hulbtee, a Breton of gigantic size and vast strength, and Biffort, a north countryman, who fought with an iron mace or mallet of twenty-five pounds weight.

Still it was clear that the English were over-matched, and Bemborough was aware of it; for before they joined battle he observed to

Beaumanoir that he had engaged in this contest imprudently, for that he had not the permission of his king so to risk the lives of his fellows. But the mareschal replied: "See thou to that. It is now too late for aught but battle. Nor will we knights of Brittany withdraw till it be proven by the lance whether we nobles of Bretagne or you knights of England have the more fair and faithful mistresses."

Then, on both sides, the champions briefly harangued their men, and Bemborough promised victory to his troops, since he declared that there was an ancient prophecy of Merlin, who was equally esteemed as seer by the English and the Bretons, to that effect. Then shrill and piercing rose the clangor of the trumpets from either end the lists, and above the din of the screaming brass, the loud voice of the poursuivants. *Faites vos devoirs, preux chevaliers, laissez aller !*

The spurs were dashed into the chargers' flanks, the lances were laid in rest, and with a shock and a clang that was heard at a league's distance, the champions met in full career.

Many a gallant horse went down, many a saddle was emptied, and many a proud crest sank, five to rise no more, and these all Bretons. But scarce had the dust cleared away from the shock, ere the clang of arms recommenced; and fiercer and more deadly at close quarters, with short weapons, now between mounted and dismounted, wounded and unwounded, but all undaunted champions, rallied and ruled the fray. Two hours raged it thus. The dash of the two-handed broadswords on burgonets and bucklers still rang unwearied as the din of hammers on the armorers' stithies. And the wild war-cries, "France and St. Denys," "St. George for Merry England," pealed to the skies, mixed with the gathering cries of the noble horses and the ensenzies of the individual champions.

There was a pause, for though human valor might hold out, human strength could endure no longer. The trumpets sounded a recall, and reluctantly, though but for a while, the warriors parted.

Of the Bretons twelve had been slain outright, and three men had been carried from the field desperately wounded. Of the English fourteen lay dead in their harness on the plain; not one had left the field, though two or three could scarcely drag their limbs along under the weight of their harness. After brief pause and short refreshment, the trumpets again flourished for the attack, and maddened by the din, again the champions met.

On either side there were now left but six knights mounted, and these again charged headlong. Bemborough, wounded thrice already, met Beaumanoir in full career, and splintered his lance fairly on his crest; but his own charger went down, and ere he could recover his feet, his helmet and the stout head within it were shattered by an axe in the hands of the Lord of Tintenlae. Calverley, Knolles and Croquart, all three unhorsed their antagonists, but their own chargers were killed at the same instant by the footmen of the Bretons. At the end of that charge, there was left but one champion who yet kept his destrier, Walter de Montmorenci, an esquire of the Bretons, and he was so sorely hurt that he was forced to draw out of the melee for a while, until he might staunch his wounds and bind them with his scarf.

But Croquart, when he saw Bemborough go down, rallied the English in a solid circle, shouting to them cheerily: "Companions, think not now of Merlin or his prophecies, but depend on your courage and your arms. Hold well together, be firm, and fight as I do!"

Then thrice up went the sturdy English cheer, and betaking themselves to their battle-axes, they dealt such shrewd and heavy blows that no casques or corselets might withstand them, and though they were the fewer in number, the Bretons might make no impression on their phalanx.

Beaumanoir, faint with thirst, and weak with loss of blood, reeled toward the little source, intending to refresh his failing strength and return to the fray recruited, when Geoffrey du Bois caught him by the arm, and shouted: "*Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir ; tu n'aurais plus de soif !*" (Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir; so shalt thou thirst no more.) And half blind with agony and anger, he reeled back into the *melee*, dealing blows at hazard.

At this instant, just as the Bretons were despairing, and the English all but triumphant, a fierce shout was heard, and the tramp of a charging stallion.

"A Montmorenci to the rescue!" and the coal-black war-horse, whitened with foam flakes as with a snow-storm, and reeking with gore from spur-galls and sword-cuts, plunged into the little English band, yanking out his heels, biting furiously, and overthrowing men on all sides. Calverley, who fronted his charge, was overthrown by a blow of his iron chamfront; a side croupade struck Knolles to the ground; Croquart was brought to his knee by

a sweep of the rider's broad-sword. All three were mastered and made prisoners ere they could recover their footing. Their comrades were slain to a man. That chance charge of Montmorenci settled the debate. The Breton lords were masters of the day—the Breton

ladies fairest. For this died twenty-seven Englishmen and nineteen Bretons. The vanquished lost no honor. Tintennae, by the Bretons' conquest of the British, had the prize of valor. Such was the combat of the thirty by the old oak of Ploermel.

## LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY GEO. H. SEYMOUR.

Within this Album are enshrined  
Gems of Thought, and flowers of Mind.  
In India's Isle are precious gems,  
Sought for by king and queen;  
But gems more rare, beyond compare,  
In this Album may be seen.

There are flowers fair and fragrant,  
'Neath the bowers of the crowned;  
But flowers more fair than e'er bloomed there  
In this Album may be found.

All earthly gems but please the eye,  
And may be bought for gold;  
But the gems of Thought can ne'er be bought,  
Which this Album doth enfold.

All flowers of earth will fade and die,  
And lose their sweet perfume;  
But the flowers of mind which are enshrined  
In this Album, shall ever bloom.

## THE MARRIAGE DAY AND THE DEATH DAY.

### A TALE OF FRANCE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

ALL France was astir with bridal preparations. Never before had been the taste and skill of *artistes* so taxed to produce pleasing effects as well as magnificence. Jousts and tournaments, dancing, banners flying, fountains playing, milk and honey for the populace! in short, luxury, extravagance and profusion of every sort, flowed on to celebrate the nuptials of the young Duc d'Orleans, brother to the reigning monarch, Charles VI. with the beautiful heiress of Lombardy, Valentina Visconti.

Out from that nest of vipers, called "the Lords of Milan," came forth the sweetest, loveliest of created beings. They were of the family of the Sforzia; and, like that of Borgia, combined talents and culture with atrocious and horrible traits of character. Amidst these disgraces to human nature, the sister, Valentina Visconti (the family name, derived from the hereditary office of vicars to the emperor), the bride of the Duc d'Orleans, was the purest and best of women; too good, alas! for the fate that awaited her in becoming the wife of the French duke.

Her reception this day by the subjects of Charles, was the most enthusiastic imaginable. She was to wed their beloved Louis—he who, in spite of his faults, was dearer far than the monarch himself—the very darling of the people, unworthy as he was.

Indifferent to the charming woman whom he had married—cold and inconstant as the wintry wind—she soon found that her life in France was to be a lonely and desolate one. Her only solace for years was a child—and that child not her own. Gabriel de Blois was the natural son of Louis. His mother had been deserted and forgotten—left to die in her shame and repentance; but the child—a pretty boy, the plaything of the courtiers—the pet of Louis himself—sometimes the scapegoat upon which his ill temper vented itself.

The Lady Valentina had brought to Louis a rich inheritance in lands—a greater, far greater, in herself, had he known how to appreciate her. She did not complain, even to him—not even to her own children did she say that her husband had wronged her; but, as the young Gabriel de Blois grew up to

know and feel his mother's injuries, she could not conceal from him that she, too, had wrongs to feel. From that moment, Gabriel clung to her as to a mother, and his sympathy was too real and too tender to be rejected. His situation about her as a page, gave him the right to be with her, and no one knew or suspected that he was in her confidence. Gabriel adored her still more, when he knew her sufferings, and wept with pity and indignation when he saw the neglect with which the duke treated her. For her own part, she truly loved the desolate boy. Not even her own children were more tenderly cherished.

Louis prided himself greatly on his beautiful horses; and at a hunting party, he signified his pleasure that his wife should ride a favorite steed which had proved somewhat unmanageable. She was averse to doing so, and manifested her unwillingness; but, unused to contradiction, he merely repeated his wishes in the form of a command, and she was obliged to submit, although shrinking from the attempt to manage so high-spirited a charger. Had she been a vain woman, she might have revelled in the admiration she excited when she joined the gay cavalcade that set forth to the forest that morning. The pure paleness of her complexion had given place to a rich color arising from the excitement of holding in the spirited charger. Her superb riding-dress and hat were of dark green, the latter with long, white plumes, half shading her face. The horse was a splendid gray, covered with a saddle-cloth of crimson, bordered with gold lace. After her rode Gabriel with a tunic of the same colors she wore herself. His horse was also gray, but much smaller than hers. The boy's resemblance to Louis was so marked, that strangers always supposed that the duchess was his own mother.

Of all that gay throng, the lady and the boy were alone sad and melancholy. Shouts of silvery-toned laughter rang through the forest arches, and were echoed from the mountains around; but no one heard the sound of Valentina's sweet voice, or that of the sad-eyed page.

"The duchess is lovely, is she not?" asked a voice near her, as some thickly branched trees hid her from the speaker.

"Lovely? O, yes. Well may the duke be proud of her."

"He proud! proud of her?"

"How strangely you speak! Who would not be proud of such a glorious woman?"

"Any one but Duke Louis. But he is too selfish to be proud of aught but himself; and if he thinks of her at all, it is as belonging to him, just as the horse she rides belongs to him."

"And is there no affection in his heart for that beautiful lady?"

"Affection! Love! They are two sealed words to him. What was the love he bore to the mother of that poor boy who rides with the duchess to-day? By heaven! It maddens me when I think of that poor woman, sacrificed to his passions, and then thrown upon the world, like a weed, to wither beneath its scorn."

"I knew nothing of this. It happened when I was abroad, I suppose. Where is the boy's mother?"

"In her grave. Her love and faith, her trust in man, almost her hope in God, were lost, crushed by the foot of that man yonder; and, stung to the soul by treachery and wrong, she laid down and died. Her life had been but a living martyrdom, and she sank beneath it. Think what it must have been to her, the daughter of a man, who, when Louis was snarling under the contempt which his sins were drawing upon him from others, gave him a helping hand to attempt to lead him back to virtue! And how was he rewarded? By the deliberately planned ruin and desertion of his own daughter! There are specious names for these sins in a corrupt court—but I believe they will be known and punished in another world!"

Not a word had been lost by the lady or her page. One look at the boy's face showed to her what were his mingled feeling of shame and indignation. Tears of bitterness were coursing each other down his beautiful cheeks, and his agitation was such as to alarm the duchess for his reason. She spoke to him kindly and soothingly:

"Gabriel, my dear, dear boy! This is hard for you, I know; but bear it bravely. There is a world above, where the wrong shall be made right. God grant that we may meet there, when our day of trial is over."

Her own tears prevented her saying more, but she looked at him with inexpressible tenderness.

"Ha! crying here, my lady duchess?" said a voice, rude and rough in its tones. "What has come to pass? Both of you! Come, this is a little too theatrical an exhibition for my taste. Home with you, at once."

They needed no second bidding, to leave a



place where it seemed as if the very trees whispered of the unworthiness of one to whom both were so nearly, yet so unhappily, bound; and prepared to obey. But Louis caught a glimpse of the unusual beauty which her tears and agitation produced, and called her back.

"Here! I'll take a turn with you through the forest. Knowing what an affectionate couple we are, no one will be surprised to see us together."

She would fain have been spared the remarks which she knew would be upon her unwonted appearance by his side; but her purpose was always to obey him, whom she could neither love nor honor. She rode on with him, encountering various groups of courtiers. Gabriel, who kept as closely to her as he dared, noticed that, while they looked at the duchess with respect and admiration, they made but stiff obeisance to the duke. A deep love and pity towards the woman who had been the only mother he had ever known, filled the heart of the young page, and he even grudged the moments which her heartless husband claimed her.

The forest had been skirted by the riders, and Louis had rudely told Gabriel to take his mistress home. The rough command brought tears to the boy's eyes.

"He calls himself my master, too," he said, proudly, "yet he cannot shake off the shame of being my father. Would to God, lady, that I could forget that I am his son!"

"Hush, dear Gabriel! it is not your fault that you belong to him."

"But, O, lady! do you know the agony I endure in hearing my mother's name spoken of as I often do? My poor mother! I am only too deeply thankful that her young life ended, and she was spared the misery she must have undergone through him."

Valentina sighed. She had heard that sad tale, since she became the wife of Louis. Had she known it before, she would never have become his wife. She knew now, how that lovely and beautiful girl—scarce more than a child, and the daughter of a man whom Louis should have spared such a blow—a man who took him by the hand when others deserted him—had been basely betrayed, and had died from very shame.

"God helping me, I will never desert that woman's son," had been her firm response to the sad story.

When Gabriel handed the duchess from her horse, he observed that she was very pale, and

that she could with difficulty walk to the door of the palace. He attended her up the grand staircase, and found that she was still half fainting. Tenderly, the boy bore her to her room and summoned her attendants. The exertions of the day had been too much for her delicate frame, already weakened by the troubled spirit within. From that day she faded; and she never appeared in public afterward.

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The "Lords of Milan," bad and wicked as they were, had performed one atoning work in their lives—perhaps the only one that ever came from their hands. This was the Grand Cathedral of Milan.

The sick heart of the invalid longed to be once more within the consecrated walls of the cathedral. It was the only spot on earth that seemed a home to her darkened spirit. And once when Louis was absent, she took with her Gabriel and her own youngest child, and looked once more upon her native towers.

The reaction was too much for the invalid, worn out as she was in mind and body. While in Milan, the fasts she performed were too severe and protracted. It seemed as if she was conscious that the end was near, and that she was approaching the heavenly home.

Her strength failed rapidly, but she rallied sufficiently to go back to France—to that country where her young life had been blighted and her young heart broken. Meantime, where was Louis?

A large and splendid apartment, hung with pictures and furnished with superb couches—carpets so thick that no footfall could be heard, and curtains that shut out the sweet sunlight—garlanded with flowers and full of perfume, that floated over the senses like airs from Araby. It was occupied by several persons, among whom was Louis of Orleans. Beside him sat a beautiful woman, the star of the season, and near him were several gay courtiers, most of them married men, yet their wives had never entered here. Brilliant dresses, floating plumes, and diamonds that would have bought an empire—the gifts of profligate men to lost women—might have been seen in that gorgeous room, where the wine-cup sparkled redly, and the ribald jest intermingled with songs that would have shocked any ears but those already too much accustomed to vice. And in all this, the Duke, of Orleans was, if not the leader, the one most looked up to as the approver of the ribaldry—as a connoisseur in the divine art of

music which they were thus desecrating. And this too, when his wife was dying!

The sunset clouds had faded from their gorgeous hue, and the last lingering beauty shone upon the sweet face that was so near the skies. Only Gabriel and one faithful attendant watched her, as she lay, half raised by pillows, with her eyes fixed upon the departing radiance. One star after another came forth like infant births of light; while, slowly, in the east, the half moon appeared, like a bark of pearl in the dark blue ocean of heaven. She had parted with her children, and now lay, awaiting the summons to go home. Death was very near; but, to her it was not the King of Terrors, but as an angel, flower-crowned.

She lay, quiet and serene, save for a few moments, when her attendant had been administering some cooling draught. Her thoughts, at that moment, seemed to have wandered back to the old days, for she had called for Louis to bring her water. But as it touched her lips, she cried out:

"It is poisoned! Louis, you have poisoned me!"

It had passed away—this momentary delirium—and Valentina was herself again, calm, sweet and sad as ever; the same clear eyes that shone from their serene depths when she was welcomed as the bride of Louis. Death sometimes brings such loveliness at the last hour.

"My darling!" she said to the weeping

boy beside her; "my darling, I need not ask you to remember one who has tried to be a mother to you. You will do so, I know; but O, Gabriel! will you pay back to my children the love and watchfulness I have given you? Is it asking too much? I know well that their natures are not so loving as yours, but, for my sake, Gabriel, give them such love as brother may give to brother. That you are their brother, is no fault of yours. Nay, cease these passionate tears for me. Would you call me back when I am so near to heaven?"

Gabriel promised; but she had a harder request to make of him, before she died.

"My poor boy! promise me that you will forgive him who has injured us all so much?"

There was no answer. All Gabriel's long pent-up indignation against his mother's destroyer, against him who could thus desert a dying wife, was bursting forth. The pale hand, now chill with the dews of dissolution, was laid upon his, as she said:

"Gabriel, I am dying! Will you forgive your father?"

The boy threw his arms about her, and wept out his promise. When he raised his head, all was still. "There sat the shadow feared of man." She who had endured the soul's martyrdom for years, had glided into eternal joy, to suffer no more, forever.

"O, never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber when  
He giveth His beloved sleep!"

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## THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

~~~~~  
BY AMELIA COOKE.  
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With muffled drums and measured tread,  
And arms reversed, they bore the dead,  
From the battle's din and world of pain,  
When the thread of his life had been snapped in  
His cap, sash, belt, and trusty sword [twain—  
(The best beloved of his simple hoard  
Of relics), now his coffin crowned:—  
They could only part in the charnel ground.

Though his funeral notes are passing sweet,  
From him they will no rapture meet;  
The martial strains may fill the air,  
But not disturb the slumberer there.

Play on, play on,—he sleeps too well  
To hear the music's melodious swell,  
Or the tramping of feet upon the ground;  
He'll not wake till the last trumpet's sound.

When the prayer was said, and the requiem played,  
In the bosom of earth the warrior laid,  
About the spot the soldiers pressed,  
Where the bones of their comrade were put to rest.  
And eyes grew dim, and tongues were mute,  
As they fired their thrice farewell salute.  
That meed was due, and they paid the "brave,"  
And left him alone in his soldier grave.

## THE LITTLE WATER-WHEEL.

## A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

## CHAPTER I.

"I do declare, I never saw his match in my life. I don't believe it is possible to make him understand anything. If Nature don't see fit to furnish children with brains, I don't know how I can do it. I think I am entirely excusable if such scholars don't learn."

I said this in my heart—very impatiently, I fear, leaning wearily upon my school desk, for I was nearly exhausted with my nineteenth fruitless effort to make Joseph Harris understand the mysteries of "Long Division."

Suddenly I became aware of the reappearance of my brainless pupil,—a slight-built lad of eleven summers, with small, thin features, and an air of painful timidity—who said, in a half-frightened way:

"Mother wants to know if you will come up to tea. I forgot it."

If he had said, "Miss Mason, I have stolen your purse," it could scarcely have cost him a greater effort to address me. I was touched by his diffidence; he seemed so entirely conscious of his own infirmity; so I smiled pleasantly, to re-assure him, but the effort was lost, for he did not look up. He kept his eyes fixed on the ground, blushing deeply.

"Tell your mother I will come with pleasure," I replied, as cordially as possible.

The words were scarcely uttered before he was out of sight. He seemed to feel that the very presence of such a dunce must be exceedingly offensive to me.

"Poor boy! how sensitive he is," I mused, pondering upon the infinite diversity of character that teachers are expected to understand and judiciously control.

There were never two children in the world just alike, so there are no two children to whom the same discipline can properly be administered. And yet if a country school teacher fails, in any degree, to treat Mrs. Blarney's boisterous, impudent boys precisely as she does Mrs. Meek's gentle, inoffensive girls—Fates and Furies, what a time!

I found Mrs. Harris a pleasant, bustling woman, quite lady-like and entertaining. She had four children, of whom Joseph was the eldest. The three younger ones were very pretty, and seemed brighter and more spright-

ly than Joseph, and the mother was evidently quite proud of them.

Mr. Harris was an independent farmer, and one of the first citizens of the town; but he was very quiet and reserved, and it was easy to see from whom Joseph inherited his timid sensitiveness.

The supper was delicious—delicate cream biscuit, with fresh butter, early strawberries and real cream, blanc mange garnished with ruby jelly, and beautifully-frosted fruit cake. Everything was pleasant, the children well-behaved and happy, except Joseph, who seemed embarrassed and ill at ease. His food seemed to choke him, as though he could not bear my presence; and if I spoke to him, he would blush and stammer in a painful manner.

After tea, the children were sent out to play, and Mrs. Harris sat down with me in the parlor for a social chat. Our theme, of course, was the children.

"I know Joseph will be a dreadful trial to you," said the mother, with a sigh. "We have given up all hope of his ever learning anything—he never could. He had a fall when he was little, and hurt his head, and sometimes I think that is what ails him. He seems quite bright about some other things, and has a good memory, but he can't seem to do anything with books."

"Perhaps he will do better by-and-by," I responded, though I saw little chance for hope, to be sure.

"How do you get along with Willy?" she asked, in a tone of relief, as much as to say, "I know very well what you will say," and I said it heartily.

"He is the very brightest little scholar in the school, Mrs. Harris. I really think he has not had an imperfect recitation since the school commenced."

"He was always just so; could read as well at three years as Joseph could at six, and will learn a lesson better in five minutes than Joseph can in a week. We shall try and give Willy an education, he is so quick and bright; but Joseph—well, he will have to learn a trade, or stay on the farm, I suppose. I'm sure I don't see how I happened to have such a dunce in my family—he certainly didn't take

it from me. Sometimes I can scarcely be reconciled to it."

Willy came in and went to his mother's side. He was a child to be proud of, with his clear, bright eyes and fine brow. The mother put back his hair with a fond gesture, and said:

"Has my little son got all his lessons for to-morrow?"

"Yes, mother; I got them all before I came home from school," he answered, with an unmistakable air of pride.

"And what is Joseph doing?"

"O, he's out in the wood-house poking over his 'rithm'tic. Mother, mayn't I go in swimming? All the boys are going."

"Yes, dear, you may go, because you have been so good to get your lessons."

She kissed him fondly, and looked out of the window after him with a look that seemed to say, "*He* is my hope and pride."

But somehow my heart had taken a strange and sudden impulse towards the poor brainless child, "poking over his 'rithm'tic, out in the wood-house;" struggling on alone and uncared for against his own mental dullness; persevering in the darkness, when all around him had ceased to hope; still striving over those perplexing figures, intricate as the mazes of the Cretan Labyrinth. The troop of boys as they reached the gate, paused and called to him:

"Come, Joe, we are going to have some high fun. You better go."

And I heard him shout back, "Not to-night. I haven't got my lesson."

Here was strength of character. The dull scholar possessed a power of concentrated perseverance worthy a philosopher. Whatever his lack of mental capacity; however fruitless his efforts; though he finally despair, from that moment, to me, the dunce had become a hero. He seemed the impersonation of that dream of our favorite poet—"Excelsior"—and though he finally perish among the glaciers, uncared for and unknown, he was no less worthy an immortal song.

Next day I watched him more narrowly. He scarcely looked up from his books, but studied intensely; yet when he came to recite it was the same old story—he could scarcely answer a question, yet each time he missed there was such a look of mental pain, a contraction of the brow, and a flood of crimson over his face, that my heart fairly ached for him.

Willy scarcely seemed to study at all. A few minutes were enough for him to commit

his lessons, and in everything except the multiplication table he was already superior to Joseph, although two years younger.

Among the general exercises of the school, I had one in addition, in which all the scholars who could handle figures with ease, would strive to see who could add numbers with the greatest rapidity and correctness, and at the close I would give the name of the most successful scholar.

To-day, I noticed, for the first time, that Joseph Harris joined in this exercise with a great deal of quiet interest, although he did not raise his slate, as the other scholars did, to indicate that he had obtained the result. I could scarcely realize that "the dunce" could have made any proficiency in this branch, but carelessly took my stand near him, where I could look over his slate. I gave out a longer column of figures than usual, and just as I had obtained the sum and was marking it on my paper, I looked on Joseph's slate, and judge of my astonishment to see him already marking down the correct result! and that, too, several seconds before any slate was raised. I thought it must be an accident, but six successive experiments soon showed that it was no chance. And when, as usual, I announced the name of the scholar who had excelled all others in accuracy and despatch as *Joseph Harris*, there was a breathless silence, and the poor child, as much surprised as any one, looked up in a bewildered way and hid his face on his desk. When he looked up again there was no trace of vanity on his face, but a beautiful look of hope and courage, as he turned again to "Long Division."

After school I stayed to assist him again in this difficult matter. I soon found that he was quite as ready and accurate in multiplication as addition, and when I expressed some surprise that he could master these so well, and yet could not understand Long Division, he said, timidly:

"I can't learn easy, but I can learn anything after I once understand it."

I began to see the way. Some scholars, parrot-like, could learn page after page of rules and mere words without comprehending them, but he must understand first. Acting upon this suggestion, I was soon able to furnish a clue to this mathematical labyrinth, and I could see that he was beginning to understand.

"If I can only understand it once, I can get along well enough," he said, eagerly.

He now showed a manly dignity in my pres-

ence that I had never seen before. He began to feel that he was not an object of contempt to me,—that I really cared for and sympathized with him.

I bade him take courage. I told him there was no royal road to knowledge, and that his severe struggles would render him all the stronger and better able to overcome the difficulties of future study. I did not fully realize the deep truth of this myself.

"It is all up-hill work," I added, laying my hand on his, "and you must fight your way with the sword of perseverance and the shield of patience, and, if I am not mistaken, you know how to use both, Joseph."

"I mean to keep trying, for I do want to be a good scholar," and he choked down the tears that my words of kindness and encouragement had brought to his eyes. The spirit of hope and ambition that lighted up his face made it almost beautiful.

## CHAPTER II.

AFTER this, Joseph Harris got safely into Compound Numbers, and in two months he had entirely conquered all the long, hard tables. But no student ever studied harder over Greek verbs or the problems of Euclid.

In October I had a long vacation, which I improved by roaming through the groves and fields, with some congenial book. One of my favorite haunts was by a dashing little stream that rippled through the forest and fell with a great deal of noisy splashing down over the rocks into a sort of basin, forming a beautiful cascade. It made a monotonous music that I loved, and I often lingered there.

One day I was half reclining against the mossy roots of an old storm-beaten oak, deep in the plot of "Ivanhoe," when a voice on the other side of the waterfall roused me.

"Well, sir, what do you think of that? I suppose that's an overshot wheel, and I am going to see if the thing will work. Just be patient about five minutes, while I fasten the framework between the rocks, and then we'll see. You must excuse the looks of it, for I never saw such a wheel, only the picture of one in a book, and I thought I would try it. I rather liked the idea—thought it might carry a mill as well as the old water-wheel down to Sawyer's mills. If it goes, I am going to put on a saw to-morrow, and have a regular saw-mill. I expect I shall build mills some day—perhaps factories, and all that—who knows? Father told me of a man who didn't know how to read when he was nineteen, who

worked his way through college, and became a great man, and I don't begin to be such a dunce as that. Ha! ha! Wouldn't it be jolly, now, if I should turn out a smart fellow after all? I guess some folks would stare, don't you?—mother, for instance, and Will, and Miss Mason. It would be a joke on them, though. Now put up the sluice, and let on the water. There. O, cracky! how she goes! Now let's give three cheers, and I'll stand treat on doughnuts and apples all round. I'll be switched if I don't."

I heard the gurgles and rush of the little water-wheel, and listened for the three cheers from the spectators, but only one voice rung out its brave "hurrah!"—the voice of Joseph Harris. I peeped through the branches of the trees to see whom he had been addressing so earnestly, and found that his audience consisted of but two persons—himself and me. In other words, he had been thinking aloud.

I remained quiet until he went away. After examining his rude handiwork, I candidly arrived at the conclusion that the dunce was a genius, and had enough go-ahead-itiveness to make a mark in the world.

Next evening I thought I would visit the saw-mill again. Upon the way I met Mr. Harris with another gentleman. He greeted me very cordially, and introduced his friend, Mr. Jeffries.

"Have you seen my Joseph on the road, Miss Mason?" he inquired. "I want to send him to the post-office."

"No, sir; but if you have a mind to go with me, I think I can find him for you. Did you ever know how interested he is in mechanics?"

Mr. Harris looked surprised.

"I know he is always whittling wind-mills and wheels, and getting up something with motive power. I tell him I suppose he is striving after the unattainable perpetual motion. Joseph is a poor scholar, but he is bright enough."

"He would be scarcely worthy of his father if he were not interested in mechanics," remarked Mr. Jeffries.

"True, Jeffries. It was the great error of my life that I took to farming."

We found Joseph standing by the cascade with flushed cheeks and eyes bright with excitement, watching the working of his saw-mill. He had made a saw by filing out the blade of a knife, and it was working merrily.

He was considerably abashed when he saw us. No one spoke to him but me as we stood

looking at his work. He stood fearless and proud, waiting the issue. His father smiled in a quizzical way, and at length said:

"So you have turned millwright, Joseph?"

"Where did you ever see such a wheel as that?" asked Mr. Jeffries.

"In a book. I couldn't do it very well. I only wanted to see how it would work. I was going to put on a carriage, like those down to the mills, and then, you see, it will saw boards out of potatoes and beets, and such logs."

How we all laughed. Then Mr. Harris and Mr. Jeffries talked together in a low tone, in which I could distinguish the words "remarkable genius," "wonderful talent" from the lips of the stranger.

In the meantime Joseph was trying to explain the matter to me. If there was one thing more than another that I never could understand, it was machinery. I could see very well how the water turned the funny little wheel, but I could not see what made the saw go up and down. He went over it two or three times, but it was no use. I took off my hat in a burst of merriment, threw it on the ground, and exclaimed:

"Ah, Josie, you know I thought you a very dull boy in Long Division—but who's the dunce now?"

We all laughed again. Then Mr. Harris said to me, very seriously:

"Miss Mason, my boy has had a kind friend in you. No one else ever appreciated him. No one ever had such patience with his dullness. You have encouraged him, and given him a new impulse. I have long been aware of it, and now I want to thank you for it." Then turning to his friend, he added: "You are right, Jeffries. The boy shall have an education."

I went away. Six years passed. I was living in the very shades of the classic Harvard. One morning, as I walked down the street, a student stopped me.

"Were you not Miss Mason?" he asked, eagerly.

"That certainly was my old name—but you?"

"My benefactress! But you will scarcely remember Joseph Harris?"

"O, no; of course I don't remember the overshot wheel, and Long Division, and the two dunces. I forgot them years ago."

What a merry time we had. I asked him how he progressed in his studies.

"After the same old fashion," he said, "slow and sure."

"And where is my bright-eyed little Willy? Graduated, I suppose."

"Scarcely. Willy was too bright. He learned so easily that he never could put his mind to hard study. You know that there must come a time to the readiest scholar when mathematics requires application, determined effort, and hard thinking. My little brother failed then. He had never learned to "dig" in his books. While I, who had long been used to severe study, was not so easily discouraged. I have found out that it is not the quick and apt scholar that does best in the end. He is discouraged at difficulties; but it is the sword of perseverance and the shield of patience that conquers in this battle. When I was despairing you gave me courage. If I had given up then, I should not have been here."

Afterwards I inquired of him of Professor

"Ah, do you know him?" said he, with a bright look. "The best scholar in the whole school in all sorts of mathematical sciences. Quite a prodigy, and a most indefatigable student. He is quite competent to instruct the class in natural philosophy, though he is the youngest member. We shall hear from him again."

He is a man now. He studied some with Mr. Jeffries, who was an eminent machinist, and now he is building iron-clads after an improved model of his own invention. His name stands high at the Patent Office. If I had given his real name you would all have known it. But I have only told a simple tale, to show that earnest, untiring perseverance will overcome all possible obstacles.

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### THE HAND.

With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, reckon, confess, express fear, express shame or doubt; we instruct, command, invite, swear, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, defy, disdain, flatter, exalt, regale, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, gladden, afflict, discomfort, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not, with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the movements of the tongue.

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A dull day and an empty pocket, and being in love, affect a man's spirits most seriously.



## The Florist.

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### Anemones.

Anemones continue longer after bloom in a state of vegetation than ranunculuses, probably because of their greater degree of succulency; and even at the proper time to take them up, it will sometimes happen, that part of their foliage will not be entirely divested of greenness and moisture; when it thus happens, which it does more frequently in rainy or wet seasons, much skill is necessary to ascertain the critical period to take up the roots; for if they are suffered to remain too long, especially if the season be moist, they will shoot afresh, and be materially weakened and injured; it is indeed better to take them up too early, than suffer them to vegetate in this manner, but the roots will not be so firm and solid as if done at the exact time. The safest and most effectual method to preserve them from these disagreeable consequences, is to keep off all heavy rains after the bloom is quite over, by means of mats and hoops, but on no account suffer the ground to become too dry; the roots will then regularly and gradually mature, and the foliage in due time will become brown and dry, which will point out the true time to take up the roots, and this will usually happen to be about a month after bloom.

### Carnations.

Fine carnations in pots should be watered according to their necessities, and as their flower stems advance, small neat sticks, for their support, should be placed, one in each pot, to which they are to be tied; these ought to be at least three feet long, tapering a little from the bottom to the top, and painted green; they should be substantial and straight, and their lower ends are to be forced into the earth in the centre of each pot, sufficiently deep and firm not to be shaken loose by the wind. As the stems continue advancing in height, the tying is to be repeated at about every five or six inches. The pots may be removed to the stage, and remain there till the time of bloom. If any small, green winged insects appear on the stems or foliage of the plants, they must be effectually extirpated, either by washing the infested parts with a strong infusion of tobacco-water, or dusting some Scotch or fine snuff over them early in the morning, whilst yet wet with the dew of the night.

### Wall-Flowers and Gillyflowers.

The fine double wall-flowers, and double stock-gillyflowers, may now be propagated by young slips of the present year: choose those of short and robust growths, from four to five, or six inches long, and let them be carefully slipped or cut with a

knife from the mother plants. Take the lower leaves off, so that there may be two, three, or four inches of a clean stem to each, and plant them in a shady border or in pots, inserting them into the earth up to their leaves; then give some water, and be particular to shade them from the mid-day sun till they have taken root. Water them occasionally during summer, and in September, such as are planted in borders may be taken up with balls of earth and potted, in order to lie placed in frames, etc., for protection from the winter frosts. The double varieties are accidentally produced from seed, and it is very rare to meet with such among seedling plants of the wall-flower, perhaps not one out of five hundred would prove double, but the gillyflowers produce numbers of double flowers from seed, especially if it is saved from semi-double varieties; the full double never producing any.

### Pinks.

Pinks, during the time of bloom, should be defended from the sun by an awning of some kind, and the soil ought to be kept regularly moist by soft water, administered between the plants, carefully avoiding to wet the blossoms. The most approved method of propagating pinks, is by piping them as directed for carnations; they seldom fail to strike sufficient root in two or three weeks; when well rooted, they may be transplanted into an open part of the garden, on a bed of common garden mould, fresh dug up, where it will in a few weeks be easily discernible which are the most proper to place on the best bed for bloom. The time to pipe pinks is immediately previous to, or during the bloom, or, indeed, as soon as the new shoots are grown of a sufficient length for that purpose. The surest and readiest way, however, is to lay down the shoots two inches under the soil immediately after flowering.

### Thinning and supporting Flowering Plants.

Wherever annual flower seeds have been sown in patches, and have grown too thick, they must be thinned to proper distances, according to their respective habits of growth, so as to allow them the fullest liberty to attain their utmost perfection. Place sticks for the support of the various kinds that require it, whether annual, perennial, biennial, or climbing plants. Cut off, close to the ground, the decaying flower stems of such perennial plants as are past flowering, and clear the roots from dead leaves; but where intended to save seed from any of the kinds, leave for that purpose some of the principal stems. Trim, dress, and tie up any disorderly growing plants, pick off all withered leaves, and cut out decayed parts.

## The Housewife.

### Roast Beef.

A piece of beef weighing ten pounds requires two hours to roast. Allow ten minutes to every pound over or under this weight. Do not put the meat too close to the fire at first. When half done, turn the fat out of the roaster; then baste the meat with the drippings two or three times. Do not salt or flour it until nearly done. Just before dish- ing, dredge on a little salt and flour, baste it well, and set it close to the fire to froth. The second cut of the surloin, the second cut of the ribs, and the back of the rump, are considered the best parts for roasting.

### Beefsteak.

A rump steak is the best; a surloin is the next best. To broil a steak requires a quick fire. If cooked by a range, it should be put in front, and not on the top. Never use a fork to turn the steak, nor salt it while cooking. A steak half an inch thick requires ten minutes, and one an inch thick requires fifteen minutes. Have ready a hot dish; put the steak into it, and a little butter upon both sides; salt and pepper to suit the taste; adding a little tomato catsup to the gravy improves it.

### Boiled Salmon.

Salmon should be well cleansed, but not soaked in water; rub a little salt into the body; flour a cloth, and pin it up, and put it into boiling water. For a piece weighing six pounds, after it begins to boil, let it boil about half an hour. Serve it with drawn butter and eggs, or lemon fish sauce, or lobster sauce.

### Boiled Halibut.

Some like the tail best, but the next cut is nicest, and a much handsomer piece to dish. Rub a little salt over it, and lay it in cold water a little while; then wash it, and scrape it very clean; put it into a floured cloth, and then into boiling water. A piece weighing eight pounds will require thirty-five minutes to cook.

### Broiled Mackerel.

Split it down the back; sprinkle it with a little salt at night; the next morning wash off the salt, wipe it dry, and broil it before a quick fire; put the outside to the fire first. When done, spread over it some butter, and send it to the table very hot.

### Lemon Pie.

Grate the rind off two lemons; peel off the white skin; chop the lemon up fine; add two cups of sugar; beat up two eggs, and stir it all together. Roll out thin a rich paste; line a tin plate with it, and fill it half full with the lemon; then roll out another thin crust, cover it, and fill up the pie with the lemon; cover it with a rich puff paste, and bake it twenty minutes.

### On Boiling Meats.

All kinds of fresh meats, intended for the table, should be put into boiling water, thereby retaining the juices. If you wish to give a salt flavor to them, boil a piece of salt pork in the water before putting the meat in. A nice piece of boiled salt pork is a great addition to all kinds of boiled meats. Corned, salt, or smoked meats should be put into cold water to cook. Great care should be taken to skim the scum off well just before the water boils; for if the thick scum boils into the water, it is impossible to take it all off, and it will adhere to the meats.

### Julienne Soup.

Put a piece of butter the size of an egg into the soup kettle; stir until melted; cut three young onions small; fry them a nice brown; add three quarts of good clear beef stock, a little mace, pepper and salt; let it boil one hour; add three young carrots and three turnips cut small, a stalk of celery cut fine, a pint of string beans, a pint of green peas; let this boil two hours; if not a bright, clear color, add a spoonful of soy. This is a nice summer soup.

### To Mince Fish.

Chop the fish very fine; chop half as much more boiled potatoes as fish; fry out the pork, cutting it into very small square pieces; mix the potatoes and fish together; put it into the hot fat, stir it up well, add a little hot water, and a piece of butter the size of an egg; stir it all up well until it gets very hot; let it stand until it browns a little, and serve it hot.

### Salt Fish with Eggs.

Take a nice piece of tender salt fish; pick it fine; put it into a frying-pan; add two table-spoonfuls of boiling water, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, a very little pepper; set it on the fire, stirring it constantly until the butter melts; break in four eggs, stirring it constantly until the eggs are cooked. Served very hot.

### Soda Cake.

Two cups of sugar, and one cup of butter; beat to a cream; five eggs, dropped in; the grated peel and juice of a lemon; four cups of flour; two tea-spoonfuls of cream tartar, and one of soda; beat this well; bake it in drop-pans.

### Soda Griddle Cakes.

One pint of milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; one of soda; flour enough to make a batter, not very thick; butter the griddle; fry quickly. If for tea, spread over them a little butter, nutmeg and sugar; for breakfast, send to the table plain.

**A Shin of Beef Soup.**

Have the shin cracked up well; put it to boil in five or six quarts of water; boil it five or six hours; skim it very often. Cut up very fine half of a white cabbage, chop two turnips, three carrots, and three onions; put them into the soup, with pepper and salt, and boil it two hours; half an hour before serving, take out the bone and gristle. If you have some raised dough, make up a dozen little balls the size of a nutmeg, and drop them into the soup, and boil it half an hour.

**Baked Qd.**

A fish weighing six or eight pounds is a good size to bake; it should be cooked whole to look well. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, parsley, and onion, and a little salt pork chopped fine; mix this up with one egg, fill the body, sew it up, lay it into a large pan; lay across it some strips of salt pork to flavor it; put one pint of water and a little salt into the pan; bake it an hour and a half; baste it often with butter and flour.

**A white Vegetable Soup.**

Take a third as much water as you want soup; two carrots, two turnips, and two onions, cutting them in dice form; a very little celery, a table-spoonful of salt, and a little mace. Put this all into a saucepan, boil it one hour, add the two-thirds of stock. Boil this all together three-quarters of an hour. If it is not seasoned to your taste, add whatever is required.

**Mutton Broth.**

Boil a shoulder of mutton in four quarts of water two hours. Add one onion, two turnips, two carrots, cut fine, one table-spoonful of salt, and one cup of rice. Boil this an hour and a half; cut a little parsley, and put it in five minutes before dishing. Dish the mutton with drawn butter and capers. Garnish the dish with carrots and turnips.

**A very simple Soup.**

Skim off the fat from mutton or chicken stock, put it into a soup-pot, with two or three carrots, turnips, and onions, a cup of rice, the bones and bits of cold meat, pepper, salt, and a few tomatoes, if you have them. Boil it four hours; then take out the bones, and send it to the table.

**Broiled Halibut.**

The nape, corned, is the best piece for broiling. Wash it, and wipe it dry; sprinkle a little flour over it; put the outside to the fire first, and broil it moderately half an hour. When it is dished, spread a little butter and pepper over it.

**Broiled Salt Fish.**

After being prepared by boiling, take a nice tender piece, broil it about five minutes a nice brown; spread on a little butter. It is a nice relish for breakfast.

**Very good Soups**

May be made with very little expense. In the winter you can keep cold meat and poultry bones several days, until you have enough to make a very nice stock; or the water that mutton, turkey, or chicken is boiled in. Let it stand in an earthen jar, and it will keep in cold weather two or three days.

**Indian Dumplings, to eat with Pork.**

Take a quart of Indian meal, a table-spoonful of salt; scald the meal with boiling water; let it stand until cold; then wet your hands in cold water; make up balls, the size of a common potato, quite hard; drop them into a saucepan of boiling water; cover them up, and boil them thirty minutes. They are very nice with the gravy of roast geese or pork.

**Boiled Macaroni.**

Take a small pie-dish full of macaroni; put it to soak in cold water for an hour. Put it on the fire to boil half an hour; then add a cup of milk, and let it boil until tender. Drain it through a cullender for a minute, then dish it; add a good-sized piece of butter, a little salt, and serve as a plain vegetable.

**Zinc Vessels for Cooking.**

Zinc vessels should never be used for keeping any fluids intended for culinary purposes, for it has been proved that such vessels will contain, after a short time, a considerable quantity of zinc in solution; and it is well known that the smallest amount of zinc will cause violent spasmodic vomiting.

**Welsh Rarebit.**

Cut a pound of cheese in slices a quarter of an inch thick; put a piece of butter the size of an egg in a small frying-pan. Lay in the cheese, cook it about five minutes, and add two eggs well beaten, a dessert-spoonful of mixed mustard, and a little pepper. Stir it up; have ready some slices of buttered toast; turn the cheese over it, and send it to table very hot. It is also very good cooked without the eggs.

**Brown or White Bread Brewis.**

Break up the hard crusts of bread; put them into an iron saucepan; put in a table-spoonful of salt, a piece of butter as large as an egg, some milk; simmer it slowly until it is tender.

**Beef Gravy.**

Take the drippings from the meat; turn into a saucepan, and add a cup of boiling water; shake in a little flour and salt, and let it just come to a boil, stirring it all the time; add a table-spoonful of soy or tomato catsup.

**Crumpets.**

Two pounds of flour; one gill of yeast; milk and water enough to make a stiff batter; set it to rise five or six hours; bake it in muffin-rings, on a griddle.

## Curious Matters.

### A Wonderful Plant.

Within a few years one of the most singular vegetable productions has been discovered in the Damara county in Africa. The plant grows to be a century old, and its trunk attains a circumference of fourteen feet, yet it never produces more than two leaves, and these, singularly enough, are the first or seed leaves of the plant. Imagine the two seed leaves of a squash to keep on growing and spreading over the soil until they reach the length of six feet each, and some idea can be formed of this vegetable wonder. These two leaves, which are "split into innumerable things that lie curling upon the surface of the soil," are all the foliage that the plant ever produces. The plant inhabits the dry regions, where rain rarely or never falls, and has no need of a large surface of foliage. Flower-stems spring from the large trunk, and produce cones about the size of those of the spruce fir. The name of this strange plant is *We witschia mirabilis*, and it belongs to the family of *Gnetaceae*, of which we have no representative found native in our climate; it is allied to the pine family, however.

### Giants and Dwarfs.

The belief of the existence of races of giants is supported by the Bible. There are, sometimes, men 7 or 8 feet high; and, among savage tribes, such men become chiefs. However, all buildings, doorways, passages, etc., indicate that 5 feet 8 inches, or 5 feet 9 inches have always been the average height of the human race. Genesis tells of the "Sons of God" who were giants; of the men of Anak, to whom the Jews were as grasshoppers; and the Bible tells us of Og, King of Bashan, who was 13 1-2 feet high, and of Goliath, 11 feet high. There appears, also, to have been races 8 or 10 feet high, who became ogres, or champions; and history tells us of such a race in and near Lebanon, some of whom were employed in ancient armies, while others emigrated to Ireland and Cornwall, among Phœnician colonists. Races of dwarfs found in the Esquimaux and Bosjesmen, who attain but 4 feet 3 inches, and the Mongol Tartars and Kamechatdales but 4 feet 9 inches. The Caribs are 5 feet 11 inches, the Navigator Islanders 5 feet 11 inches, and the Patagonians 6 feet 6 inches and upwards.

### Strongest Bank in the World.

The Bank of Genoa, which has been in existence hundreds of years, has, perhaps, proved itself the strongest institution of the kind in the world. It is a remarkable fact in its history that its administration has always been as permanent and unchangeable as that of the republic has been agitated and fluctuating. No alteration ever took

place in the mode of governing and regulating the affairs of the bank; and two sovereign and independent powers, at war with each other, have been within the walls of the city, without producing the slightest shock to the bank, or causing it to secrete any of its books or treasures.

### Evidences of Civilisation.

The Akhbar of Algiers states that a sperm whale fifty-nine feet long was stranded on the beach near the Mustapha corn mills in that city. A number of fishermen immediately attempted to secure the monster; but it got afloat again, and dragged two boats, each containing ten men, some distance into the roadstead. At last, however, the men managed to kill it with axes, and towed it back to the shore. For the next two days Arabs and Europeans flocked in great numbers to see so unusual a spectacle; and it is stated, as proof that civilisation is making progress among the natives, that two young Arabs were caught in the crowd picking pockets with a dexterity scarcely surpassed by the light-fingered gentry of Paris and London.

### National Salutations.

The climate of Egypt is feverous, and perspiration is necessary to health; hence the Egyptian, meeting you, asks, "How do you perspire?" The Chinaman asks, "Have you eaten? Is your stomach in good order?"—a touching solicitude, which can only be appreciated by a nation of gormands. The travelling Hollander asks you, "How do you go?" The thoughtful, active Swede demands, "Of what do you think?" The Dane, more placid, uses the German expression, "Live well?" But the greeting of the Pole is best of all, "Are you happy?"

### Law of Bankruptcy in Venice.

In Venice there formerly existed a law relating to bankrupts, which was as follows:—If a member of either council became a bankrupt, he was immediately degraded, and from that moment was rendered incapable of holding any post under government until he should have discharged all the just demands of his former creditors. Even his children were subjected to the same disgrace, and no citizen could exercise any public employment whatever while his father's debts remained unpaid.

### An artificial Tongue.

M. Maisonneuve, surgeon of the Hotel Dieu, describes in "Cosmos" how he removed from a patient the whole of a tongue afflicted with cancer, by means of what he terms *cauterisation en fleches*. He perforated the tongue with eight of his cauterizing arrows (*fleches*) so as to cause all the affected por-

tions to slough off in one mass. His patient could neither swallow nor speak, but performed both these functions on being supplied with a gutta percha tongue of the natural size.

#### Chemical Transmutations.

In Piesse's "Laboratory of Chemical Wonders," he makes the following useful remarks:—"Linen can be converted into sugar; sugar into alcohol (spirit) and carbonic acid; alcohol can be changed into ether and water; sugar can also be converted into oxalic acid, also into pure charcoal (carbon) and water. Alcohol (spirits) will readily change into vinegar (acetic acid). Coal tar will yield the most beautiful colors for dyeing, more brilliant than the Tyrian purple of old. Starch may be transmuted either into gum, alcohol, sugar, acetic or oxalic acid, as well as many other substances, to which, however, the chemists have such hard names that they would be out of place here."

#### Gems of Colorado.

Among the rocks in Colorado are found beautiful translucent quartz crystals, tinged with crimson and purple, and often classed as amethysts, amazon stones, beryls, opals in varieties, garnets and turquois. On the plains are found the most beautiful and curious of agates, bird's-eye, cat's-eye, moss and fortification. Sardonyx, jasper and malachite also abound. Here, too, are obtained fossils in great abundance. These precious stones are beginning to be kept for sale at all the jewellers' shops in the territory, and the wonder is that they have not found their way to New York.

#### Curious Mechanism

A 2000 franc piece of mechanism has been produced in Paris, representing the recent prize fight in England. On being wound up, the figures draw naturally near, and lash out frightful blows, ending by falling down in a heap; and round two begins with absolute variations, though of course always going down in the same fashion.

#### Try this, some of you.

Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

#### How Crooked Men came to be called "My Lord"

In the first year of the reign of King Richard III., commonly known by the name of "Crook-back," six persons unhappily deformed in their backs were made lords, as rewards for several services they had formerly done the king. The novelty herof occasioned the whole nation to make merry with these sort of people, by advising them to go to court, and receive an honor which nature

seemed to have designed them for. From that time, the mock title of "my lord" was frequently bestowed upon deformed persons.

#### Musical Figures resulting from Sounds.

Cover the mouth of a wide glass, having a foot-stalk, with a thin sheet of membrane or vegetable paper, over which scatter a layer of fine sand. The vibrations excited in the air by the sound of a musical instrument held within a few inches of the membrane, will cause the sand on its surface to form regular lines and figures with astonishing celerity, which vary with the sounds produced, effecting a particular mode of division according to the number of vibrations.

#### Singular.

A man in Lockport, New York, named Frank Archey, was recently seized with severe purging, and at intervals disgorged sections of a large lizard, the tail of which was six inches long. The reptile had evidently been swallowed when young, and had grown in the stomach of the man. Mr. Archey died in two weeks after the reptile substance was taken from him.

#### Daring Thieves.

The following incident occurring in Rome, is related by a correspondent of the *Milan Perseveranza*:—"A priest, when returning home in the evening, was stopped by a band of thieves, who began to rifle his pockets. While so occupied, the rascals, perceiving a French patrol approaching, compelled the priest to intone a portion of the litany, which he did, they kneeling round him meanwhile, and devoutly responding *Oro pro nobis!* The soldiers, taking them for a group of devotees, many of whom thus pray in public, passed on, and the moment they were out of sight the thieves completed their operation, and left the priest without a bajocco."

#### Snuff Takers beware.

Lately a gentleman travelling through England entered a first-class carriage, where he found a person already comfortably seated, who soon entered into conversation, and civilly offered his new acquaintance a pinch of snuff, which was accepted, but had no sooner entered his nostrils than it produced the effect of a powerful narcotic, of which the wary traveller soon took advantage by relieving his sleeping companion of fifteen thousand francs in bank notes, three thousand francs in other money, besides his watch, chain, and ring, with which valuables he escaped undetected.

#### Flower Sermon.

In the heart of the city of London there is a church where to this day, in pursuance of some old bequest, on every Easter Tuesday the rector preaches what is called the "Flower Sermon," which is always about flowers, and the people who come to hear it bring bouquets of flowers in their hands.

# Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

## HOW CONFECTIONARY IS MADE.

We are not about to puff some extensive establishment where confectionary is made, neither do we intend to recommend the use of candy to the rising generation, or to the generation that is already grown, for the simple reason that children will eat it in spite of advice to the contrary, and adults will devour it whenever they feel inclined, regardless of editorial objections.

A few days since a little one with some perseverance and patience inveigled us into investing a certain amount of postal currency in confectionary, and while the little thing was enjoying it, to her intense satisfaction and our dismay for fear that she would afterwards be taken sick, it suddenly occurred to us that we had not the slightest idea how confectionary was made, so we mentally resolved to learn the process the first opportunity. A few days afterwards we stepped into a candy factory and saw the method of turning sugar, gum and other substances into confectionary.

We have not room to speak of all that we saw, or describe all the various changes that took place before our eyes, but we will, in the first place, allude to lozenges, and show their composition. The sugar is first crushed, and then sifted until the whole is reduced to the finest meal. In the process the whole atmosphere is loaded with fine sugar-dust, you taste it with every breath you take. In order to make a tenacious paste, about fifteen and a half per cent. of fine gum is added, and the whole is kneaded together in a kneading-machine, and when it has been sufficiently worked, it is rolled out upon slabs to the required thickness of a lozenge, and then the workman, with amazing rapidity, with a steel cutter or punch, cuts out the disks, taking his aim so nicely that the utmost possible number is punched out of the sheet, leaving very little to be worked up afresh. When the lozenges have been stored a requisite time they are fit for sale. The cheap lozenges are composed of two-thirds of plaster of Paris, and children who are fond of such stuff must have a good time eating gum and plaster, with precious little sugar.

In the manufacture of sugared almonds more care is taken, for they are rather expensive. The almonds, being washed, are coated with a little gum, in order to make the sugar stick; and, when thus prepared, they are thrown into a large deep copper pan or "steam jacket," revolving at an angle of forty-five degrees by means of steam power. Whilst the almonds are tumbling over one another and working about the pan with the utmost rapidity, the workman ladles some liquid white sugar amongst the mass; and by the constant friction of one upon another, this becomes distributed with the most perfect evenness; and in a certain specified time the brown coat of the almond becomes smoothly enveloped in its sugar coating. A little time is allowed for this coating to dry; then the same whirling motion goes on, a second supply of melted sugar is thrown into the pan; and so, by degrees, the comfit is built up, layer upon layer, until at last it is perfected. Before steam was applied to the manufacture, the pan had to be suspended by chains and shaken by hand over an open fire, a most tedious process, and a costly one.

Of course with the advance of sugar, candy has gone up until it now sells for fifty cents per pound for the common kind, and as high as two dollars per pound for the superior qualities. Perhaps it is as well that it is so. Children will have it at any rate, and their parents should be made to pay for the same.

## CHOICE NEW BOOKS.

At this season of the year when time hangs heavily on one's hands, with the sweltering heat of summer enervating the system, a choice, sparkling new book does much toward making one comfortable, and unaware of the high state of the thermometer.

Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. advertise upon the cover page *twelve* of this class of books. Our readers will do well to send for some of them, with our assurance that they are richly worth the price asked. Those who prefer, can send the price of book wanted to us, and we will forward such, *post paid*, by return mail.



**FATHER MATHEW AND HIS CAREER.**

A biography of Father Mathew, the eminent temperance advocate, has been published, and from it we take some interesting incidents of that zealous man's life, whose services were of great value to the world, but more particularly to his native land, Ireland, where he spent the greater part of his days, laboring so earnestly that he neglected his own private interests, and consequently was frequently troubled with embarrassments of a pecuniary nature, and once was arrested for debt; but the officer who served the writ first asked pardon and a blessing upon his knees before he ventured to touch his illustrious prisoner.

The biography states that Theobald, or Toby Mathew, as he was called at home, was almost from infancy the pet of his mother and sisters and elder brothers, in whose rude and rough sports he found little pleasure. He appears to have been most lovable as a child, and to have shown from the first, as if by nature and instinct, an inborn desire of giving pleasure to others. In 1807 he entered as a student for orders at Maynooth, but had not been there but a few weeks when he was desired summarily to remove his name from the books of Maynooth, for the heinous offence of having invited one or two of his fellow-students into his room and given them tea and supper! This must have been at the time a sad disappointment to the future apostle; for the punishment appeared to shut the door of the Romish priesthood against him forever; but after a while, the late Dr. Murray, the worthy and tolerant prelate who sat so long in the chair of Dublin, having admitted him into orders, we find him settled quietly down as a sort of curate under Father Donovan, in the chapel attached to a Capuchin friary in a back street in Cork. Here, for nearly twenty years, Theobald Mathew passed his life between his duties at the altar, in the confessional, and in the workhouse and gaol of the city, and gaining the highest esteem, among both rich and poor, by his amiable character and by his eloquence—which was effective because it came from the heart. He was no mob-orator or surpliced demagogue, like too many of his fellows, but a peacemaker at home and abroad: he was eloquent in his pulpit, not on the hustings; and, therefore, no doubt, it was that he was left to "blush unseen" in obscurity, too good, too self-denying, and too spiritual to gain a chance of obtaining an Irish mitre.

In the year 1838 he commenced his career as a temperance orator, and followed the profession until his death. One week after he commenced lecturing against liquor, he reckoned his adherents by hundreds; in three months, no less than 25,000 persons had joined his standard; and before the close of the year we are assured that his followers had increased to 156,000. Early in 1839 the movement began to assume larger, and even formidable, proportions throughout the south and west of Ireland, and thousands upon thousands from the adjoining counties of Kerry, Waterford, Limerick, Clare, and Tipperary, and even from far distant Galway took the pledge. At Borriosokane 150,000 enlisted under his banners; and then he visited many places in England, Scotland, and at last landed in this country, where his reception was most enthusiastic, and where he made converts by the thousands. Our readers, or many of them, will recollect Father Mathew as he appeared in this country. He performed an immense amount of work in the United States, and left us, respected by all classes. We wish he was alive and could pay us another visit. We are inclined to think that a panic would ensue in the whiskey market, and that the price of drinks would fall.

Father Mathew died in 1856, after an illness of four years. He was honored with a public funeral, and was buried in the cemetery at Cork. No man was more respected or performed a larger amount of work for the benefit of the human family. There is employment for a dozen such men in this country.

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**AN OUNCE AND A TUN WEIGHT.**

An ounce weight and a tun weight of iron will fall down a pit with equal speed and in equal time. Until about 300 years ago, all the learned men in the world disbelieved and denied it. Galileo, an Italian, taught the contrary to the popular belief. The University of Pisa challenged him to the proof. The leaning tower of that city was just the place for such an experiment. Two balls were obtained and weighed, and one was found to be exactly double the weight of the other. Both were taken to the top. All Pisa looked on, and crowds of dignitaries were confident that young Galileo, then obscure and despised, but honored and immortalized now, would be proved to be in error. The two balls were dropped at the same instant. Old theory, and all the world, said that the large ball, being

twice as heavy as the less, must come down in half the time. All eyes watched, and, lo! all eyes beheld them strike the earth at the same instant. Men then disbelieved their eyes, and repeated the experiment many times, but each with the same result. The little ball was big enough to destroy a theory 2000 years old; and had it been little as a pea, it would have destroyed it just as well, or even more quickly.

But how was this? Did not the earth draw down the large ball, which was double the weight of the smaller, with double force? Did not the double weight indicate the double force? Yes, truly; but in drawing down the large ball there was a double force of resistance to be overcome, and as the two forces acted in a given proportion on the large ball, and in the same proportion on the less, the velocity of the two was equal, though in bulk they were unequal. Let us suppose there to be two wagons, one with a load of five tons, and the other ten tons, and that the unequal loads are drawn by an equal horse-power—should not their speed be equal, though their weight is unequal? No. There must be double horse-power to draw the double weight, to obtain equal speed. Let a ten-pound weight and a one-pound weight fall to the earth at the same time, and the earth must draw down the heavier weight with ten times greater force than the other that they may have equal speed, and it does so. A ton weight of iron and an ounce weight, leaving the top of a pit at the same instant, would, therefore, at the same instant fall to the bottom.

#### JAPANESE VIEW OF THE ENGLISH.

The following extract from the work published as to the recent visit to England of the Japanese Ambassadors will be interesting to our readers. The English are thus spoken of: "They, the western barbarians, who have lately destroyed our town, we visited. The men are red-faced and fond of eating, and the low men eat raw meat, of which lumps are exhibited, much to our disgust. These people are very expert in iron; copies of their works our artists have drawn. Their buyers and sellers (merchants) are not allowed to do any other work, and, therefore, being somewhat ignorant, principally talk of business. The nobles (Daimios) buy their wives from the merchants, who train their daughters for that purpose. We think them great barbarians! The women wear frames to keep away the

men. Some are pretty, but their eyes are large and close together; their feet are large and clumsy, and they have big legs. These women sing loud and roll their eyes, keeping time with motions of their heads. When they meet the men in the evening they are but partially dressed. These people make us sick with eating and drinking. The carriages in the streets try to knock down the people on foot, especially the women, to amuse the drivers. Their government house, where the Daimios meet to talk and sleep, is well built, and equal to a first-class tea house; the women are kept there in a cage. These people looked at us much. The women are allowed to run about without keepers, playing with umbrellas (parasols.) They are the greatest barbarians in the west."

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#### BUSINESS MEN.

There is a demand for talent and experience in business, beyond the supply. Men suitable to take charge of manufacturing and mechanical establishments, banks, railroads, mercantile and other agencies, intelligent shipmasters, etc., are not in supply equal to the demand, and the consequence is likely to be that some—it is feared too many of the projects and works of the day—will fail for the lack of the capacity and experience to direct them, notwithstanding the most liberal salaries are given to procure men supposed to be competent. A vast number of people suppose themselves to be competent who are not so; and, though, in some cases, there may be meritorious and deserving people overlooked, yet it is not often the case, and those who are content to move upwards step by step, and use a moderate degree of effort to please their employers, are sure to rise. All the business talent and industry of the country is wanted, and few, if any, of those who secure the confidence of those who employ them, in their ability and faithfulness, fail of obtaining fair success and regular promotion.

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#### A MISER IN HIGH LIFE.

Lord Barco, an ancestor of the Earl of Fife, was remarkable for practising that celebrated rule, "Get all you can, and keep all you can get." One day, walking down the avenue from his house, he saw a farthing lying at his feet, which he carefully cleaned. A beggar passing at the same time, entreated his lordship would give him the farthing, saying it was not worth the nobleman's attention.

"Fin' a farthing to yoursel', puir body," replied his lordship, and carefully put the coin in his breeches pocket. In addition to being his own farthing-finder, his lordship was his own factor and rent-collector. A tenant who called upon him to pay his rent, happened to be deficient a farthing. This amount could not be excused, and the farmer had to pay the farthing. When the business was adjusted, the countryman said to his lordship, "Now, Barco, I would gie ye a shillin' for a sight o' a' the goud and siller ye hae." "Well, mon," replied Barco, "it's no cost ye ony mair;" and accordingly, for that sum, his lordship exhibited several iron boxes filled with gold and silver coin. "Now," said the farmer, "I'm as rich as yoursel'." "Ay, mon," said his lordship, "how can that be?" "Because I've seen it—and you can do no mair."

#### AN INGENIOUS CAT.

In Le Nord, it is related that a cook was recently greatly perplexed by the disappearance, day after day, of a cutlet or a steak from the kitchen table when she was preparing the dinner. In each day's tale there was a deficiency of one. At last it occurred to her that, as the bell was rung every day while she was preparing dinner, and when she went to the door there was nobody there, there must be some connection between the two occurrences. Once this idea had entered her mind she determined to satisfy herself on the point. The bell rang at the usual time, but instead of answering it she hid herself in a cupboard. She had hardly done so before a cat rushed into the kitchen, sprang on the table, seized a cutlet in its mouth, and vanished. Her mistress was made acquainted with this felonious act on the part of the animal, and it was determined to set a watch to see how it had been trained to this mode of robbery. The discovery was soon made. At the usual time, when the cook had her dishes arranged for the stove, the concealed watcher saw the cat creep stealthily towards the bell-wire, hook her claws in it, give it a furious pull, and then rush away kitchenward.

#### DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.

You will find that a great deal of character is imparted and received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and therefore, instead of swallowing your food in sullen silence, instead of brooding over your business, instead of talking severely about others, let the conversation

at the table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Don't bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation any more than you would in your dishes. For this reason, too, the more good company you have at your table the better for your children. Every conversation with company at your table is an educator of the family. Hence the intelligence, and the refinement, and the appropriate behaviour of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours. How few have fully gotten hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

**GLUTEN.**—This is a term applied to the opaque, white, tenacious, and slightly elastic substance obtained from wheat flour, by washing and kneading it with cold water in a bag of cotton cloth. The starch in the flour is washed out with the water, leaving the gluten in the bag. It is capable of being drawn into long fibres, and when dry it becomes horny, forming the well-known macaroni. It is insoluble in water; in a partially decomposed state it forms yeast, and it induces alcoholic fermentation in saccharine liquids. The tenacious properties of dough and the paste of flour is due to it. It is more abundant in wheat and rye than other cereals, hence the flour of these grains is best suited for making raised or leavened bread. The quantity in wheat flour ranges from 7 to 14 per cent.

**PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.**—In the height of prosperity, expect adversity, but fear it not; if it come not, you are more sweetly possessed of the happiness you have, and more strongly confirmed; if it come, you are more gently disposed, and more firmly prepared.

**CHANGES OF NAMES.**—A corn cutter is now a "chiropodist;" an ear doctor is an "aurist;" a workman, an "operative;" a butcher, a "purveyor of meat."

**GETTING UP.**—An editor in Berkshire, having been appointed justice of the peace, advertises his cooking-stove, at first rate one, and nearly new, for sale at half price.

**QUERY.**—Why was our common mother like a certain modern institution? Because she was Adam's express company.

## Facts and Fancies.

### "CHUCK ME OUT."

Among the first-class restaurants in Boston is one in S— street, kept by W—. Among the visitors who entered the place this spring was a semi-clerical looking gentleman, who ordered up a broiled quail and a dozen fried oysters. While discussing these delicacies, he touched the bell, and requested the waiter to send the proprietor to him. The waiter complied, and a few moments afterwards the semi-clerical-looking gentleman was in cosy colloquy with Mr. W—, about matters and things in general.

"By the way, W—, what was the trouble with that young man I saw you in an altercation with on Friday evening last?"

"He contracted a bill to the amount of two dollars, and then refused to pay up."

"And what did you do with him?"

"Chuckd him out of doors."

"Nothing else?"

"No; going to law don't pay. To have obtained two dollars worth of money by means of litigation would have consumed ten dollars worth of time."

"Then all you do is to chuck them out, as you say?"

"That's all."

"Well, that may be a wise plan, but I doubt it. By the way, what kind of wines have you got?"

"As good an article of Heidsieck as you can find in this city. Will you have a bottle?"

"On one condition, and that is, that you will join me in its imbibition."

"With pleasure, sir."

The bell was again tinkled—a white jacket appeared in the doorway—the white jacket vanished. In a moment the white jacket reappeared, bringing in a silver top on a juvenile salver. The wine was poured out, duly iced, and disposed of. In a few moments after this, W— begged to be excused, and left his friend to finish up the quail. The friend did so, then reappeared in the bar-room.

"Where can I find a little water to dip my fingers in?"

"In the washbowl by the looking-glass."

The stranger crossed the room, took a wash, brushed up his whiskers, adjusted his white cravat, and once more sought the proprietor.

"Mr. W—, I have really enjoyed myself. I cannot recollect when I have ever relished wine and quail with a greater zest."

"Happy to hear you say so."

"As a memento of the little repast, I have one slight favor to ask."

"What is it?"

"Chuck me out."

"What?"

"Chuck me out."

"You don't mean to say that you have been doing me?"

"I don't mean to say anything else. I have not got the first red cent; and if you want pay for the quail, oysters, and wine, you must do as I said before, chuck me out."

W— could hear no more. He made a rush to the kitchen to get the cheese knife. While he was absent, our semi-clerical friend dashed out of the side-door, and when last seen was rushing north, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

### A GEOGRAPHICAL CLASS.

"John, where is Africa?"

"On the map, sir."

"I mean what continent—the Eastern or Western continent?"

"Well, the land of Africa is on the Eastern continent, but the people, sir, are all of 'em down south."

"How do the African people live?"

"By drawing."

"Drawing what—water?"

"No, sir, by drawing their breath."

"Sit down, Joseph."

"Thomas, what is the equator?"

"Why, sir, it is a horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imagination of astronomers and old geographers."

"Go to your seat, Thomas."

"William Stiggs, what do you mean by an eclipse?"

"An old race-horse, sir."

"Silence!"

"Jack, you are a scholar; what is an eclipse?"

"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bust, and runs against the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face."

Schoolmaster looks like thunder. The class is dismissed.

### HOW TO REACH CONGRESS.

It is not necessary for a politician to be absolutely slandered for vices. Congressional honors may occasionally be achieved by a reputation for comparatively trifling defects, or even a lack of accomplishments. We remember a well-known Congressman, equally celebrated for his *fastness* and his talent, who, after being considerably used up on several games of billiards, was roundly told that he "might be a smart man, but one thing was certain—he hadn't been sent to Congress for his billiard playing."

"That's where you're all wrong," he responded, in a cool drawl. "It was just that elected me, and nothing else."

"Losing at billiards?"

"Ye-es. I always lost every game; everybody wanted to play with me, and I let 'em! That made me popular. Sometimes it cost me a hundred dollars a day—but I got elected!"

### BECKY WILSON'S COURTSHIP.

"O, now, do tell us all about it?" says the gals.

Becky hadn't been married more'n a month, and hadn't got over her bashfulness yet.

"Bout what?" ses she.

"Why, 'bout your courtin'." ses the gals.

"Shaw!" says she, turning her head and blushing dreadful; "you better tell your own courtships, yourselves, I reckon."

"Yes, but none of us ever had any beaux, Beck, and you's a married woman. Come, now, do tell us all 'bout it. I do love to hear 'bout courtin' so much," ses Betty Powers.

"O, yes, Becky, do tell us."

"Well," ses Becky, after a great deal of blushing and twistin' about, "I'll tell you all how it was, if that'll satisfy you. Well," ses Becky, puttin' an emphasis on about every other word, "John, he cum to our house to see me," she ses, turnin' away her head, and kinder lookin' down sideways under her arm; "fool! he had better go to see his self, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't care nothin' 'bout him."

"Well?" ses the gals.

"Well, John said he loved me. Fool! better love his self, I reckon."

"O, that's so funny!" ses the gals. "Go on."

"Shaw!" ses Becky; "I wont tell no more"

"O, yes, do—do—Becky," ses all of 'em.

"Well, then, John he axed me if I wouldn't have him. Him—fool! better have his self, I reckon."

"Then, what did you say?"

"H'm! I never sed nothin'. Gracious knows, he wasn't gwine to git nothin' out of me."

"O, O!" ses the gals. "Do go on, Becky."

"Then, John he axed me if he moughtn't have me. Fool! he better have his self, I reckon."

"Well?" ses the gals.

"Well, mother she got kinder frustrated, and sed yes. Fool! she better mind her own business, I reckon."

"And then, what?"

"Then, John he axed dad if he moughtn't have me; and dad he got kinder frustrated too, and sed yes, too."

"That's the sort of daddies," ses the gals, rubbin' their hands.

"Then, mother she went to town and got a white frock for me, and white gloves to put on my hands, for me to be married to John. H'm—fool! she better be married to him herself, I reckon."

"Well?" ses the gals. "Go on, Becky."

"Shaw, now! I aint gwine to tell you no more 'bout it, so I aint."

"O, yes, Becky, do go on! O, do tell us all 'bout the weddin', Becky—that's a good soul!"

"O, hush, gals, 'bout sich nonsense."

"O, do, now, that's a good soul!"

"Well, by-and-by the preacher man he came to our house, and a hole heap of people, to marry me. Fools! they great deal better staid home, I reckon. Gracious knows, I didn't want to see 'em at all."

"Never mind, Becky; go on."

"Well, then John he came to take me up to the preacher man, for to be married. Fool! I never did feel so mad; and then— O, shaw! I can't tell any more, gals."

"O, yes, go on Becky."

"Well, then the preacher man he axed me if I would have John to be my lawful husband. Him—fool! better have him his self, I reckon. And then— Shaw! I wont tell any more, gals."

"O, do, Becky! Now you're jest comin' to the interestin' part. O, do tell us the rest, Becky!"

"Well, I never sed nothin'; and the preacher man he sed I must have John to be my husband—when he was sick, when he was well; and when he was better and worse, and love him, and stick to him, and mind him, and—a heap of sich things; and then he said people what he put together, it was agin the law to take apart; and so, fust thing I knowed, I was married, hard and fast, to John."

"Well," ses the gals, gettin' more and more interested, "what then, Becky?"

"Well, then the preacher man he went home, and all the fellers came a kissin' and huggin' me. Fools! better kissed their own selves, I reckon."

"Go on, Becky; tells us all 'bout it," ses the gals.

"Well, then, after they all went away, John he— O, shaw!" ses she; "I aint gwine to tell you another word more 'bout it. When you git married yourselves, then you'll jest know all you want to, I reckon."

### "JEST BURN IT!"

Late one bitter cold night in December, some eight or nine years ago, L. went into the bar-room of the Anthony House, at Little Rock, Arkansas, to take part in what was going on. For some reason the crowd had dispersed sooner than was customary, but two or three of the town folks were there, together with a strange man who had arrived half an hour or so before, and who, tired, wet and muddy, from a long Arkansas stage ride, his legs extended and shoes off, was consoling himself with two chairs and a nap, opposite the centre of a blazing fire. Any one who has travelled until ten o'clock, in a rough winter night, over an Arkansas road, can appreciate the fruition before that fireplace. The drowsy example of the stranger had its effect on the others, and L., who took a seat in the corner, for lack of conversation was reduced to

the poker for amusement. He poked the fire vigorously a while, until the poker got red hot, and becoming disgusted, was about to drop it and retire, when he remarked the great toe of one of the stranger's feet protruding through a hole in his sock.

Here was relief to L. He placed the glowing poker within a foot of the melancholy sleeper's toe, and began slowly to lessen the distance between them. One by one the others, as they caught the joke, began to open their eyes, and being awakened, mouths expanded into grins and suppressed giggles—and one inconsistent fellow into a broad laugh.

Closer and closer the red hot poker neared the unfortunate toe. The heat caused the sleeper to restlessly move his foot. L. was about applying the poker when a sound of click! click! arrested his attention. He looked at the stranger—the latter with one eye open, had been watching the whole proceeding, and silently brought a pistol to bear on L. In a voice just audible, muttered in a tone of great determination, he said:

"Jest burn it! *Burn it!* Jest burn it, and I'll be d—d if I don't stir you up with ten thousand hot pokers in two seconds!"

L. laid down his poker instantly, and remarked:

"Stranger, let's *take a drink*—in fact, gentlemen, all of you."

L. afterwards said they were the cheapest drinks he ever bought.

#### A COURT SCENE.

There is an attorney practising in our courts, who has attained a great notoriety, among numerous other things, for bullying witnesses on the opposing sides of cases when he is concerned. As it would not be polite to give his full name right out in the crowd, we will merely call him "Wayke," for short.

There was a horse case in the Justices' Court, one day, in which Wayke happened to be engaged. A slow and easy witness had been called to the stand by the plaintiff, who, in a plain, straightforward manner, made the other side of the case look rather blue. The plaintiff's attorney being through, Wayke commenced a regular cross-examination, which was cut short in this manner.

"Well, what do you know about a horse—you a *horse doctor*?" said the *barbarian*, in his peculiar contemptuous and overbearing manner.

"No, I don't pretend to be a horse doctor, but I know a good deal of the nature of the beast."

"That means to say that you know a horse from a jackass, when you see them," said Wayke in the same style—looking knowingly at the court, and glancing triumphantly around the crowd of spectators, with a telegraphic expression, which said, "Now I've got him on the hip."

The intended victim, gazing intently at his legal tormentor, drawled out:

"O, ye-as—just so—I'd never take you for a horse!"

The Supreme Court of the United States could not have preserved its gravity through the scene that followed. The lick back produced a regular *stampede*, and the bushel of suspender buttons that stuck to the ceiling above, brought a shower of plaster upon the heads below. Everybody was convinced that whatever the attorney might be, the witness was a "*hoss*."

#### "WE TOOK DEM PACK AGAIN."

A correspondent tells the following story, and declares that it is true:

"During the battle of Shiloh, an officer hurriedly rode up to an aid, and inquired for General Grant.

"That's him with the field-glass," said the aid.

"Wheeling his horse about, the officer rode furiously up to the general, and touching his cap, thus addressed him:

"Sheneral, I wants to make you von report; Schwartz's battery is took."

"Ha!" says the general, 'how was that?'

"Vell, you see, sheneral, de sheeshnists came up in de front of us, de sheeshnists came up in de rear of us, and Schwartz's battery was took."

"Well, sir," said the general, 'you of course spiked the guns?'

"Va-a-t!" exclaimed the Dutchman, in astonishment, 'schpike dem guns—schpike dem new guns! No; it would *schpoil* dem!'

"Well," said the general, sharply, 'what did you do?'

"Do? vy, we took dem pack again, py tam!"

"The general was satisfied with that report."

#### A LONG SPEECH.

A member of the bar of one of the Eastern States, was noted for possessing all the attributes of a good advocate but one; he never knew when to stop; indeed, it sometimes seemed as if he never would stop. On one occasion he had completely exhausted the patience of the court, the jury and the other counsel; still the stream of his eloquence ran on as glibly as ever. At last he made a splendid peroration; every one experienced a feeling of relief, and every eye was turned towards him, expecting to see him take his seat. But at this moment, to their astonishment and horror, he started off afresh on a new track.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "astronomers tell us that there are some stars situated at a distance so remote from this earth that their light, though it left them on the morning of creation, and has been travelling ever since, has not yet reached us."

"Never mind, Brother T.," interposed the opposing counsel, "*it will be sure to get here before you have done.*"



# DOMESTIC LIFE.



*"O, if you please, grandpa, we want to play at being William Tell. Will you be so kind as to stand with the apple on your head, and let us shoot at it?"*

# DOMESTIC LIFE.



## PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—THE MOUSTACHES.

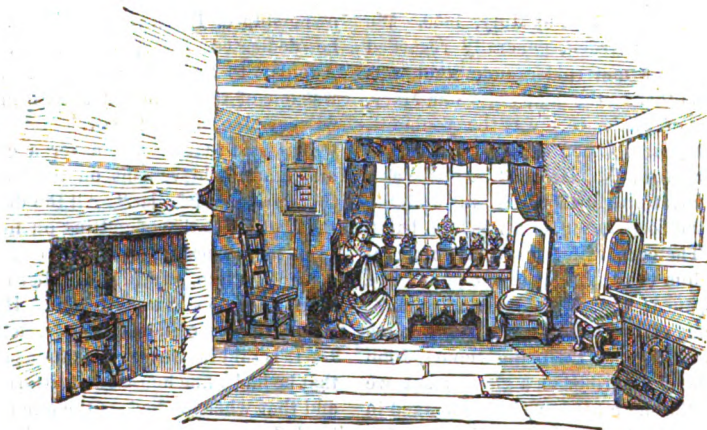
**EMMA.**—*But have you made me fierce and rakish enough, Charles?*  
**CHARLES.**—*Fierce! Ferocious! and awful rakish!*



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES.



THE ROOM IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN.

THE engraving on this page is one of peculiar interest to the readers of the **DOLLAR MONTHLY**, because the tercentenary birthday of the great bard has recently been celebrated in this country and Europe; in a feeble manner in the United States, as though our literary men were hardly up to the occasion, or had ceased to appreciate the beauties of the poet, and in a sprawling, shouting, quarrelling way in England, where a few second and third rate men met and resolved to do something, and adhered to that resolution quite tenaciously. No great talent was brought out, no eloquent, thrilling orations were pronounced, so on the whole the three hundredth anniversary of the birthday of

Shakspeare can be considered a failure in one sense.

The engraving on this page represents the room in which Shakspeare was born, at Stratford-on-Avon. We know so much, but in reality we do not just exactly know when he was born, nor where he went to school, nor how he was occupied on leaving school, nor whether he ever stole a deer, nor whether Sir Thomas Lucy had any deer to steal, nor why he went to London, nor what he did when he got to London, nor how it was that he joined the players, nor when; nor what were the circumstances under which he produced his first play, nor what that play was. It is not known with any certainty when, nor how, nor

how often he saw Queen Elizabeth; nor what was his average income, nor when he wrote his last play, nor what that play was. Indeed, a very goodly volume of biographic doubts might easily be prepared to show what we do not know about Shakspeare.

Still, there is a good deal known with certainty about the poet, and it is only to be regretted, that the reliable information refers to matters of minor interest to the admirers of Shakspeare. We know that the Shakspeare family settled in Warwickshire early in the fourteenth century. We know that most of them were incapable of writing their own names, and signed with a mark. We know that there were Shakspears at Kineton, Nuneaton Lapworth, Hampton, Rowington and Wroxhall. We know that there was a William Shakspeare drowned in the Avon. We know that the maternal grandfather of Will Shakspeare—the poet, not the subject of “crownor’s-quest law”—executed two deeds with regard to personal property, one on the 7th and one on the 17th of July, 1550. We know that Agnes Arden, generally regarded as Shakspeare’s maternal grandmother was only step-mother to the family of whom Mary, the mother of Shakspeare was the youngest. John Shakspeare, father of the poet, was a farmer at Snitterfield. He came to reside as a trader at Stratford in 1551. He filled all the offices of the corporation, and was high bailiff in 1568. The corporation was at one time indebted to him to the extent of one pound five and eightpence; and he was selected to audit the accounts of the chamberlain. We know that in the register of the bailiff’s court, John Shakspeare is described as a glover; but we know also that he must have been engaged in agricultural pursuits, as he brought an action against one Henry Field for illegally detaining a quantity of barley. We know that in 1552 he was residing in Henley street, Stratford-on-Avon; that on the 24th of November, 1556, he married Mary Arden; that a child of his was christened on September 15, 1558; that at the period of William Shakspeare’s birth he was possessed of two copy-hold tenements in Stratford—a farm of fifty-six acres, exclusive of two houses, and a garden at Wilmeccote, and his wife’s property at Snitterfield. We know that William Shakspeare was baptized on the 26th of April, 1564. The entry is in Latin: “1564, April 26, Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspeare.” We know that this “Johannes Shakspeare” raised money on mortgage, borrowed various small sums, was

surety for a brother Henry and smarted for it; that he could not pay his share for the levy of arms and armor; that he had to resign his gown as alderman, and that he was included with others in a report drawn up for the commissioners by Sir Thomas Lucy, as absenting himself from church, on account of being in debt. We know that William Shakspeare was espoused to Anne Hathaway in the summer of 1582, that the nuptials took place in the latter part of this year, and that the bond, dated the 28th of November, in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, contains an express provision that the marriage should take place with “once asking of the banns.” We know that Shakspeare’s first child, Susannah, was christened in 1583.

As regards the professional life of William Shakspeare, we undoubtedly know that he took part in theatrical performances, which, in some respects, however, differed widely from those of the present day in the mode of representation. In 1589 he had a share in the ownership of Blackfriars Theatre. In 1593 he dedicated his poem of “Venus and Adonis” to Lord Southampton. In 1593 he was one of the principal actors in Jonson’s “Every Man in his Humor.”

It is said that he was never a great actor, his highest achievement on the boards being the ghost in “Hamlet.” All the dramatists—such is the penalty of getting on in the world—set their faces against him, but the court patronized him. Queen Elizabeth went behind the scenes to talk to him. He enjoyed the patronage of her successor, King James I. It is said he was worth a thousand a year; that he had a fine house on Stratford-on-Avon; and that when he died, at the age of fifty-two, he left some very respectable legacies, and was called a rich man and a learned man, but at the time of his death he enjoyed no such reputation as at the present period. His admirers are now counted by millions. In his day they were counted by hundreds. But his fame has outlived his condition. Few men have attained a popularity so universal, and who is so appreciated by the most discriminating among literary geniuses of all nations since his day. And it will probably ever be so. His thoughts touch a vibrating chord in the popular heart, and are so truthful, so descriptive of human passion, principle and motive, that, in the expression of such sentiments, his own utterances are the perfect vehicle of ideas, and show a mind that well understood the impelling forces of human nature.



## ST. JOHN'S, ANTIGUA.

The picturesque engraving on this page represents St. Johns, Antigua, one of the North Caribbee or West Indian Islands, about fifty miles east of St. Kitts, and the same distance north of Gaudaloupe. The island is about twenty-eight miles long and twenty miles broad at its broadest part. It was first settled in 1632. Its shores are high and rocky, giving but little promise to be found within, consisting of hill and dale, green fields, gorgeous flowers, and cliffs festooned with elegant intertropical plants. The shores are indented on all sides by harbors, bays and creeks, and lined on the north and east coasts with a

built. Population about 16,000. The island is divided into six parishes, each of which has a town or village. It contains six churches, as many chapels, and a number of other places of worship belonging to Methodists, etc. The cathedral and parish church of St. John's, a new structure, opened for divine service in October, 1847, cost upwards of \$140,000. The climate is healthy, although remarkable for its want of humidity, the droughts being sometimes so protracted as to ruin the crops, and reduce the inhabitants to great distress, there being no river on the island, and the few springs it contains being all brackish. On



ST. JOHN'S, ANTIGUA.

number of small, rocky islets. The only elevated land in the island is a range of hills, called the Sheckerley Mountains, with no great propriety, as their greatest height does not exceed 1500 feet. Several of the harbors are good, but the best is English Harbor, on the south coast, latitude (dockyard) 17° north; longitude 61° 45' 7" west (A.); the entrance to it is narrow, but it is capacious and safe, being surrounded with hills. It is a naval station in the time of war, and has a well arranged dockyard. The capital, St. John, the residence of the governor of the Leeward Islands, is built on the shore of a deep and well-sheltered harbor of the same name, in the northwest part of the island, and is of considerable extent, being about three-quarters of a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth; the houses are of stone, and well

these accounts it is more dependent on the seasons as regards its produce, than any other of the West Indian Islands. It is subject also to violent hurricanes. One of the most destructive with which it was ever visited occurred on August 21st, 1848, when, beside the injury done to property, many lives were lost. The principal exportable products are sugar, molasses, rum, rice, arrow-root and tobacco; of the two last articles, however, the quantities exported are small. It is only in favorable years that sufficient grain is raised for home consumption. The value of its exports is somewhere near \$1,500,000; while the value of its imports is about \$800,000. The chief towns are St. John's, the capital of the island, and, as we have observed, the residence of the governor, and Falmouth and Parham.



## SEPTEMBER.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.





September has come, and winter's step is near,  
 His footsteps rustle in the falling leaves;  
 His chill breath murmurs in the herbage sere,  
 His frown would darken even the garnered  
 sheaves;  
 But kindly nature mitigates his frown,  
 And gilds the dying year with glories all her own.

Before our raptured senses now unfold  
 Scenes of a pageant summer, one more bright  
 In varied hues and garniture of gold,  
 Than "leafy June" e'er offered to the sight.  
 The sweeping wooded hills are all ablaze,  
 And myriad rainbows glimmer through the golden  
 haze.

The limpid streams that idly saunter by,  
 A burnished mirror in each tiny wave,  
 Reward the gaze of the delighted eye;  
 For jewels, such as decked Aladdin's cave,  
 Shine from their liquid depths in wavering light,  
 From morn till noon, from noon till starry night.

And every bright-winged and melodious bird,  
 That loves the woodland haunt and sylvan dell,  
 By the strong spirit of his nature stirred,  
 Pours to the parting year his wild farewell.  
 Alas! too soon the gorgeous masque must end,  
 And chilling skies o'er leafless bowers in sadness  
 bend.

How like a regal monarch Autumn dies!  
 With Tyrian robes and gems his couch is strown;  
 Above, the drapery of the golden skies,  
 Beneath, the splendors of a matchless throne.  
 Music to fill with joy the dying ear,  
 And bear the spirit to a brighter sphere.

So died the sagem, lord of these deep woods,  
 Brightly apparelled, in the days of old;  
 So lay in state beside the rolling floods,  
 Gay with flamingo plumes, and claps of gold,  
 And trophies of the battle and the chase,  
 Smiling on death with unaverted face.

#### MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

In this beautiful mosque at Constantinople, forty thousand pounds' weight of silver were expended over the altar alone. The whole vault, or ceiling of the church, was gilded and decorated with the richest mosaics. The walls and pavements were of different colored marbles, arranged in a variety of geometrical forms. The numerous columns, with their gilded capitals, were all composed of single blocks of the most precious marbles—the pink and white-veined of Phrygia, the dark red of the Nile, the green of Laconia, or of Thessaly, the saffron of Lybia, the black and white of Italy or the Bosphorus, and the red porphyry

of Egypt. But most of these columns were from the ruins of heathen temples. The whole interior presented one blaze of magnificence, and Justinian, when he first looked upon his finished work, exclaimed, "Solomon, I have excelled thee." Yet, the exterior was completely plain—not even decorated with the common symbols of the later Romanesque, which prevailed throughout the whole ornamentation of the Middle Ages.

#### PENMANSHIP.

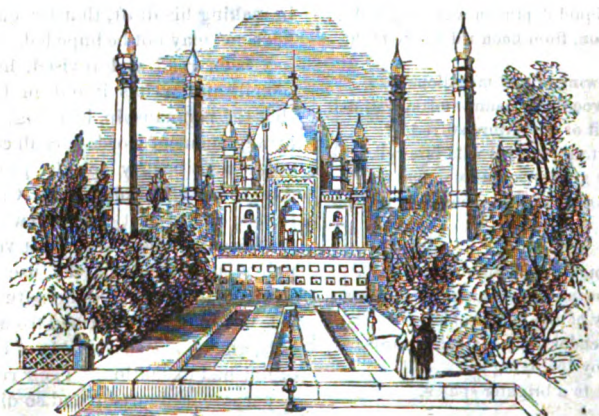
In China, penmanship and the art of composition are inseparable, and the man who can put his thoughts in choice language and a perspicuous arrangement, is also able to adorn the same with elegant characters. In China the learned man uses a kind of running hand in making his draft, that the current of his reflections may not be impeded. After the draft has been read and revised, he takes a fresh pencil, and writes it out in fair characters, that the penmanship, learning, and skill in the arrangement of words may all combine to give value and beauty to his production. The Japanese, who imitate the Chinese in many things, and in past times drew all their literature from thence, set a great value upon rapidity and grace in the use of the pencil. Their characters have the nature of an alphabet, but they were derived from Chinese symbols, and so are susceptible of the same kind of finished execution. Their running hand is a perpetual flourish, and so difficult to read, from the eccentric playfulness with which it is executed, that a native has frequently to pore over it for a time before he can follow the sense. All literary men in Japan, as in China, can write a good hand; and even those who have acquired only the first principles of the art are adepts in the use of the pencil. It would redound to our own credit and our comfort, if, while we are laboring to write Latin, Greek and English with idiomatic grace and grammatical purity, we were to give a little more care to the improvement of our penmanship.

CONSCIENCE.—A guilty conscience is like a whirlpool, drawing in all to itself, which otherwise would pass by. Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge, will seldom do anything that he need repent of.

## TOMB OF AURUNGZEBE'S DAUGHTER.

Aurangabad is a noted city in Hindoostan, some 180 miles in an east-northeast direction from Bombay. When approached from the north the view of Aurangabad is imposing; its large white domes with gilded points, and its lofty minarets, appearing to rise from amidst beautiful groves; the whole city, with its terraced houses, covering a space of about seven miles in circumference. It is surrounded by stone wall with round towers, but is capable of withstanding a regular assault. The streets are broad, some of them paved, and there are many large and good houses; but signs of rapid decay are everywhere visible. The principal street is about two miles long; having at one end a spacious quadrangle, and

most Hindoostan cities it is under English rule. This populous country, which at one time was possessed of almost illimitable power, has for some centuries been subjected to British authority. In Northwest Hindoostan lies a nominally independent territory, Punjab, embracing an area of about 60,000 square miles, with a population of 4,000,000, famous in ancient classical history, as being the theatre of Alexander the Great's victories over Porus, his Indian competitor. In later years it has been made famous as the scene where English cupidity and aggression have been successful over the tribe of Sikhs, who had maintained their independence hitherto. The Sikhs, now the principal race in this quarter,



TOMB OF AURUNGZEBE'S DAUGHTER.

near it a spacious modern bazaar. The mosques, caravanseries, and other public buildings, are of good and substantial construction, but, in point of architectural beauty, much inferior to those of Delhi and Agra. One of the most important edifices, and also in the best state of preservation, is the tomb or mausoleum, by Aurungzebe, to the memory of his daughter. Its domes are of white marble, and clustered like those of the Taje Mahal, but inferior in size, fulness and splendor. Originally a small village, Aurangabad, in 1634, became the seat of the Mogul government, and was afterwards a favorite residence of Aurungzebe, from whom it received its present name, signifying "the place of the throne." When the Nizams became independent of Mogul authority, it continued their capital till the invasions of the Mahrattas forced them to remove to Hyderabad. Like

originated as a Hindoo sect about the middle of the 15th century, and remained in a turbulent feudal condition till early in the present century. About this period, Runject Singh, having subdued the other Sikh chieftains, established a despotism, which, though far behind the governments of Europe, was yet far in advance of the most native governments in the East. He maintained an army of about 20,000 regular infantry, drilled as Europeans, 5000 regular cavalry and artillery, and, perhaps, 50,000 irregular horsemen, who were paid by assignments of land for military service; and by their means he made himself feared and respected by his neighbors. His government was vigorous, without being either cruel or unnecessarily severe. But since his death, which occurred in 1839, no successor adequate to the task of government has appeared; and this territory has, as usual, been incorporated

with the British dominions. Nearly the whole country of the Punjaub is flat; it is in many parts fertile, especially along the banks of the larger rivers; but it also comprises some wide, sandy and barren tracts, especially between the Indus and Hydaspes. Cultivation generally increases and improves as we proceed eastward. Of the four divisions of the Punjaub east of the Hydaspes, the two nearest to that river are generally depastured by herds of oxen and cattle; and that most to the east is the best cultivated. Perhaps no inland country possesses greater facilities for commerce than Punjaub, and there are few better supplied with the products of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms. The wheat and barley of the plains are expended within the country; and such is the number of horses, that grain, bajree and other grains reared in a dry soil, are imported. Rice is exuberantly produced under the mountains; but it is not a diet which suits the palate of the people. The cane thrives luxuriantly, and sugar is manufactured for exportation. The smallness of the stalk is remarkable; but it is said to produce the most saccharine fluid, and is preferred to the thicker canes of India. Indigo is reared east of Lahore, and exported to the Mohammedan countries westward. A valuable oil is extracted from the *sirsya*, sesamum plant, and used both for the lamp and culinary purposes. Excellent vegetables—such as turnips, carrots, etc., are produced everywhere; and most of the vine and fruit trees common to Europe may be seen in the mountains. The mineral resources of the Punjaub have been very imperfectly explored. A range of hills extending from the Indus and Hydaspes, formed entirely of rock-salt, furnishes an inexhaustible supply, and, being a close monopoly, contributes to enrich the ruler. It is in general use throughout the country, and most extensively exported till it meets the salt of the Sambre Lake in Rajpootana and the East India Company's territories. There is another deposit of salt on the verge of the mountains towards Mundi, but of an inferior description. In the same vicinity, it is said, some mines of coal have been discovered; and there are also extensive mines of iron. The salt range, and the other high lands, yield alum and sulphur; and nitre is gathered in large quantities from the plains. Vegetable products are abundant only in the central parts of the country. The climate in the north, though hot in summer, is as cold in winter as that of France and Central Europe,

and never sufficiently warm to mature the most valuable products of Hindostan. Rice is grown in the valleys, but in limited quantities, the usual food of the population being wheat or peas, made into a thick soup. The country abounds in cattle and horses, though the former is small and ill-conditioned, and no attention is paid to the breed of either. The salt mines are one of the most productive sources of revenue. As respects the commerce of Punjaub, the staple commodities are Cashmere shawls, which reach India and Europe wholly through this channel.

#### THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC.

In considering the reality of the language of scenery, we may illustrate our views by reference to the language of music. The same doubt has often been expressed in regard to music as in regard to scenery; whether the expression be not wholly derived from the state of the hearer, as it is said, "To a man laboring under calamity, the light of his own fire hath a certain sadness in it;" whether in fact Nature does not breathe the tones as well as "wear the hues of the spirit." Experiments have proved beyond question that music is capable of conveying intelligibly from one mind to another, definite and finely-marked shades of feeling.

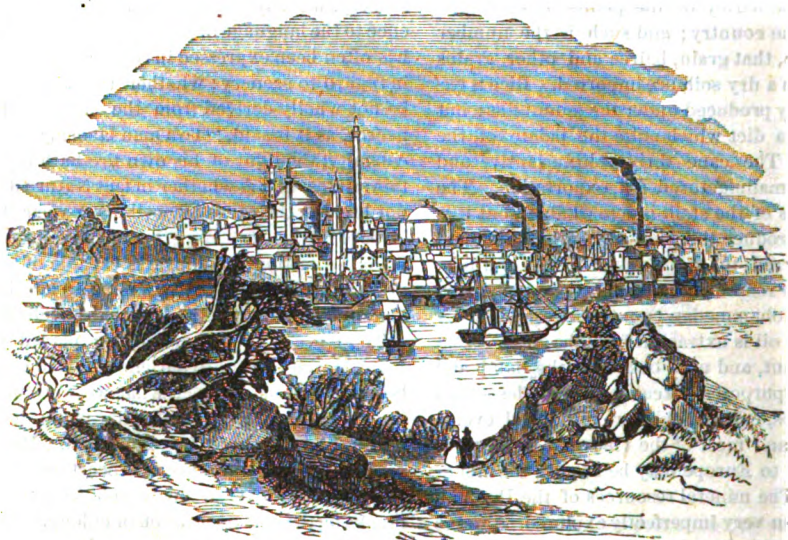
To give a single example, we played the Dead March in Saul to a friend who had never heard it, and had no idea what we were playing except from the tones of the piano itself, asking him to analyze its expression. He replied, "It is the utterance of a heart overflowing with emotions, so nicely balanced that it breaks forth into lamentation or eulogy." Now Handel has placed the march between the chorus, "Weep, Israel, weep," and the song, "Glorious Hero." One such experiment appears to us of great weight, and we have tried it so often, and with such uniform success, we can no longer consider it possible for simple melody, independent of quality of tone and harmony, to convey definite shades of feeling. Quality of tone, arrangement of harmony, and the time of the movement of music, have the power of somewhat modifying the expression of the melody. We have known Yankee Doodle played as a voluntary in church, and on the other hand, the melody of the low song, Lovely Rosa, is taken from an old choral by Milton. But the song sounds like a travesty, and the voluntary sounded like a burlesque; the original character of each melody appearing through all the disguise of harmony, accompaniment, and change of time.



## THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

The engraving of the city of Baltimore, which is on this page, is a correct one, taken as it was from one of the principal points near the place. Baltimore is a handsome city, noted for the beauty of its ladies and the enterprise of its men. At one time it was rather inclined, through the ill-advised plans of plotting men, to side with the Confederate cause, but the Union men of the city awoke to the importance of the hour, and made the place a loyal one, for which the nation should be thankful. Since the war commenced the city has been the scene of terrible excitements and outrages, but at present there is no vio-

pipes and public fountains; there being several of the latter in various parts of the city, tastefully enclosed by circular railings, and covered by small, open temples composed of a dome supported by columns. But Baltimore is becoming as favorably known for its cemeteries and other public improvements, as for its patriotic monuments. The Greenmount Cemetery on the northern border of the city is already widely known for its beautiful location and tasteful arrangements, and also another known as the Baltimore Cemetery. This valuable improvement was proposed and commenced some dozen years since, and is an



THE CITY OF BALTIMORE.

lence shown even when a man indulges in anti-slavery addresses, as was shown during the recent session of the Republican Convention, which met in Baltimore, and re-nominated Mr. Lincoln in Baltimore.

There are two handsome monuments in Baltimore, the Washington Monument and the Battle Monument; the former 163 feet high, surmounted by a statue of Washington; the latter which was erected in commemoration of the successful defence of the city against an attack of the British, in September, 1814, is 52 feet high, with a statue on the top, emblematical of the city of Baltimore; the names of those who fell in the battle are inscribed on the column in letters of gold. The city is well supplied with water, both by

ornament to the suburbs of the city, and a monument of the good taste and forethought of the citizens. This "city of the silent" is situated near the north-eastern outskirts of the town, on a broad avenue that surrounds the city of Baltimore, its front ornamented with a castellated gateway, which, by its construction, affords porter lodge, and store-rooms for tools and other purposes. The tract of land improved for the project of the cemetery comprises an hundred acres, about sixty of which are now laid out in avenues and burial lots, beautifully and tastefully arranged, so as to rob the spot of that sombre aspect that the graveyard has too long worn in this country. On the whole, we like Baltimore and its people.

## TITANIA AND BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

The exquisite engraving on this page represents one of the finest productions of the age. It is the work of Mr. Jackson, an American artist, residing in Rome at the present time. The figures have been cast in bronze and distributed in all the large cities of Europe, purchasers paying large sums for the same. A critical English journal says: "In the bronze the work is charming, and most intelligibly interprets the subtle and profound thought which it embodies—Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved."

The artist has seized upon the moment when Titania, the queen of the fairies, is caressing Bottom, the Weaver, who has had an ass's head fitted to his shoulders by a mischievous elf. The following extract from Shakspeare will explain the scene:



TITANIA AND BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

*Titania.*—Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,

While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,  
And stick musk roses in thy sleek, smooth head,

And kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy.

*Bottom.*—Where is Peas-blossom?

*Peas-blossom.*—Ready.

*Bottom.*—Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.

*Where's Monsieur Cobweb?*

*Cobweb.*—Ready.

*Bottom.*—Monsieur Cobweb: good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur, and good monsieur have a care the honey bag break not. I would be loath to have you overflown with a

honey bag, signor. Where's Monsieur Mustard-seed?

*Mustard-seed.*—Ready.

*Bottom.*—Give me your fist, Monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

*Mustard-seed.*—What's your will?

*Bottom.*—Nothing, good monsieur, but to help careless Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

*Titania.*—What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

*Bottom.*—I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*Titania.*—Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

*Bottom.*—Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your dry good oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

*Titania.*—I have a venturous fairy that shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

*Bottom.*—I had rather have a handful, or two, of dried peas. But I pray you let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

*Titania.*—Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, begone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,  
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so  
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

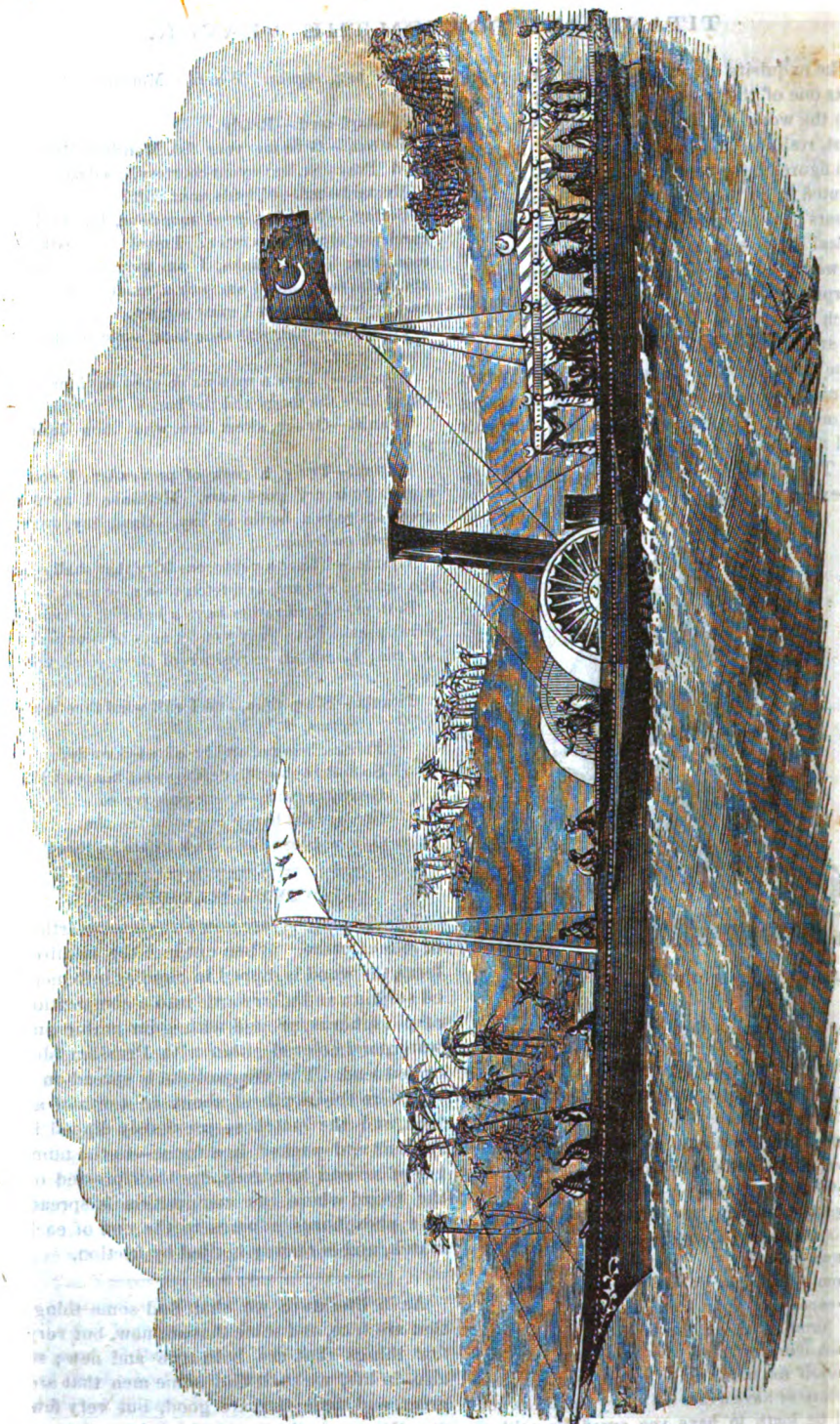
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

## LUCIFER MATCHES.

Lucifer matches are now an extensive article of manufacture. When cut into the required form, the wood is dipped in bundles into melted sulphur, and afterwards into a composition of phosphorus, ground with gum arabic and water, and colored either with Prussian blue or red lead. The composition is spread on a board to the depth of about an tenth of an inch, and the matches—previously dipped in sulphur and packed in a frame—to the number of several hundreds, are then pressed on the board where the composition is spread. The phosphorus adheres to the end of each match, and is readily ignited by friction.

As in literature we shall find some things that are true, and some that are new, but very few things that are both true and new; so also in life, we shall find some men that are great, and some that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.





THE PACHA'S STEAM YACHT.



**SPLENDID STEAM YACHT.**

The nautical engraving on page 182 is a perfect representation of the steam yacht which has recently been built in England for the Pacha of Egypt. No expense was spared by the builders to make the vessel fast, luxurious and comfortable, and in consequence Egypt's ruler now owns the most magnificent steam yacht that ever floated. She is very flat, so as to navigate certain portions of the Nile, and is 150 feet long and about 20 feet beam. The Pacha is said to be much pleased with his yacht. It is a model of fitness and beauty.

It really seems as if the leading men of the East were waking up from their lethargy, and remembering that they live in the nineteenth century. From the spirit of improvement now abroad in the East, a large field is opening for the skill, energy and talent of British and American mechanics and manufacturers in the future. In some respects Egypt, which in the earlier ages of our race, left the impress of its power upon all other peoples, and under whose sway was fostered all that was known of art, science and political economy, seems rising from the doom once pronounced upon her, that she should become the "basest of kingdoms," and is yet again to take an important position among those mighty influences which are to resuscitate the Eastern world from the long sleep of torpor and physical degradation which has settled down upon it.

**A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.**

Females often possess presence of mind and power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril which seems almost foreign to their nature, and beyond the endurance of a delicate organization. Here is a striking instance of self-command by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares. We copy the adventure, premising by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector, residing in a quiet English village, and was on the eve of marriage. The wedding-day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize-fight which had taken place in the neighborhood.

That night, Adelaide, who had occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after all the household had retired to rest. She had a long interview with her father, and had been reading a chapter to which he had directed her attention, and since, had packed up her jewels, etc. She was, consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was only the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House-breakers were mere myths in that place. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bedroom door softly opened. She turned, looked up, and beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her. She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly.

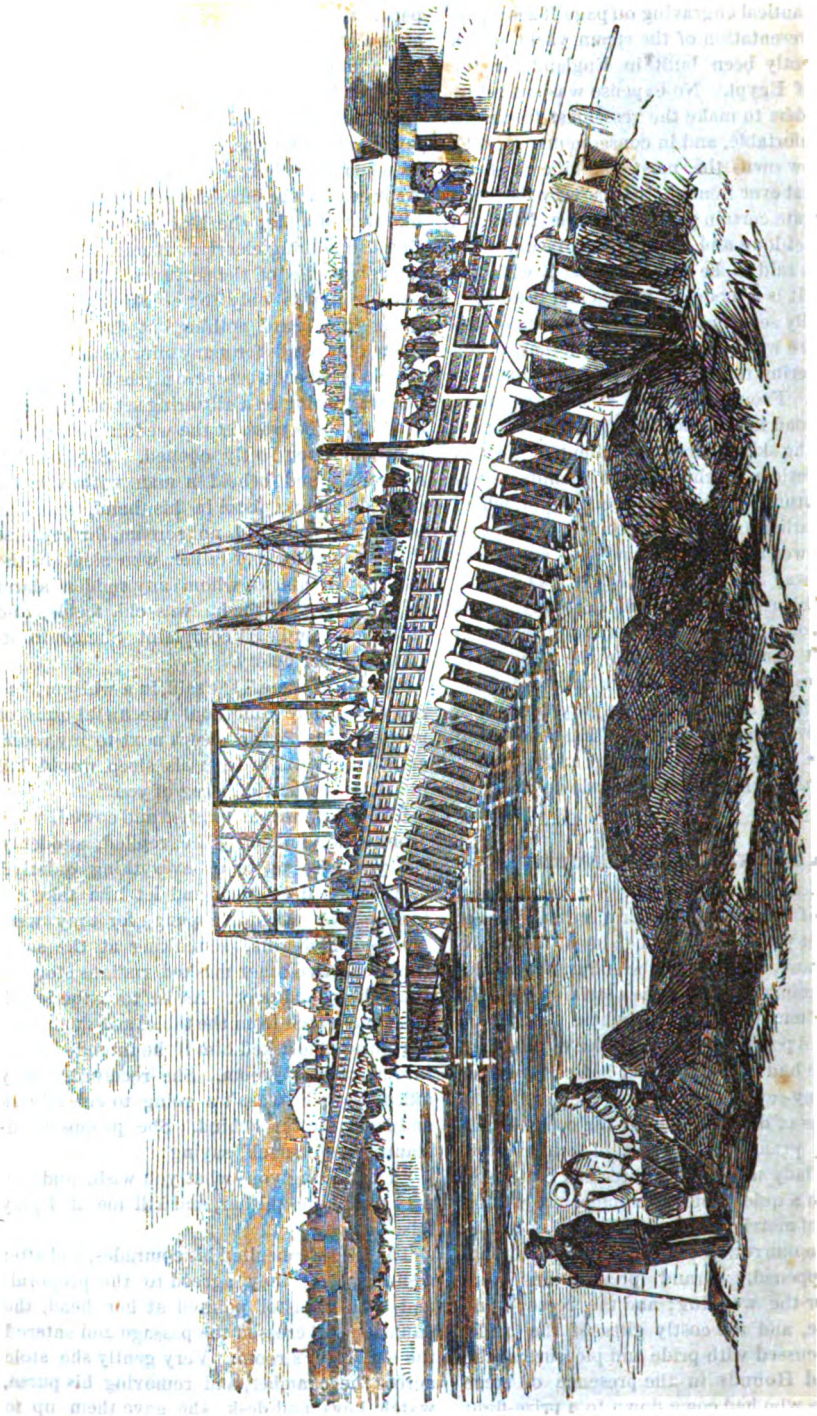
"You are come," she said, in a whisper, "to rob us? Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps next to my room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed. "We won't make no noise," he replied, suddenly, "if you give up to us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, remarking at the same time that two other masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative; he wasn't a going to run all risk and leave the tin behind. She proposed instantly to go herself, saying:

"I will bring you what you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you."

The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and with a pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers who stood at the door. The old



CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE.

man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader said they should be when they got the plate spread out below, and they couldn't let her out of sight, and she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate, she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding-breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding-cake for them; and then seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel. They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set. When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but the leader approaching her, told her they did not wish to harm her—but she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this, she was obliged to assent, and they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed, during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, and in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, stole up to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber. The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined; and Adelaide's story was more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three-fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared he owed his life to the self-possession of his daughter.

The only ill-effect of the great trial to her nerves, was a disposition on the part of the young heroine to listen for midnight sound, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of scene soon effected a cure.

### CAMBRIDGE BRIDGE.

Cambridge Bridge is one of the most substantial structures of the kind in the country. It connects Cambridge with Boston, and since tolls were abolished and the bridge declared free to the public the travel over it has largely increased. During the regatta, on the afternoon of the last Fourth of July, the bridge was covered and crowded with people. It was almost impossible for the horse cars and vehicles of any kind to pass through the dense mass, all eager to see the race and fearful of being disappointed. We publish the illustration for the purpose of showing our distant readers the scene of the spirited but friendly contests that take place on the Charles river waters each Fourth of July. Boats from all parts are welcomed and have been permitted to take part.

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### PRINCE DANIELLO, VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO.

The large space which the affairs of Montenegro have occupied of late years in the public mind, the peculiar position of this little State, its recent conflict with the Turks, warrant us in the supposition that the accompanying authentic portrait of its ruler will prove interesting to our readers. Prince Daniello has risen to be an important character on the stage of Europe. Between the Austrian and Turkish dominions, on the coast of the Adriatic, lies a narrow slip of mountainous country, inhabited by an independent people of the Slavonic race, and of warlike and predatory habits. They have nothing in common with the inhabitants of the surrounding countries, greatly resembling the Highlanders of the Caucasus, with the exception that they are as inimical to the Turks as the Caucasians are friendly. Montenegro is about sixty miles in length, and is in no place more than thirty-five in breadth. The whole surface is piled with huge rocky mountains, heaped in disordered masses on all sides; and so numerous that a jocular remark is rife amongst the inhabitants to the effect, that when the gods were sowing stones over the world, the bag which held them burst as it passed above Montenegro. There are no cities in the country, nor even anything that may be graced with the name of a town; the largest villages, of which there are somewhat more than a hundred, containing at the most a thousand souls. As to the extent of the entire population, it cannot be calculated with certainty, though



PRINCE DANIELLO, VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO.



judging from the number of men they can bring into the field, it would probably amount to about 100,000.

Cettigne, the chief residence of the Vladika, is the only place in Montenegro that has any pretensions to a fortress. The walls that surround it are pierced with loop-holes, and mounted by a few cannon, under the safeguard of which the national diet assembles. The Montenegrin government is purely republican. Each village selects its chief, who is termed *Kniaz* (prince). The national affairs are argued and decided by the diet, or assembly of these elected chiefs; who, in their turn, elect the metropolitan and other great dignitaries. The metropolitan, or *Vladika*, possesses both the spiritual and temporal authority; but, after all, the power he holds is only a moral one, and none of the inhabitants are bound to show him obedience. The notion of equality and independence is so strongly rooted in the bosoms of this mountain people, that the poorest may say to the richest, "I am as good as yourself."

How the trouble will be settled, remains unknown. Russia is glancing in the direction of Montenegro, and will not miss a chance to obtain the territory and thus advance one step nearer Turkey. But France and England object to that, and so matters remain at last accounts.

#### CHARCOAL BURNING IN FRANCE.

The spirited picture on page 188 represents the fabrication of charcoal. Common charcoal, as every one knows, is the residuum obtained by calcining wood by exposing it to a certain degree of heat without burning, or at least by only partially burning it. It does not require a very high temperature to produce carbonization. A little above the boiling point of water, wood dried by heat, becomes brown and sends out different gaseous products. When it becomes of a brownish black, and susceptible of pulverization, it is fit for the manufacture of gunpowder, but it would be unfit for domestic use. For furnaces and ordinary consumption charcoal must undergo a strong calcination. There are many methods of effecting this. That oftener employed now is what is called the "new forest method." A pyramid is made by piling up the wood and filling in the crevices with small pieces. It is covered with leaves, twigs, moss, etc., and the whole is overlaid with a mixture of sand and clay. In the centre of the pile a chimney is formed, and vents are also left in the circum-

ference for the admission of air. This preparation finished, small pieces of wood and fire are introduced into the chimney, which is left open for a certain length of time, till the whole interior is ignited. The charcoal-burner fills the vacuum left by the combustion, by ramming down the charcoal already formed with a long pole, and supplying the chimney with fresh wood. When the combustion is sufficiently active in the interior, the chimney is stopped up, and after some time vent-holes are punched in the cone, starting from the top to the gases. The charcoal-burner knows from the color and quantity of the smoke emitted, exactly when the carbonization is complete in a certain zone, and goes on to make another series of vents lower down. As the operation goes on, the heap sinks down by degrees. Finally, all the orifices are stopped, the heap is covered with a layer of damp earth, watered, if necessary, and it is left to cool for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the covering is opened and the charcoal taken out and placed in small beds on the ground. A hundred parts of wood sometimes yields only fifteen parts of charcoal. Our engraving represents two small heaps, of which the most distant has just been fired, while the other is covered up to cool, the carbonization having been completed. The charcoal-burners of France form an entirely distinct class of the population. They lead a wandering life, and live in rude huts constructed in the forests where they work. If not deprived of domestic joys like shepherds, they share with their wives and children the irksomeness of isolation in the midst of woods, and have no opportunity, like other peasants, of cultivating a bit of garden ground. In old times they were regarded with terror as evil things. The depth and extent of the ancient forests of France, the absence of highways, the superstitious ideas of the middle ages, and the real dangers of chance encounters in the wilds, all tended to make the charcoal-burner a prominent figure in the harrowing stories told by gossips at the winter fireside. Even now the charcoal-burner is the "Bogy" with which French mothers terrify rebellious brats into submission. It was the sudden apparition of a charcoal-burner that caused the mortal terror and perhaps the dementia of the unfortunate Charles V. But in our generation we are getting wiser, and we cannot withhold our respect from men who follow so useful and laborious a calling, and who, in their rude way, are hospitable and friendly.



BURNING CHARCOAL IN FRANCE.



## MRS. FURGERSON'S RINGLETS.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

I WANTED particularly to see Fred Bailey, and fate seemed to have decided that I should not have that pleasure. Wherever I sought him, he was not, but had been a moment before. At the seventh failure, I grew superstitious. My friend's compact, well-made figure grew slighter and yet more slight to my imagination, and was likened unto a marble figure of Hope that I had once seen, flying ever, and eluding the touch. His broadcloth faded and hardened to Parian folds, his wide-flying, reddish whiskers grew yet more golden, and surrounded his head instead of his chin, aureole-wise. In short, I was beginning to think that there was no such person in the world, and that I must have taken hasheesh unawares. Having arrived at this chaotic conclusion, behold, the gentleman himself turned a corner before me, compact flesh and blood, reddish whiskers, sable broadcloth, all complete.

Having him safe, not more than ten paces in advance, I did not hurry nor call. I set my eyes on him, and followed, sure that my gaze would bring him round presently. But, as Mrs. Partington would say, "there's many a slip between the cup and saucer." While I was getting my mesmeric will up, a lady sailed up from a side street, and my friend, with a hearty greeting, joined her.

At first I felt vexed, but soon forgot that, while watching the fair intruder. She was but medium sized, but the majesty of her step gave an impression of superior height, at the same time that it allowed a perfect elastic grace. Besides, she was well-dressed; and one forgives a good deal in a woman who is graceful and well-dressed.

Presently they stopped at a stately doorway, and the lady, in taking leave, turned a face that I knew.

Miss Summers had been a belle at Washington the winter before, and I had met her a few times there. In those few meetings, I had learned by heart the low, wide forehead, the heavy dark hair, tucked behind the gem of an ear, the whole face Evangeline-like, except in its pride. Miss Summers did not look like one who had known suffering and patience, though I believed her to be capable of becoming as true and tender a martyr as ever

was sung. That high spirit of hers had never been broken, the clear eyes had never wept bitter tears, the elastic foot had never dragged with weariness; but I felt an inward conviction that she possessed a strength and fortitude of character which only needed opportunity to display itself. I could scarcely have given satisfactory reason for the faith that was in me, for I had heard of her only as a belle, leading a proud, gay life, and I had seen her only in company. But my conviction was none the less strong.

But meanwhile I have left the couple standing on Mrs. Furgerson's doorstep. It had been several months since my last meeting with her, and I stood waiting to see if she would recognize me. Her first passing glance slid off with well-bred unconsciousness, but returned immediately with something of earnestness—a smile and a faint blush came together, and Miss Summers, interrupting herself in the middle of a sentence, extended to me a white hand, from which she had just withdrawn the glove, and gave me a cordial greeting.

What a face she had! The rich dusk of skin, eyes and hair, the soft vermilion of the lips, the air of languor that covered fire, the glorious mingling of pride and tenderness! Moreover, she had a voice pure and soft from the chest, with a reed-like depth and vibration, quite unlike the usual high-pitched feminine nasal.

"And you are done with the Patent Office?" she said.

"Yes; the object for which I staid there is accomplished. I shall now sit down under my own vine and fig-tree."

"I passed your place last week," she said. "It is a perfect nest. I wanted to go in."

"You would have set all the birds singing with delight, if you had. Can I hope that you will some time do me the honor?"

"We'll make a party out there," said Fred, eagerly.

"Well, come up soon, and we will talk it over. Bring Mr. Moran in some time with you, Fred." And Miss Summers gave us a smile, and disappeared.

"Fred? Ahem!" I muttered, as we walked away.

"She's a dear girl!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, not seeming to have heard my comment. "You seem to be passably good friends," I remarked, drily.

"O, the very best! You see Rose and Eva are entirely dependent on their step-mother, who has set her heart on their marrying rich men. She is rich, you know. When she married their father she had nothing, and he not much. But when she married Furgerson she got a rich husband, and shortly afterward inherited property. Gold is her idol, and if Rose hadn't taken her in hand and coaxed her over, I don't believe she would ever have consented to receive me for a son-in-law."

Thus said my friend, whom I could have knocked down with a good will, I scarcely knew why. There are moods of mind in which one does not find it agreeable to contemplate a man so perfectly confident and confiding, so utterly satisfied with himself and his prospects. "So you and Rose are engaged?" I said, coldly.

"Bless you, no! It's Eva."

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart!" I cried, grasping his hand. What can be pleasanter than to see one's friends happy? Besides, Fred was so deserv- ing.

The next evening I went up to Mrs. Furgerson's with Fred, and was passably received by madam who graciously remembered having met me several times in society at Washington, ignoring the fact that I was at that time merely a salaried clerk in the Patent Office. She also complimented me on my writings.

"I have just finished reading from 'Gleanings,' and find it charming, of course," she said, patronizingly, smiling as she arranged the cameos on her still fair arm. "You should write us a book every month." And she turned to greet a new comer, a common-place looking man, whom she received with marked cordiality.

Well, gold does gild, and Mr. Selwyn could count his thousands by hundreds. Besides, the man was not odious, he was simply inferior. Had he been poor he would have made Mrs. Furgerson a very good groom; but I doubt if she would have made him her coachman, her horses being of a temper that required a firm hand and some self-possession in the driver.

The gentleman approached Rose who stood near me, and presented her a superb bouquet all of pink flowers, a fragrant floral blush.

"O, thank you!" she said, with perfect cool-

ness. "They are very beautiful. See, mama, Mr. Selwyn has brought us some flowers."

Mr. Selwyn became the color of his offering, and immediately made a succession of protesting bows. Mrs. Furgerson pretended not to hear, but gave her step-daughter a flashing glance.

Rose took all this with apparent unconsciousness, though I thought she held her head a little higher. She displayed the flowers to the company, took one more appreciative glance and breath, then placed them in a vase on the centre table, taking a seat near me.

A little laugh sounded at my elbow, and Eva's curls shook in between her sister and me.

"O, Rose," she whispered, "Mr. Selwyn will never forgive that 'us.' The flowers for us indeed!"

"'Tis the same," replied her sister, with a blush of annoyance. "We all enjoy them."

"Rose," said Mrs. Furgerson, approaching us with her sweetest smile, "Mr. Selwyn wants to hear you sing that song he sent up this morning."

"It is too high for my voice, mama. I can only touch F with a strain, and this reaches A."

"Well, dear, sing him something else, then, and tell him your voice is contralto. Here he comes to wait on you."

Miss Summers rose quickly and waited on herself to the piano, while Mrs. Furgerson dropped into the seat she had left and murmured some pretty compliments and common-places while I listened to the sweet voice singing:

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladye,  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,  
And ye shall be his bride.  
And ye shall be his bride, ladye,  
Sae comely to be seen.  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hayelden."

"A chain of gowd ye shall not lack,  
Nor braid to bind your hair,  
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair.  
And you the foremost o' them a'  
Shall ride our foremost queen.  
But aye she loot the tears down fa'  
For Jock o' Hayelden."

As the song rang clearly out Mrs. Furgerson twisted her pocket-handkerchief and bit her lips. I glanced at Mr. Selwyn. In bliss-

ful ignorance of any covert meaning in the song, or that it possessed any meaning at all, he stood in complacent ease turning the leaves of the music, amid the scarce suppressed smiles of the company, and when the last lines broke in saucy triumph,

"She's ower the border and awa'  
Wi' Jock o' Hayledeen!"

he bowed, smiling thanks, and placed a waltz on the rack.

"I think so much of Mr. Selwyn," Mrs. Furgerson said. "And nothing could please me better than his evident partiality for Rose. It is precisely what I have wanted for her, and precisely what will suit her."

I instantly perceived the motive of this somewhat unusual and wholly unexpected confidence, and my blood felt in a flame.

"So Miss Summers is engaged to Mr. Selwyn?" I remarked, with all the coolness I could command.

"O, not engaged!" she said, quickly, somewhat startled by my directness. "He is pleased with her, one can see, and she is very well satisfied with him. There has been nothing said, and perhaps I am very premature in my communication. I forget that you are personally almost a total stranger. We know you so well by your writings, and your reputation is such, that I feel quite safe in confiding in you." And Mrs. Furgerson gave me a fascinating smile.

I bowed, but made no promises.

"The poor girls were left with nothing," she went on pathetically, "absolutely nothing. They must have begged if I had not taken them. Of course it was a great care to me, but I am not sorry, for I am as fond of them as though they were my own. I was a little disappointed in Eva's choice, but Fred is an excellent fellow, and his family and connections are of the best."

"Fred Bailey is worthy of any woman," I said, warmly.

"O, certainly. But we must be prudent, you know; and young people have romantic notions which they soon get over, and are thankful to their elders if they thwart them. Now it would never do for Rose to marry any but a rich man. She is fond of luxury, and has always been used to it."

I looked to where Rose Summers stood under the chandelier, and the high pulse with which I had listened to her song grew fainter, and I felt a keen pain for an instant. The shining silks that rustled around her seemed

made for her to move in, as though she could not live nor move except in such a web. The creamy laces clung around her half-veiled arms, and her slender throat and the ornaments of deep-colored gold that shone in her hair like blots of stray sunshine, seemed to have lain long in sunless mines for her. Yes, luxury became her, and I could not bestow it.

Perhaps my face darkened. I do not know. But looking up when I recollected myself, I caught a sharp glance from Mrs. Furgerson's eyes which melted instantly.

"What a sweet little place that is of yours," she said. "There is nothing near the city equally pretty. Have you yet got a mistress for it?"

"Not yet, madam."

"I don't see how you could have left it for Washington, which is for the greater part of the year the dullest place in the world."

"I went to Washington solely for money," I replied. "My father left a mortgage on the house, and I took that means to pay it off. Now it is clear, and though I am not rich, yet I have no fears for my daily bread. When I am so happy as to have a mistress for my house, I hope that you will some time give her the honor of entertaining you."

"I'm sure I shall be charmed. Doubtless you have your mind made up?" Another keen glance from the lady's eyes.

I would not bear this. I was not game for her to hunt or to frighten.

"I am not sure," I said, giving her a glance as clear as her own, and a smile of confident meaning. "But when I am I shall be most happy to communicate immediately with Mrs. Furgerson."

She reddened angrily, and took the first chance to turn away.

"Madam," I thought, "if you throw down the gauntlet to me, it shall be 'Greek met Greek.'"

Here Rose came up with cheeks as pink as her name, and introduced Mr. Selwyn to me, and Fred and Eva joined us, and we had a merry time for half an hour. I don't know whose fault it was—perhaps mine, for I always liked absurdities—but after a while we found ourselves playing "Simon says thumbs up," and then Eva brought a tea-poy and a pack of cards, and we played Muggins, laming ourselves with laughter, unscared by the superb frescoes that soared over our heads, or the sublime bronzes that frowned near by. Mrs. Furgerson first opened her eyes in astonishment at such unusual proceedings, but finally

smiled indulgently on our childish folly, though I think she was not pleased that Mr. Selwyn should always be Muggins. Well, we scared etiquette out of those parlors for once, and when Fred and I went out, blessed by an invitation from Mrs. Furgerson to come soon again, the girls followed us to the door.

There stood my poor horse wet with dew, champing the bit and pawing impatiently. "Poor Brownie, I forgot you utterly."

"Better come home with me," Fred said.

"No, I will go to my own nest, thank you. I'm sorry I left the creature standing so long, but the ride by this moonlight will be fine."

Rose stepped down to the curb-stone and offered a little bunch of clover to Brownie who took it delicately with many nods.

"I wish we were all going out into the country with you," said Rose, her beautiful face shining in the moonlight. "The night is so fine."

"If not to-night, will you not go some other time, Miss Summers?" I asked, eagerly.

"I should like it. Wouldn't it be pleasant, Eva?"

"Let us, 'we four, no more,' ride out there next moon," proposed Fred. "It would be capital to go out in the afternoon, have tea with Moran, and come back by moonlight. Only don't let anybody else know, for any addition would spoil the fun."

It was so decided by acclamation just as Mrs. Furgerson's sharp call came from the door, "Girls, you will take cold."

I rode through the lighted streets and out the silent country roads with a soft "good night" sounding still in my ears, and a vision of a lovely moon-lighted face before my eyes, so distinct that vision that when I reached my home it seemed to look down on me smiling from the vine-wreathed windows.

I hereby give Mrs. Furgerson credit for being a good fencer. For four weeks she kept me at the point of her sword, and all the while smiling, complacent, and as friendly as possible. She petted, she lionized me, but she kept me at due distance from her step-daughter. She had always some charming woman for me to talk with, or to flirt with if I would. She had a poor, pretty niece, Nelly Andrews, whom she regularly threw at my head, and whom she continually praised to me. Mr. Selwyn was always under foot. I stumbled over him continually. His flowers scented their parlors till I hated their perfume, his music littered the piano, his novels piled their tables, his presence was inevitable.

But for the promised visit to my cottage, I should have been in despair, for even Rose seemed changed. She was polite and friendly, but a little dignified; in short, a shade too polite. I did not feel that the promise of our first meeting was fulfilled.

One Wednesday morning we all went to see the "Icebergs," then just opened for exhibition. The next afternoon was appointed for our ride which we had tacitly agreed should appear to be impromptu. I was in the best of spirits and was paying all possible attention to madam, when Fred said to me in a loud whisper:

"All right about the horses, Moran. We will start at three o'clock."

Clumsy Fred, not to see the lady at his elbow.

"What are you plotting now, Fred?" asked Mrs. Furgerson, giving him a tap with her fan.

He started guiltily.

"Fred and the young ladies are going to ride out to my place to-morrow," I said, tranquilly, but full of rage. "They have promised to take tea with me."

I saw her eyes flash. She knew instantly that we had not intended for her to know, but she controlled herself to say with smiling reproach:

"Are you not going to invite me?"

As I was choking almost, and could not speak, I gained time by bowing profoundly, then managed to inquire what sort of horse I should procure for her, or if she would prefer to ride one of her carriage horses.

"O, you wicked man, to ridicule my weight," she laughed, glancing down to her ample form. "Of course I can ride in the carriage, and one of the girls with me. So can you if you wish."

I bowed again, but kept silent.

"O, nonsense, mama!" exclaimed Eva.

"We are all to ride, and have selected our horses. If you go you will have the carriage to yourself, unless you invite some one else to accompany you."

"If Mr. Moran would like Mr. Selwyn to go—" she ventured, looking at me.

"Pardon me, madam," I replied haughtily, "any time after to-morrow I shall be most happy to have you make up a party to visit me, but it is now too late to make any change in my arrangements."

She gave a smiling nod and turned away.

"Come, girls, it is near time for dinner."

I looked at Rose. The girl had not heard one word of our talk. She sat looking into the cool, sparkling loveliness of that most

beautiful picture, drinking in its delicate richness, its frost and fire, its elfin enchantment. My anger melted instantly at sight of her smiling delight. I stood and watched the visions come and go in her clear, dark eyes. Did I not know what fancies were sailing about light as snow-crystals in her brain? She saw Valhalla, and looked for Thor to leap on to the ice-cliff. She fancied the Norns coming to bathe their fingers in those waters colored like their eyes, and the beautiful face of Baldur the Good looking down from the glowing mists above.

She started when Eva touched her, blushed at all our eyes, and walked lingeringly away with backward glances.

"Never mind," whispered Eva to me as I left them. "I will try to administer a surreptitious dose of senna to Mrs. Furgerson before to-morrow afternoon, or to upset the tea-pot on her hand, or in some way to disable her."

For me, I went to Fred's office, shut myself into his sanctum to the exclusion of the proper owner, and proceeded to beat my brains. Go she should not if I had to hire the coachman to run away with her. I could have mastered any problem in Euclid in half the time it took me to form my plan; but then it is no trifle to circumvent a woman. The idea came like a flash, and as it came I saw Fanny, Mrs. Furgerson's waiting-maid, coming up street by the office. I threw a folded newspaper down into the street, and when she looked up I called her.

While she comes up stairs let me explain that this Fanny is the daughter of Jane, my housekeeper. Jane had lived with my mother ever since she was married, excepting only the two years of her own married life. When her wretch of a husband deserted her, she came back with her little girl and found a home with us, and when my mother died she took sole charge of the house. Fanny had lived with us till she became old enough to go out to service, and since then had been in several places, lastly at Mrs. Furgerson's. This lady being incurious of the private affairs of her servants, did not, I think, know of this relationship, and I had not taken advantage of it before. Now I proposed to do so.

Fanny came in blushing and smiling, all a flutter of delight at seeing "Mr. Albert," as she always called me. She was now a plump, rosy Irish maiden of eighteen, and I was the nearest to a brother that the girl had ever known.

I assumed a solemn and mournful counte-

nance. "Fanny, haven't I always been a friend to you?" I asked, pathetically.

"Sure you have, Mr. Albert," she said. "You've been the best friend my mother and I ever knew. May I make bold to ask what is the matter? I am certain that some ill has come to you."

For an instant I felt ashamed of myself, her honest, friendly face was so full of trouble; but then I thought of the morrow and hardened my heart to the faithful Hibernian.

"I am in trouble," I said, "and I think that no one but you can help me. Will you help me?"

"Indeed I will if I can," she said, earnestly, tears coming into her eyes. "There's nothing you'll ask but I'll do."

"Well, Fanny, for certain reasons which I cannot explain now, but will at some future time, it is of importance to me that Mrs. Furgerson should not be able to leave the house to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Fanny?"

"Gracious, sir, how can I prevent? She doesn't ask me if she may go, and I daren't speak unless I'm spoken to."

"Fanny, Mrs. Furgerson wears a wig," I said, majestically, looking her full in the face.

"O, fie! Mr. Albert," she cried, blushing. "What could you be thinking to listen to such a story, when—"

"And," I interrupted, unmoved, "if anything were to happen to her wig, of course she couldn't appear in company till she got a new one, which could not be in half a day."

Fanny's face lengthened. She slowly shook her head.

"O, Mr. Albert, you're not going to run away with Miss Rose?"

It was my turn to blush now. Were the very servants on my track?

"Because if you are," she went on, "I can't—"

"How dare you ask such a thing?" I exclaimed. "Have you ever known me to do a villainous thing? Why, I have known Miss Summers but four weeks here. I am surprised at you."

"I am sorry, sir," faltered the girl, weeping. "I know it was imprudent and insulting of me, and I can never forgive myself. But you see, sir, I thought that since Mrs. Furgerson is so set that Miss Rose shall marry Mr. Selwyn that perhaps you might feel obliged to take her off unknown. I hope you'll pardon me, sir."



"Yes, Fanny. But we lose time. Now trust in me that I'll do no harm. I must have your help. Where does Mrs. Furgerson put her wig when she takes it off at night?"

"In her dressing-room on the dressing-table, sir," answered Fanny, dropping her eyes.

"There is a gas-burner each side of the mirror just over the table?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," the girl answered, quite at a loss to see my drift, and astonished at my knowledge of the sacred interiors. Just as though everybody's house wasn't built after the same sort.

"Mrs. Furgerson goes to bed and leaves you to put out the gas?" I pursued.

"Yes," she gasped.

"Now, Fanny," I said, coming to the point and speaking in my most persuasive tones, "if a spark or a bit of lighted paper were to fall on that wig after she is well in bed, and cannot save it—"

"O, musha!" cried the girl, lapsing through sheer horror into her vernacular, "do ye mean the wig to be burnt? All the beautiful hair that she wears on her head? All the puffs and curls?"

"Yes, I mean it."

"O, Mr. Albert," she said, wringing her hands, "I'll do anything else, but this I dare not. I'd as soon set the house on fire. Why, she'd kill me entirely!"

There was but one way for me. I let my head drop into my hands and groaned. There was silence for a moment, then I heard a stifled sigh.

Presently I drew a long, heavy sigh, and finished off with a very well executed sob.

"O, Mr. Albert!"

"No matter, Fanny," I said, faintly. "It's no matter what becomes of me. I have no friend to help me, I see. I have asked too much of you. Never mind. Don't wait any longer."

"O, if I could—if I only *dared*!" she said tremulously.

I waited a moment, then ventured another groan. It was too much for her honest, grateful, tender heart—the Lord forgive me!

"Don't, Mr. Albert, don't! I'll—I'll do it! I'll do anything you bid me, and may I be forgiven my sins. If you bid me, I'll pull the wig off her old head and put it on the kitchen fire before she can catch me. Only don't take on so!" And I felt her little red hand on my coat sleeve, and heard her sobs close to my ear.

"Will you drop a lighted paper on the wig so as to spoil it?" I asked, solemnly.

"Yes; not one of the beautiful ringlets but shall be singed," she vowed, shuddering.

"Well, bless you, Fanny! Now run home, and don't be afraid. When I get a wife, you shall come and live with her."

Fanny smiled through her tears at this promise, but when I slipped a rustling green-back into her hand, she put it back proudly.

"I'll do it for friendship, Mr. Albert," she said, with dignity, "but I'll not be bought."

When I went into Mrs. Furgerson's parlor the next day, the trio there were scarce able to stop their laughter. Mrs. Furgerson was unwell and could not join us, they said, trying to look grave.

"She would never be at home under a humbler doorway than that," I thought, as Rose Summers stepped out under the free-stone portico of her stately house, trailing her long habit.

The girl appeared to me in a new character that day. State and dignity were left in the city, and a gay, graceful girl rode out with us. She ran little races, she sang snatches of song, she took her horse out of the road to jump over sticks and stones.

"It is so nice to get out of it," she said, riding quietly by my side a minute after having made three miles of the last one by her doublings, and gotten herself and her horse dizzy.

"Out of what?" I wondered.

"Out of the behaviour book," she added.

My place was small enough, a stone cottage with four acres of land, but it was old and well cultivated. The avenue of elms from the gate to the house were grand old trees that laced their upper branches for a roof, and grew bearded to the ground. Two huge maples kept each its solitary state in the midst of a square of smooth green on either side of the avenue, and further back a grove of pines formed a dark back-ground for thickets of roses. I displayed my castle to these visitors, showed the parlor with its carpets and curtains of crimson and white; the airy dining-room, its windows green curtained with ivy and its small sideboard shining with some old porcelain and older silver; the tiny study where were collected a few shelves of the cream of literature; two pretty chambers, and my own that looked down the avenue of elms from its casement window over the portico, the green arching branches scarcely allowing a glimpse through them.

They seemed well pleased, and presently Fred and Eva wandered off down the garden. Rose leaned back in a garden chair and looked

up into the thick maple that threw its flickering shades over her beautiful face, in which the gaiety had given place to an expression of dreamy softness. She watched a bob-o-link that went almost crazy with delight about her, darting here and there, viewing her from various positions, ever bursting into a new ecstasy of praise.

Presently Miss Summers looked at me lying at her feet, and opened her lips. I expected a line of poetry, instead of which she said, reproachfully:

"You didn't show us the kitchen."

I laughed.

"Did you want to see it?"

"May I go now?" she said eagerly, half rising. "And may I help get tea, while you all stay out?"

"No, Rosa Mundi, I can't allow it. You will break dishes and burn your fingers. Perhaps you will pilfer lumps of sugar, who knows?"

She laughed and ran away, calling back that I was not to stir till she called me. So I lay there and dreamed my dreams till Fred and Eva joined me, carrying on their courtship directly under my eyes in the most unblushing manner. Then something stood in the doorway which brought back tales of the old *regime* when Marie Antoinette and her court-ladies played dairy-maids at Versailles. It was Rose Summers who stood calling us to tea, the train of her habit gathered up, the sleeves rolled back from her round, white arms, and one of the housekeeper's large aprons tied around her small waist.

We sat down a merry party, Rose presiding with a shy grace that continually lost its shyness in merriment. Byron should have seen her eat cherries, and he would never again exclude feminine eating from the fine arts. She would take the stem between her forefinger and thumb, first admire its ripe, glowing beauty, then pursing her sweet lips, would slowly suck the pulp from the stone, giving the smallest possible appreciative smack afterwards. I tasted every cherry she ate.

After tea, while the others went out for "one word more," she brought sprays of *eglantine* to loop the curtains and to tangle about the feet of a marble cupid, and left a few sweet leaves on my study table. She looked so lovely, and so much at home, flitting about there, and seemed so pleased and happy that I forgot the shortness of our acquaintance—forgot many things.

"Rose," I began.

"Well—" going on with her pretty occupation, framing a picture with fragrance.

"I have fancied lately that you were displeased with me for some reason, and it made me very unhappy. Was I right?"

"No, you were wrong. Why should I be displeased with you?"

But I did not see her face which was turned away as she lifted her arms with a wreath of *eglantine*.

"I do not know. Perhaps I fancied that some one was trying to influence you against me."

She turned quickly towards me with her cheeks glowing crimson.

"I will not allow any one to so influence me, you may be sure," she said, with spirit. "I despise such things. I understand them and know what they are worth."

I was right, then. Some one had been trying.

"Rose," I said hastily, going to her, "who knows when I may have the chance to speak to you alone again? Forgive me if I am premature and presumptuous. I do not need to know you longer, to be sure that I love you. If I had a palace I would gladly offer it to you. I have nothing but myself and this cottage. Will you take us?"

She looked at me, pale with astonishment.

"Mr. Moran, I have been told that you are to be married this fall."

"So I am, if you will have me. Believe nothing but that I love you, Rose."

"O hush! I must not listen. I am sorry you said anything." She seemed agitated, almost frightened. "Call Eva," she said. "It is time to go home."

"Is this all the answer you have for me, Rose?"

"I dare not, I dare not!" she said, trembling, waving me back when I approached her. "I will be free. I will love no one better than I do myself. Don't say any more, if you please, Mr. Moran, but call Eva. My mama charged us not to remain till evening, but to start before sunset."

I called the others, ordered our horses, and we started for home. Rose immediately called Fred to her side, and I rode by Eva, too much depressed and too much occupied with my own thoughts to perceive that we rode in utter silence.

"Why, how dark it grows!" cried Eva. "And there's a drop of rain."

Indeed, looking up I saw that angry clouds were glooming over the sky, and that an ominous hush had fallen, broken only by an occa-

sional mutter of thunder. There was no breath of wind, yet the clouds rolled swiftly up, blotting out everything, while the horizon where we got a glimpse of it showed only a dull, brassy gleam.

"What are we to do?" called out Fred. "This is coming like lightning. Shall we take to the woods? There is no other shelter near."

Fortunately I recollected a rude camp near by in which some city boys had played savages the summer before, and we started for that. We did not reach it too soon. The gloom of the forest had increased the darkness that stirred now and then with a broad flash of lightning, and heavy drops began to fall slowly on the leaves. I sprang from my horse and was assisting Rose to dismount, when a flash ran overhead like a fiery serpent among the tree-tops, and an explosion of thunder seemed to crack the heavens. Eva cried out in terror, but Rose looked up and caught the glare in her face with a smile.

After we had tied our horses and taken off their saddles, Fred followed the girls into the camp as the rain began to pour, and seating himself on a pile of brush by Eva's side, began the pleasant task of comforting and encouraging her, for the girl was sobbing with terror. I stood in the door and watched the storm. A strong wind raged and tore branches from the trees, almost drowning the thunder, except when some sharper explosion told that a bolt had struck.

Presently I felt something touch my arm, a light hand slid within it, and Rose stood beside me.

"You are angry with me," she whispered, when there was an instant's hush.

I covered the small hand with mine.

"No, Rose, I am not angry, only more bitterly disappointed than I can tell you. You were right to speak sincerely. I do not complain of you. Go in now; you will get wet."

She did not stir, only stood there leaning on my arm.

"It is too late to say that I will be free," she said, presently. "And I did not speak from my heart. I was surprised, and so did not know what to do. I had not thought, I had not hoped—" She stopped.

The rains fell upon our rough camp as though another deluge had come, the winds shook it, the thunder seemed about to grind it to powder, the lightnings seemed to set it every instant in a blaze. But I stood, we stood, blest and unafraid of the tempest.

The storm passed as quickly as it came, the clouds broke rosily, and a glimmer of a rainbow was hung out on the last trail of darkness.

"That is my rainbow," whispered Rose. "It promises me."

"This is my rainbow," I answered, looking down on the sweet face where a smile shone up through the moist eyes.

I went in only for a word of good night when we reached home, and was just going out when somebody flitted down stairs, and Fanny stood in the vestibule awaiting me, her face pale, her eyes scared.

"O, Mr. Albert, I was like to have been killed!" she whispered. "Mrs. Furgerson slapped me in the face, and she has given me warning, and I thought she was going to scratch my eyes out. What will I do?"

"Would you like to come and live with me, Fanny, and wait on my wife?" I asked.

"O, yes, sir."

"Well, come as soon as you like—even to-morrow."

"O, you told me you were not going to marry Miss Rose to-day," she said, divided between delight and reproach.

Mrs. Furgerson did not dismiss Fanny, but coaxed her to stay, giving her a pair of earrings to heal that slap in the face, and Fanny stayed with her till she should be wanted elsewhere.

For a month Rose and I kept our engagement secret, and would have concealed it yet longer, but the sharp eyes were too much for us.

One evening Rose told me that Mr. Selwyn had proposed and been rejected. "Mama went out and left him here," she said, "and I look for her return every moment. He is likely to meet her before she comes. There will be an explanation, I fear, Albert. She will be dreadfully angry."

"I shall be glad of a chance to tell her," I said. "I do not wish to conceal it longer, and I want to be married when Fred is, Rose."

I had drawn back her head as I stood behind her chair, and bent to kiss her forehead just as Mrs. Furgerson stood in the door.

"Go to your room, Rose!" she cried, in a voice whose power I was not prepared for, having only heard its softer accents.

"But, mama—"

"Go, instantly!"

"Go, Rose," I whispered, and opened the door for her, giving her a smile and word of encouragement as she passed.

Had Mrs. Furgerson had time to collect herself, she would doubtless have worn some shreds of her customary drapery of elegance, but her sudden anger sent it from her, and she stood there a vulgar termagant.

No matter what she said. I think she must have been dreadfully ashamed afterward. I listened to her tirade, made her the most elegant bow of which I was capable, and retired, and since that day have never entered her doors. My Rose never would tell me what

reproaches she had to suffer on that occasion. —One week after, I drove up to Mrs. Furgerson's door. Rose Summers walked coolly down the steps, very pale but very determined, and entered the carriage. In half an hour she was my wife, Fred and Eva witnessing, and in one hour more we were at home. The first notice Mrs. Furgerson received of the event was when our bridal cards were given her. And now in my happy home I have a rose all the year round.

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## THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

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BY PHILA EARLE.  
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A fair and cherished bride, I took thee from thy home,  
Where zephyrs ever sigh with low and gentle tone;  
Where perfume-laden winds e'er fan the weary brow,  
And joyous song birds sing on every forest bough;  
Where every tiny leaf is fraught with life and light,  
And beauty's lines are traced on every floweret bright;  
Where melody is breathed in every streamlet's flow,  
And plaintive night-winds sigh so sadly sweet and low;  
Where purling rills gush forth from every mountain side,  
And ripples dance and play, as onwardly they glide;  
Where flowers of every hue so beautiful and fair,  
Are shedding incense sweet upon the balmy air.

A bright and joyous bride, I took thee from thy home,  
To cheer my weary path upon the ocean foam;  
To gladden oft my heart upon the lonely deep,  
Where hardy sailors e'er their lonely vigils keep;  
Where oft the surging waves rise like a mountain high,  
And bathe with briny tears the distant, burning sky;  
Where raging billows roll and madly lash the shores,  
Where angry Boreas rough, so wildly, hoarsely roars;  
Where wailing winds sweep by with deep and sullen moan,  
And rocky, sea-girt isles loom up amid the foam;  
Where darkening waves e'er roll, sublimely, grandly, free,  
And everything is wild upon the deep blue sea.

A loved and loving bride, I took thee from thy home,  
But ah! my aching heart too soon will beat alone;  
For thou, my cherished one, art fading, dying now,  
Death's icy hand is pressed upon thy pallid brow;  
Thy lightest, faintest breath sadly seems to say,  
That thou, like all that's bright, art passing now away.  
O, can I give thee up, and lay thee down to rest,  
Beneath the ocean's deep and darkly heaving breast?  
Upon a coral bed, where I may never weep  
Above thy lowly couch of long and dreamless sleep? —  
'Tis done! and thou art gone! beneath the trackless deep,  
With sad and breaking heart, I've laid thee down to sleep.

## MCDUGAL'S REVENGE.

## AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY COURTLAND LIVINGSTONE.

WHOEVER has read that inimitable romance of Miss Porter, "The Scottish Chiefs," even if not conversant with the history of Scotland, must remember with abhorrence, the deeds of that arch enemy of the gallant Wallace—John Cummin.

The race of Comyn as some historians render it, or Cummin, was notorious for the deep and bitter feuds which it held against the chiefs of the North, the lawless confiscation of property and the exercise of brute force when these depredations were resisted, or even commented upon by the sufferers.

Some of the weaker ones among the neighboring clans feared to exasperate or annoy the enemy, by offering any resistance; but there were strong arms and stout hearts that only awaited personal aggression, to rouse them into determined and active defense of their rights.

In the time of John Cummin, such a heart of oak dwelt in the bosom of Hugh McDougal, who manfully stood up, with his clan about him, and routed the Cummins from his broad fields, drove home his herds of cattle in triumph before the eyes of his mortified foe, and repelled every encroachment of the followers of John Cummin, without the loss of a head, human or brute.

McDougal's triumphant success, however, unfortunately rendered him careless. He knew that the enemy had sworn his death; but he received the announcement with a grim smile that told how little he valued the information or dreaded the threat. He scarcely deigned to notice the gathering terrors of his wife, who sat, shivering under the terrible dread which the news had awakened in her mind, until she actually fainted and fell upon the floor. Then all the nobleness of his nature was aroused. He pressed her to his bosom, called her name in tones of agonized tenderness, and succeeded in arousing her from that deathlike trance, only by placing her infant in her arms. Its cries on seeing the white, motionless face, recalled her from that long swoon, and then the chieftain implored her to be more brave.

"Do not doubt, darling," he said, "that I

shall always be able to subdue a foe like John Cummin. You see how easily I led off my brave band, and he, looking on, not daring to attack us. Depend on it, thus will it ever be. Have no fears for your husband, dearest."

Rose was but half convinced, eager as she was to believe that Hugh was the bravest, as well as the handsomest, of the chieftains whom she knew.

Perhaps her fear was mingled, not a little, with that strange spirit of prophecy that enters so largely into the minds of the Scottish people. "You bide your time, Hugh!" she said, with such a hopeless, cheerless look when next she reverted to the subject, that it went to the heart of her husband. Not that it made him fear for himself, but he felt that her reason was perhaps giving way before such a dreary prospect as she kept before her eyes.

When next he went abroad, she kept sad vigil. He had gone, with a few only of his faithful followers, on some necessary business, to a neighboring town. Rose, whose fears had never been wholly allayed, had been walking up and down the gloomy oak hall, all the afternoon, while her child lay asleep in his little crib, covered with the bright tartan of his father's peculiar colors. Toward evening, he awoke, and she found some respite in his winning ways. But, somehow, the child, too, was restless, and keep calling for his father, and weeping that he did not come.

"He comes not," murmured Rose. "Great God! can it be that my Hugh is murdered!"

The last words were almost shrieked out, as her fears of the afternoon came back to her with redoubled agony. The old steward, Duncan Ray, came in at the sound.

"Heaven help us, my leddy!" gasped the old man, trembling with excitement. "I thought ye had drappit Master Robbie in the fire, when ye shriekit sae loud. Wha's the matter, my leddy?" he added, seeing her white cheek, and compassionately taking the child from her arms.

"O, Duncan, where is your master? Is it not dreadful, this staying away so long? I fear something terrible has happened to him."



"Naething has happed to him, my leddy. I knew he would be away till this time. Sure, he has Jock o' the Hollow and Allick McGregor and ten more o' the McDougals; and they can purtect him agin forty o' the Cummin min, or the evil folk either, for that matter. Wipe your een, my bonnie leddy. McDougal is safe. Hark, he is on his way now! Don't ye hear Jock's bag-pipes?"

No cheerful tone of the bag-pipe was that which greeted the ear of the desolate woman. As Duncan opened the hall door to hearken, the music was changed into the dreariest, saddest wail ever uttered by pibroch. The old man shut the door, shivering from head to foot, with that strange fear that comes from some unknown trouble. Rose heard it too, and tossing little Robbie into the arms of his nurse, she seized Duncan by the hand, and drew him out into the wild, dark night, speeding down the avenue, with her long hair streaming in the night breeze, and her steps winged with desperation. She only stopped when the breathless old man faltered on the way, and begged her to return.

"O, my leddy dear, you may be wanted at home. I heard the bairn cry then. Pray go back. Trouble always comes when you run after it. Remember that! Now let us go back! It was only a passing procession."

Only passing! Did she not see the lights at the gate, and did not her quickened senses tell her when the men had set down a burden and taken it up again? And did not the McDougal death-wail still float towards her, in the night wind?

Yet, in pity to the shrinking form beside her, she suffered him to lead her to the door, there to await the coming misery, which was so manifest to her mind.

It came on rapidly. The little band that had followed McDougal away that morning, was swelled to a long, long train of weeping, walling men. They brought in the chief, and set down the bier in the centre of the hall.

"Who has done this?" asked the widow, in a voice so unnaturally calm, that all who heard it, started at the sound.

"Ay, you needed not to ask, lady! Who could kill McDougal, save the treacherous Cummin?" spoke up the leader of McDougal's bodyguard. "And not even he could do so in open fight, and with his men around him. But he stole upon him, when he lay asleep in the glade, and when he had sent us forward for the horses. O, that we should not have disobeyed him then, for the first time!"

He spoke to ears that hardly heard his words. All the powers of Rose McDougal's mind seemed to be absorbed in taking in the one tremendous fact of her husband's death, and the one purpose of revenge upon his murderers. All the sweet and womanly tenderness of her soul seemed swallowed up in the deep thirst for vengeance. The men gazed upon her with eyes that seemed to drink in the spirit of revenge that gleamed from hers.

She stood up, straight and firm, her dark eyes flashing, and her cheek crimsoned, and looked each man in the face, as if to read how far she could trust his courage and fidelity.

Then, stooping to the cradle of her child, she lifted him from the slumber to which he had fallen, and held him up to their gaze.

"Look upon him, followers and friends of McDougal!" she cried. "Swear that ye will help him, one day, to revenge his father's death. Behold!" she said, dipping her small, white finger in the crimson stream, that was not yet quite dry in the deep head wound, "Behold, I baptize this child in the name and with the blood of his murdered father." And, as she spoke, she made the bloody sign of the cross upon the pure, white brow that seemed to grow more pallid with the red stain. "Swear!" she repeated, in tones that thrilled the hearts of her listeners—"Swear to help him! swear by this red cross!"

There was a moment's pause, and then every claymore beat the air, and the strange vow was registered by all. Then the desolate widow was left with only a few of the nearest and dearest friends of McDougal, to keep the death vigil.

All night she sat up with them, and not a tear fell from her eyes. Her grief was changed to that one fixed purpose, from which she never swerved in look or word. They who had known her only as the gentle mistress of Castle Dougal, and had seen her in her pretty, feminine ways, playing on the harp, or singing sweet lullabies to little Robbie, wondered now to see how utterly changed she seemed. All McDougal's proud and lofty bearing—all his brave, courageous manner—all his mingled contempt and indignation toward the Cummin, seemed to have concentrated in this slight, beautiful, golden-haired girl—as if, in dying, the chief had dropped his mantle upon the delicate shoulders of his wife.

The next night, the chief was carried to the grave by the light of torches. When he was lowered into the grave, the whole clan joined hands over the grave, and spoke anew the

oath of vengeance, to take place when the child should have become a man.

A strange, unnatural life was that which Rose McDougal had decreed for her delicate little son. From among the adherents of the house of McDougal, were those skilled to perfection in archery. These persons were placed about the child as soon as he could walk, and they instructed him in the use of their weapons. At first, the tiniest little specimens were given him to play with, and the size was increased just as fast as his hands outgrew them. Rose was frantic with joy, when she saw him speed the arrow home to the mark. That day was marked by her with a white stone.

In the house of John Cummin, the servants often spoke, with hushed voices, of the boy who was growing up to be the avenger of McDougal. Something of this had reached his own ear, abroad, but he merely uttered a contemptuous expression through his white and glittering teeth, and turned away as calm as if the whole race could be mowed down by the stroke of his claymore.

But it was heard, unknown to him, by the orphan niece of his dead sister—the only human thing that John Cummin ever loved. She had seen the little McDougal, when her walks had extended to the field where his attendants were used to lead him, to practise his strange lessons; and the words that now met her ear, as she sat concealed by a screen, reading, in her uncle's library, vividly brought back the lad, handsome and brave-looking, clad in a peculiar tartan, with an eagle's feather in his cap, and of whom old Elsie, her nurse, seemed much afraid; as she well remembered her drawing her away from him with a jerk that hurt her delicate arm, lest she should even look at him. Now she went straight to Elsie and won her, by gentle caresses, to tell the whole story; which she did, though with her it was mixed with many errors. For instance, she represented the young lad as having the red cross still indelibly fixed upon his brow, as his mother's baptism of him, on that dreadful night of his father's death.

"Nay, Elsie, that is too bad! Did we not see him, and had he anything of the sort?"

"A weel, hinny, perhaps his master, the Evil One, helps him to wipe it out, when he wants to deceive honest folk."

Flora bit her lip. She felt sure that the person she had seen was good and pure as he was young and handsome. Flora had never seen

any one, before, that excited her admiration; and all her sympathies went out to the hero of this strange romance. It was the very food on which she had been reared by old Elsie, who had told her wild tales of Scottish romance and superstition, from her earliest childhood.

Robert McDougal, who had borne the name of Hugh, also, ever since the night of his strange baptism, was a strikingly handsome youth;—an advantage of nature, which his mother had sought to improve by art. She had caused the richest and most beautiful tartan to be manufactured, of his father's own peculiar hues; and his Highland bonnet was always adorned with a long plume, blood red in color, besides the eagle's feather which he wore to mark his rank as a chieftain.

His mother's disordered fancy had suggested to her the idea that his hair should not be cut until he had done the deed for which he was training; and he wore his long, golden curls, beautiful and soft, like a woman's, yet without taking away his manly appearance.

It is not to be supposed that the young girl, who had taken such a sudden interest in this strange being, would not try to see him again. She teased Elsie, until she could no longer refuse, to visit again the archery ground. The boy was there, as usual. Flora took a position whence she could watch him, without being herself seen; and sat there, her whole heart in her eyes, gazing upon that matchless figure. In truth, he was a being of no common order, as far as *physique* was concerned. Graceful as a fawn—the effect, most probably, of his out-of-doors life and habits, and inheriting the hardy constitution and figure of his father—he was calculated to win the love of one like Flora. Then his future—that grand and noble future that lay before him, of avenging his father's murder—was ever in his mind, and imparted a nameless charm to all his actions. His mother's solicitude for this event had acted powerfully on her son's mind, and its continual contemplation had given to his countenance an air of conscious power and sublime expression that, in a mere youth, seemed like inspiration.

While Flora was revolving these things in her mind, Elsie began, as usual, to talk, aloud, about him. Shocked and mortified at this, the young girl raised her finger to her lip, to warn her into silence; when something struck against her uplifted hand, drawing the blood and staining her white robes. Elsie screamed aloud; but the girl, who had seen, in a

moment, from whence came the hurt, besought her to be silent, and eagerly concealed the wound with her handkerchief.

The young chief stood appalled at the sight. It was his own arrow that had done the mischief, by glancing aside. He gazed a moment, in blank dismay, and then hastened toward the group that had already gathered around Flora.

He scattered the persons, quite unceremoniously, by pressing inside the circle. The girl's bravery had not lasted beyond the covering of her wound. She had fainted in the arms of her old servant, who was absolutely howling with distress at the untoward accident.

"Hold your peace, woman!" cried the young chief; "the lady is not hurt, more than this medicine can cure."

And he tore a strip from his rich tartan, he bade one of the archers to moisten it from a bottle at his belt, and applied it himself to the wounded hand. Then motioning to his men to form a litter, he took up the line of march across the field to his own castle, to which they conveyed Flora and her servant.

"Mother!" he said, when Rose met him in the hall, "this young girl, whom I have wounded, is John Cummin's adopted daughter; yet you must minister to her now, as if she were your own."

Rose was surprised and startled. She looked down into the litter, which the men had set down at her feet, and saw only a white face, yet it was like the face of an angel. With all her prejudice against the race, the sight of that helpless girl subdued her. She knelt by the litter and held restoratives to the white lips, until the crimson came back to them once more; nor did she suspend her attentions until Flora sat up and thanked her, in her own sweet and gentle manner, for her kindness. Nor did she forbid her son to walk home with her when she had wholly recovered.

It was a decided case of love at first sight. McDougal did not scruple to tell Rose when he returned home, that his heart was in the keeping of John Cummin's ward; and he satisfied her alarms by saying that not the less would he perform his oath.

It was surprising how easily the young couple found opportunities of meeting, and how rapidly their love grew. Elsie sometimes shuddered when she thought of what her master would say or do, should he discover their meetings; but fortune favored them, and Cummin was none the wiser when McDougal and Flora, accompanied, as ever, by the faith-

ful old woman, were pacing the little beach, in front of Castle Dougal, or penetrating the wilds of the forest. Rose murmured at the love that took her son away from her so often; but he had acquired a new dignity and independence with his growing attachment, and always met her complaints with a single answer:

"Mother, I will never marry Flora until the great deed of my life is accomplished. Then, after depriving the poor girl of her only protector, I shall be bound in honor to supply his place. You must be her mother, too, and if you cannot be that, I am no son of yours."

Humbled and weeping, the terrified yet proud mother would say all he wished. She promised never to come between them, and pledged herself to be a mother to the poor girl who had never known that sweet tie.

And now, the life of the young chieftain seemed to be nearing its culminating point. All that could be taught him of the science which had occupied his youth, he had mastered. He began to long for something different—for a home where the sweet, feminine virtues should supersede his restless, struggling way of life. If all were over, perhaps his mother might pass from her state of gloomy unrest to one more suited to her gentle sex. Once his oath accomplished, he might look forward to a state of happiness such as he had never before dreamed of possessing.

And why not now? His hand and eye were steady, his sinews perfectly knit and his unshaken nerves were firm as the rocks over which he daily climbed to shoot at the eagle and wild deer. Why not now? Who was to say when the deed was to be done, if not the chosen perpetrator?

And from that moment he watched. Mother and maiden were forsaken, in that eager watching. Day after day, he sought the mountain heights around, and not a footfall eluded his ear—not a wandering figure passed over the distant paths that his eagle eye did not catch. With one companion alone—his faithful bow—he sat for hours on the summits of Ben Igloe watching—still watching.

He had sat thus for the whole of an autumnal day, buried in his own wild thoughts, but with eyes fixed on the distant prospect. Suddenly, he saw the figure of John Cummin emerge from a little wood, not far from his dwelling, followed by two servants, without whom he now never ventured abroad. He was within the range of his long-bow. It

was an agitating moment for the young chieftain; and, for a moment, he lost his presence of mind. At that moment, before his coolness had returned, he drew his bow. Ah! the eye, that had not failed him from childhood, grew misty then. When it cleared, the arrow stood embedded in the earth, a little aside from the range in which he believed Cummin was walking. In this agitating moment, he raised the war-cry of his clan, and it had passed his lips, before he saw how ineffectual had been his aim; the clear, trumpet tones of his voice telling, but too truly to the foe, who was awaiting him.

But his defeat had not dispirited him. On the contrary, it had but sharpened his senses to a new trial. He saw the three men rush through the heather, and he patiently watched for them to re-appear. Just as the sun set, one figure, the largest and most distinguished of the three, stood on the brow of a hill, its outline sharply cut against the sky. He knew well to whom it belonged. He could see the face, even. Ah! he is beginning to descend in front of him! All his trepidation is over—his nerves are calm and his head cool again. No swerving aside now; the arrow goes straight to its mark, and that mark is the breast of John Cummin! that treacherous breast. A moment's swaying of the tall figure, and the Loch receives it to its icy waters, beneath the heart of Ben Igloe. The deed is done!

Slowly, the young chieftain returns to his home. In that hour, he communed with his own heart as he had never communed with it before. To what purpose had he lived his life? Merely to say that one foe slept beneath Ben Igloe? It came upon him, quick and sharp, that the mother, whose duty it was to teach him mercy and forgiveness, had trained him for this one bitter hour. He had reaped the revenge she had sown for him, and it had borne for him, not fruit, but ashes!

Not with the triumphant air of a victor, did he approach her; but with drooping eye and haggard cheek. She saw and trembled; for what but deathly sickness could overcome her mountain eagle? A strange awe came over her as she gazed upon his face that seemed as if it had been in communion with spirits of the other world. She came near, with hand and lip eagerly offered to his clasp and caress. For the first time in his life he repelled her—flung her back, and sank down into a seat, with his bonnet drawn over the eyes into which she vainly tried to look.

"My son!" she cried, and he seemed to shrink from the words as if they burned into his heart. He could not tell what a poor, pitiful victory he had won for her.

But other voices were shouting it in the courtyard. Some of the clan had seen, from afar, the death of the foe of McDougal, and had hastened, with banner and pibroch, to greet the victorious chief. How his sick heart turned away from it all! It was not until he had rushed into the fields, alone, and afar from the din, that the bitter taste of blood seemed to leave his lip. Night closed in, and the sweet stars came out, one by one, and seemed to whisper peace to that weary spirit. In his excitement, he had forgotten that he had made a tryst with Flora, to meet her here on this spot and at this hour!

"She will not keep it now!" he thought, bitterly, as he felt how his own act might have prevented the tender meeting—might prevent all meetings between them for all coming time.

A slight rustle was heard upon the heather, and Flora was before him, with her unfailing attendant. He stood like one petrified. He did not once look into the sweet, young face, or he would have seen, by the bright starlight, that she knew all. Her voice recalled him to his senses.

"I knew how you must feel, dearest Robert," for Robert, and not Hugh, had she always called him. "I knew how you must wish for a friendly eye to look upon you, and I came, not to chide, believe me, but to comfort you, after the recoil of your long pent-up passion. It is no fault of yours, dearest, I know; and, if you told the truth, it would be that you sorrow for all this vain triumph over my poor, misguided relative. I sorrow too; but I know it was but the penalty for his own deeds, though both of us may grieve that it was not left to the Great Avenger, who would have taken his own time and way."

Her voice touched the painful chords in his soul, and the hero of half an hour ago was now weeping like an infant.

"Speak, Robbie!" cried the girl, her own tears flowing fast, not for the dead, but for the living, "are you not content that I should come to you for this brief moment, to tell how I feel about this sad affair? It was for this only that I came; though a womanly feeling would have perhaps kept me from coming to you. Say, have I forfeited maidenly pride, and do you condemn me?"

His answer was lost among passionate

kisses, but we may believe it was consoling, for the maiden's step was lighter as she went than when she came.

His hardest task was with his mother. Her long-cherished passion of revenge thus suddenly and unexpectedly gratified, she sank into a state of morbid nervousness and unhappiness, that seemed inexplicable to those who had seen how, for twenty-one years, her soul had triumphed over all physical weakness or fatigue. The long pent-up passion had been crowned with success by the very hand she had herself trained to execute it. Now, she saw that it had not healed a single wound in her heart. This night, she felt her widowhood anew. John Cummin's death had not drawn a single arrow from that poor heart, but had added others still deeper.

What had she done with the fresh, young life of her boy? What had she taught him? How had she kept him from great and generous deeds, and fostered within him a spirit of revenge—kept him from throwing over others the influences which one in his position ought to have exercised—in short, how she had murdered his life, for the poor, pitiful satisfaction of slaughtering an enemy in cold blood, when without the means or the opportunity of resistance.

No other reparation could she think of, to be made to him, for the weary, wasted youth, the solitary, unsunned life, to which she had sacrificed the noblest attributes of a soul, consecrated as this might have been to high and noble purposes of good—none but the one she would have despised—a union with the orphan Flora. Poor Rose! her darling wish had dwindled to this, at last!

There came a day of rejoicing, once more, to the clan of McDougal. Their chief had long accustomed them to the thought that marrying Flora would not be desecrating the memory of his father. He had aroused their manly sympathies in behalf of her whom he had orphaned for the second time; and their noble and generous natures admitted that he could not conscientiously leave her to the cold mercies of a world in which she had no protector. When, therefore, the chief appeared on the balcony of the castle, with his mother on one arm and his beautiful bride on the other, a thousand voices went up in long and loud huzzas, for all the three. That Flora received, at their hands, the most devoted love

and obedience, proved how fully she and her husband possessed their hearts.

McDougal, as yet, had known but two great passions—love and revenge. Now, he thirsted for knowledge. A woman's hand had led him through those two—he was not ashamed that a woman's hand should lead him to the sweet, calm founts of wisdom. In these, he washed away the remembrance of that which, for a year, had clung to him as a crime.

Never before had the inmates of Castle Dougal known the sweet rest that broods over the happy households whence passion is excluded. Now, the perturbed spirit of Rose seemed quieter and more composed, from the gentle influence of the sweet Flora. She was never quite herself, from the day that Lord Cummin met his death—perhaps never from the day on which her husband was brought home dead, by his hand. But, in Scotland, there is a deep and abiding sacredness in insanity, and hers was so gentle and harmless, that every one guarded and kept her from all injury. Her chief pleasure consisted in wandering about the base of Ben Igloe, and looking into the silver stream that issues from his heart. When questioned why she staid there so long, she would reply that she awaited her husband, who had gone to John Cummin's funeral.

Years went and came, and still the youthful-looking and beautiful lady pursued her wild haunts, without hindrance, but not unwatched. No tongue could speak the tenderness of her son and daughter toward her. They followed her almost continually, and soothed and calmed her when her nervous terrors prevailed.

For all their care and vigilance, she eluded them one morning at dawn, and was found in a shallow pond, near the base of Ben Igloe, drowned. She had made a wreath of the sweet water lilies, and placed it on her head—the crown of Death—and her hands lay crossed upon the pure white robe which she wore, and which had not been even stained in the clear, gravelly pool where she lay. So, as she had robed and crowned herself for the grave, even so was she laid in it.

There was no weeping—no lamentation, that she had thus passed away. Life, for her, had had but a single purpose; and, when that was accomplished, she had but “drawn the drapery of her couch around her, and lain down to pleasant dreams.”

**"LEGEND OF THE WHITE CANOE."****AN OFFERING TO THE SPIRIT OF THE FALLS.**

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 BY B. C. LEECH.  
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From the far distant forests the warriors come,  
 With fruits and the flowers from their Indian home,  
 And with them, their maidens, the lovely and fair;  
 And the flower of them all, for an "offering" there.

There by the "Great Waters" they gather around,  
 Where the wild torrents leap with a thundering sound;  
 The tribes all rejoice in the dance and in song,—  
 The funeral feast, through the day they prolong.

Now the heavens are veiled by the curtain of Night,  
 Yon heavenly queen sheds her radiant light;  
 The myriad stars gem the vault of the sky—  
 And the mist of Niagara ascendeth on high.

The "offering's" ready—the "maiden" is there,—  
 The fawn of the forest—of all, the most fair;  
 To the maid of the chief of a Seneca, brave,  
 Belongs the high honor, to launch on the wave.

A stillness is resting o'er valley and hill;  
 Their songs are now hushed, all the savages still;  
 The path of the moon tells the flight of the hours;  
 "The canoe" is now filled with fruits and with flowers.

As pure as those flowers, with a heart warm and true,  
 Now steps the fair maid in the snow-white canoe;  
 To the Spirit that reigns o'er the cataract's spray,  
 She silently waits, to be carried away.

The dread moment has come—'tis the still hour of night;  
 Yon silvery orb sheds a mystical light;  
 No sound is now heard but the cataract's roar,  
 As the snow-white canoe glides away from the shore.

Out towards the wild rapids she guides her frail boat,  
 Whilst deafening shouts on the stilly air float;  
 Now there shoots from the bank of the dark forest shade  
 A canoe, with the sire of the Seneca maid.

The scene was too much for that warrior brave,—  
 He had faced the dark foe, and he feared not the grave;  
 The strain was too great for the heart-strings to bear,—  
 The love of his kindred was uppermost there.

'Neath the green forest shade the loved mother was sleeping,—  
 The only joy left, was the daughter's fond greeting;  
 His gaze it is upward—those noble lips quiver,  
 And he launches his bark on the wild, foaming river.



A few mighty efforts—he reaches her side,—  
 Their eyes meet in love, as more swiftly they glide;  
 They make the wild plunge o'er Niagara, together,—  
 Their spirits have gone on their journey—forever!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis said at the hour—mid the stillness of night—  
 When the bow spans the falls, by the moon's silver light,  
 'Neath the heavenly arch, in the mystical spray,  
 The chieftain and child are seen gliding away.

## THE MISSING BRIDEGROOM.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE great drawing-rooms of Ashley Hall were one blaze of light and beauty. The colored lamps flashed their rainbow hues over fair young forms and beautiful faces. The laugh and repartee went round the festive throng—diamonds glittered no more brilliantly than dark eyes, and the snow of satin and muslin was rivalled by more than one pair of uncovered shoulders.

Maude Ashley sat a little apart from the crowd, surrounded by the six young girls who were to officiate as her bridesmaids. A pale, queenly creature, with brown hair full of golden lights, and eyes of that rare amber hazel so seldom met with, yet always so very charming.

She needed not the prestige of her ancient family, or her abundant wealth, to win admiration—her face was fortune enough for any woman. The dead white of her dress, embroidered in seed pearls, and the floating veil like nothing else but a summer mist wreath, enhanced her loveliness; and more than one man beholding her, secretly envied Paul Winchester his bride.

Amid the gay clamor of voices the clock struck nine. More than one of the guests paused to listen with something of strange surprise on their countenances. Nine. It was the hour fixed for the bridal, and still the bridegroom tarried.

Maud's face grew a little whiter as the silvery tones died away down the long hall, and her two small hands locked themselves so closely together that the white rose with which she had been dallying crumbled and fell to pieces in her grasp.

More than an hour previous, the Ashley carriage had gone over to the station to meet

Mr. Winchester who was to arrive from Concord by the eight and a quarter train. No one had noticed if the train had whistled in—no one had thought of it—we are not in the habit of looking for accidents on wedding nights.

Now anxious inquiries waxed rife, until the whole company swayed hither and thither, each applying for information to his neighbor.

A carriage dashed up to the door. Maude heaved a sigh of relief. He had come.

But no; the opening door admitted only Thomas, the coachman. He had a look of stony terror on his face that froze the heart of the expectant bride. She staggered toward him, and laid her hand on his arm, but her white lips uttered no sound. The man understood her, and pitied her, with something of the tender pity we feel for a fragrant blossom when the destroying frost sweeps over it.

"The train is not in. It was telegraphed an hour ago from Bath, and they fear there has been an accident. The Stone river bridge has been considered a little shaky for some time, they tell me."

Mr. Ashley was at Maude's side now, supporting her with one arm. She spoke to him low and rapidly. He remonstrated.

"Father," she said, lifting herself from his arms, "Paul is in danger; wounded—maybe dead, and no power on earth shall prevent me from going to him!"

Her friends crowded around, expostulating and entreating her not to expose herself to the horrors of such a scene, but she settled back on her purpose firm as a rock.

The marriage garments were exchanged for a travelling suit of gray, and accompanied by her father and two gentlemen, Mr. Winchester's friends, she entered the carriage.

A train was about starting from the station for the scene of the disaster. It was now definitely ascertained that the missing train had broken an axle and run off a steep embankment in the vicinity of Stone river. The telegraph had furnished no particulars—only sent a requisition for surgeons, and carriages to bring up the wounded.

Maude sat stony and quiet during the ride of eight miles, and maintained the same unnatural composure when she stood looking over the ghastly array of maimed and bleeding wretches they were bringing up to the light.

The larger portion of the cars had fallen in the water, and every moment the laborers brought up some pale, drowned face and added to the fearful group.

At last all were taken up. The river was dragged thoroughly, the overturned cars investigated—there were no more.

And Paul Winchester was not among them. Yet he had got on the train at Concord. The conductor remembered distinctly of having seen him, of having exchanged some words with him regarding the unusual promise of evening; and a gentleman passenger also recollected of seeing Mr. Winchester reading a paper but a few minutes before the occurrence of the catastrophe. Then where could he be? Whither had he fled? If unhurt, it was not like him to flee and leave so many suffering when he could have assisted in relieving them; and if he himself were injured, where was he?

Maude's heart stood still with a deathly faintness. Stone river was a tide river. What if?—

Her father comprehended the thought that made her shudder, and the most untiring and rigorous exertions were put forth to discover the missing man.

All in vain. Dead or alive, his fate was enveloped in mystery.

At the gray dawn they carried Maude home, and into her chamber, from which she never stirred again until the June roses which had blossomed for her bridal lay dead beneath the snows of winter.

The fatal illness of her father roused her from the lethargy of grief into which she had fallen, and through weary weeks she watched beside him, gaining some strength, and taking unto herself some comfort as she saw him fading daily into the invisible life which her mother had passed so long before.

And when he died, Maude went back to her

unlike privacy no more, but came forth and mingled with society—saddened and subdued, perhaps, but more beautiful than ever.

Of Paul Winchester nothing had ever been heard. It was perfectly sure that he had left Concord on the ill-fated train the night set for his wedding, but after the accident there was no trace of him.

His diary, left behind at his boarding-house, contained allusions to his intention of going to Ashley at eight; and a letter written to a friend just as he was on the point of setting out, still more strongly corroborated the testimony of his landlady and the railway conductor.

Most people believed him dead—drowned on the night of the accident; and if Maude ever indulged a fond doubt that he was still with the living, the cold reality would start up grim and stern before her, and she would put the illusion out of her mind.

Admirers without number flocked to the feet of Maude Ashley. The romantic mystery attaching to her intended marriage, gave a new charm to her beauty, and the quiet sadness of her eyes was more fascinating than the scintillant brilliancy that had dwelt there before the sorrow came.

In March, the intensely cold weather froze up the lakes and rivers, and all Ashley turned out on skates, Maude among the rest.

She never looked better than she did that cold, clear, frosty day, in her robes of vivid scarlet, trimmed with soft, white fur, and the dainty cap of black velvet, with its snowy feather sweeping down and mingling with the floating gold and brown of her hair.

The company drew a little away from her; she had distanced them all, and they stood looking on with envy and admiration. One gentleman alone refused to yield the palm.

Howard Wheatcliff was a stranger in the place—the travelling partner of a heavy importing firm in Philadelphia—detained at Ashley by unexpected business, and invited to join the skaters by the landlord's son.

Wheatcliff, lithe and sinewy, kept pace with Miss Ashley. She saw his quiet persistence, and redoubled her efforts to leave him behind.

Both did bravely. The keen air whistled round them sharp and biting—the ice fairly shrieked beneath the velocity of their movements, and excited by the mad race, neither noticed how very near they were coming to Thunder Falls.

The spectators saw the danger—they shouted frantically—they threw up their hands and

struck out after them, but Maude was oblivious to everything; and if Wheatcliff recognized the peril, he swept straight on toward it.

A few dashes more—one bold stroke—Wheatcliff shot past her, and just as her unconscious feet touched the water, he flung his arm around her and drew her to a place of safety, amid the shouts of the bystanders.

Looking up into the pale face bending over her, Maude realized something of the danger from which she had escaped. But when she would have thanked him, the words froze on her lips. The white heat of passion in his eyes scorched her. He held her to his side strongly, passionately—as no man, not even Paul, had ever held her before. He, this stranger, whom she had not known two hours before existed.

Slowly a deep crimson glow crept up to his dusky cheek—his whole soul surrendered itself to the intoxication of the moment—his hair touched her forehead—she shivered and flung off his arms. In an instant he was cold as herself.

"You had better go home. Allow me—"

He unstrapped the skates from her feet, swung them on his arm, wrapped his travelling shawl around her, and unheeding the fine, subtle scorn of her manner which would have deterred most men, he walked home by her side.

At the gate he stopped. She turned and faced him.

"You have saved my life," she said hotly. "I suppose I ought to thank you, but I believe I hate you!"

"Thank you for that expression of interest," he said softly, and leaning over her, before she guessed his intention, he touched his lips to hers.

She broke from him, angry, defiant, with throbbing brain and a face that burned crimson.

He had insulted her—had ignored the purity of her womanhood—had dared to do what no man had dared before him. And yet, though she said to herself that she hated and despised him—that she would never forgive this deadly insult—she nevertheless would not have had any living creature cognizant of what had passed between them.

The next day Mr. Wheatcliff called at Ashley. He was tender, respectful, reverent—like no one she had ever met before. He fitted into a niche in her life never filled before. She was fain to acknowledge to a new, sweet rest and content in his presence—her life

reached up after heights of infinity she had never yearned for—her soul expanded—she was lifted into a rarer atmosphere—she took hold on a higher and purer existence.

Thoughts of Paul Winchester fled; his memory became to her like a misty dream. She saw only the dark, penetrating eyes of this Howard Wheatcliff, and heard only the low tones of his magnetic voice. He came to Ashley every day. She did not invite him—he came without it.

One clear, moonlit night, he was strangely restless. It was no time for walking—the wind was cold and bleak, and the snow lay firm and hard on the ground. But he put Maude's shawl around her, and made her go out on the lawn with him.

She shuddered at the touch of the wind; he wrapped his arms around her, and there was warmth instead of cold.

"Maude," he said, "I love you! Is there any need of my telling you?"

She knew there was not, but she did not say so.

"Maude, I am a fatalist. I was sent hither to meet you. I have needed you all my life long, but the time had not come before God sent me now. I believe it fully. You are mine—I am yours. No earthly power can take you away from me. For time and for eternity we are one."

She began, "Mr. Wheatcliff—"

"My name is George. Call me by it. You are *Maude*, and not Miss Ashley to me."

She went on, unheeding his passionate interruption.

"George, I have a little history to relate to you. There must be no clouds between us—no secrets. Once I loved another."

"No, dear Maude, you did not love him; you were only engaged to him. You never knew the meaning of the word love until we met."

She crimsoned slowly, her heart acknowledging the truth.

"I was engaged to Paul Winchester. The time of our marriage was fixed. He was to come to me on the evening train of cars. An accident occurred—many were killed; he was missing. And he has never been heard of since."

"Yes, I know the whole story; have heard it a dozen times since I came here. But that makes no difference. You are mine. And though Paul Winchester should rise from the grave and claim you, I would still keep my right!"

She clung to him, weak and trembling. A shadow fell between them and the moon.

Maude looked up. A tall figure, gaunt and spare, in solemn black, its ghastly face bathed in the liquid moonlight, its profile cut clear against the purple sky, its head in the attitude of attention, and its whole individuality—Paul Winchester.

Maude stood frozen motionless. Every faculty was absorbed in gazing on that ghostly apparition.

Following the direction of her strained gaze, Wheatcliff turned, but the phantom vanished in a group of hemlocks, and his eyes met only vacancy, lighted by the pale, pure moonlight.

Maude's entreaties induced Wheatcliff into the house—nor would she suffer him to depart until the dawn began to redden the eastern sky. She was oppressed by a terrible fear—vague and nameless, but none the less terrible.

Wheatcliff was no tardy wooer, and before he left her that night the wedding day was fixed, and a diamond gleamed on her finger in token of her betrothal.

The night before the day set apart for the bridal, Maude sat alone, at midnight, in one of the great parlors of Ashley Hall. There was a subdued light in her eye and a bright glow on her cheek which was not all owing to the red firelight that fell around her.

Wheatcliff's kisses were yet warm on her lips—she felt yet the lingering charm of his presence. There was the chair he had just sat in, the bunch of scarlet fuchsias he had brought her—and there was one of his gloves lying on the carpet where he had dropped it. She picked it up and touched it to her lips.

The door opened softly—so very softly she was only dimly-conscious of some approaching presence, and she did not look up until a heavy hand pressed her shoulder.

She stood face to face with Paul Winchester. He folded his arms and regarded her with a stern and gloomy brow.

"Maude Ashley, is this your constancy?" he asked, pointing to the ring on her finger.

"God is my witness, Paul, I thought you dead."

"And had you known to the contrary would it have made any difference? Answer me truly, do you love this man?"

A faint rosy flush broke slowly over her face. He was answered.

"Enough, Maude. I am satisfied. Life will be worth little to me now. But I must tell my story and obtain your pardon. Nay, do not refuse to listen; it is the last favor I shall

ever ask of you. Before I ever saw you, Maude, I was married! Early in life I met and fancied a young girl in one of the Middle States—the daughter of my landlady. She was a fair, simple girl, and I married her. I wearied of her full soon, and she had never loved me. She had taken my name only because her mother favored the alliance. We parted at last with high words, and I came North. I provided her with all the money she needed, and when our little girl was born I settled upon her a life annuity. Just before I met you, I saw a notice of my wife's death in a newspaper. I was free, for the child had died some months previously. When I saw you, I loved for the first time, and after I was raised to the height of felicity by your acceptance, I could not get courage to tell you this secret of my life. I feared your high, pure soul would shrink from the man who had once, in name at least, belonged to another. So I kept it hidden. Some time I would tell you, I said—some time when I was sure of your love. Well, I took the train on that night to come to Ashley Hall. Judge of my consternation when I tell you that entering the car I sat down beside my own wife! The recognition was mutual, and I think Alice was quite as deeply horrified as myself. It appeared that the obituary had referred to a cousin of hers bearing the same name, and hence my mistake. The moments that passed until I felt the stunning shock of that terrible leap into the river, were agonizing. The train I knew was express, and did not stop until it reached Ashley. Of course I could not think of going there then. The accident put an end to all trouble. I leaped out of the flying car, and gaining the land fled to the woods. Once there in the cool, calm solitude, I sat down and thought over my situation. I could not meet the reproach of your eyes—I could not face the matter like a man. There remained only flight. For six months I have been in South America. A week ago I returned home, and the first news that greeted me was of the death of Alice. Having ascertained it to be correct, I hastened to Ashley only to learn that you are about to be united to another! O, Maude! Maude! is it just?"

She touched his clasped hands pitiingly.

"May God be good to you!" she said softly.

He rose, without a word, and went out with the blessing clinging to him.

Maude and Wheatcliff were married. Two years after their union, he brought in an evening paper, and pointed out a paragraph to

Maude as she sat sewing by the shaded lamp,  
in the light and love and rest of a happy  
home.

She read it tremblingly.

"Killed at the battle of Fredericksburg,  
Captain Paul Winchester."

And Maude laid her head on her husband's  
shoulder, and gave the memory of that dead  
soldier tears.

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## UNDER A CLOUD.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

True as the blade in thy own right hand,  
In its grasp with thy own blood wet;  
Brave as he that is bravest—our land  
Illy can spare thee—illy yet.

"Wounded, but would not quit the field,"  
Gathering breath for the victor's shout;  
Wounded again, and thy young life sealed,—  
Victory comes, but with thee left out.

We would have given thee cheer on cheer—  
Thus we welcome our living brave;  
All thou askest—is it a tear?  
All we can give thee—is it a grave?

Comest in silence, in dark eclipse;  
Further than ever from us apart;  
Little time since and thy loyal lips  
Kindled the zeal of each loyal heart.

That farewell was the last we heard,—  
How could we smile and bid thee go!  
Ah! but would we recall the word?  
No—for our country's honor, no.

Long the waiting and dark the day;  
War the spoiler and man the spoil;  
Weep for the heroes passing away  
Ere they see the fruit of their toil!

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## ROSAMOND GREENWOOD'S LOVERS.

BY MRS. S. A. LOWELL.

THERE was a slight bustle in the porch of  
St. Stephen's church, when a carriage with  
white horses drew up before it. Only a few  
people were assembled, for it had been a gray  
day, and the clouds, surcharged with rain,  
were now pouring out their tears, as if weep-  
ing over the bridal that was coming.

Already the broad flag-stone in front of the  
porch was flooded, and the bride hesitated to  
plant the dainty foot, in its white satin boot,  
upon the wet earth and dripping pavement.  
She stood with one hand clasped in that of an  
elderly man who seemed too feeble to lift even  
her slight form. The carriage which held  
the bridegroom, had not yet arrived, having  
been detained by interlocking its wheels with  
those of another; but when the old man look-  
ed helplessly around, as if afraid to trust his  
strength, a man darted from beneath the shel-  
ter of the porch, threw down a richly-furred  
cloak upon the flag-stone and lifted her in his  
arm for a single moment. Her cheek touched  
his, and there was a low whisper between the  
two. Then, consigning her to her father, he  
disappeared into the church.

The wondering sexton took up the costly

cloak, after the bride had passed into the porch,  
and hung it upon one of the back pews, in  
sight of the owner, but he did not stir to re-  
claim it. By-and-by, the bridal party fled in-  
to the church. The pews in the centre aisle  
were scantily filled, the ceremony began and  
was finished, and the bridegroom carried away  
his prize; not blushing, like a happy bride,  
but pale as a snow wreath.

Wrapped in the cloak upon which her feet  
had trodden, Harley St. John paced the dimly  
lighted aisle, until the last sound of the car-  
riages had died away. He had seen her giv-  
en to another, and the brief show of indiffer-  
ence he had assumed, gave way to bitter and  
uncontrollable emotion.

The crowd had dispersed hastily to watch  
the exit of the bridal train, and now came the  
sexton to close the church blinds and replace  
the white cloth over the altar. He waited  
respectfully for the weeper to depart; think-  
ing to himself that he might be a brother of  
the lady just married, and that she might be  
going to some far away home, thus to awaken  
his grief.

But while he worked on, giving a touch to

the arrangements of the church, the visitor silently disappeared. The sexton caught but a glimpse of the dark blue cloak as it floated back through the doorway. His honest heart sympathized with the supposed brother.

"It was so with me when sister Martha was married," he murmured to himself. "I pray this poor, young thing may be happier than she was."

Ah, Rosamond Greenwood! it was worth having the kind wishes of even the poor, humble sexton of Saint Andrews!

Two years before this, Harley St. John was the accepted lover of Rosamond Greenwood. She was twenty-five, while he had hardly rounded his twenty-second year. She was superb in beauty—rich and gorgeous in adornment—and what little difference was in their ages was more than hidden by his early maturity, and her childish appearance. She had won him by this very childishness; and had kept him, even when he knew that people sneered at his love for one three years his senior.

She was passionately attached to him. He suited the strong, passionate temperament which had never found its counterpart before; and the incense he paid her was like rich wine, although he did not know that her heart was moved beyond the simple affection of a child.

He went to her one night when she was just reading a letter from Amy Harwood, her cousin, who had written to invite herself for a short visit. Amy was just eighteen—a belle, a flirt—in short, Rosamond did not want her to come, even for a day, lest she should steal another heart to add to her conquests.

Harley teased her by questions about Amy, and Rosamond was sullen—almost jealous of her even so soon. Amy's youth was a lion in her path. If she came hither, Harley's heart would inevitably, she thought, choose the youngest.

She must not, should not come! That was fixed; and she wrote a lame apology for not receiving her, and dismissed the matter from her mind for a day or two. Harley's persistent questioning brought it back.

"When do you expect Amy?" was the constantly recurring demand.

"Amy cannot leave Brookside," was answered; but it did not prevent him from asking, again and again, until poor Rosamond almost burst into tears of vexation, saying that he might go and fetch her if he pleased, for it was plain he did not care for her.

Harley soothed her—called her his Rosamond, his own—his "Rose of all the world," as her dear name implied; and the lovers' quarrel was speedily healed.

But Harley St. John met a friend the next week who was going to Brookside, and asked him to ride with him; and it turned out that the friend was also a friend of Amy Harwood. And Harley found himself in the presence of the fair girl, without realizing what would be the feelings of his betrothed in regard to it.

A sprite—a fairy—a creature that bewitched and enchanted, was Amy Harwood. Perhaps the thought that Rosamond did not wish him to see her, might have whetted his curiosity to observe her. Not a grace of speech or of motive was lost upon him; and, ere the brief visit closed, his "Rose of all the world" was giving place in his heart to the fair young Lily of Brookside.

Whatever was his reason for concealment, he did not tell Miss Greenwood that he had been at Brookside. She rallied him for a few days upon his low spirits, and he exerted himself to call them back. Still his heart, in spite of himself, went back to Brookside. Lily's witcheries, even at this date, had not lost their power; and, spiritless and uneasy, he found himself on the road, his fleet steed scarcely keeping pace with his impatience.

The second interview disenchanted him. The pretty, youthful girl had been coquetting too long, not to try her hand upon the newcomer; and Harley, hating all deception in matters of the heart, was disgusted with her, and with himself for ever liking or even bearing with her. He mounted the swift steed, with such a brief adieu to the "Lily" as he might have given to the merest acquaintance of an hour, and sped back to the "Rose," with a half consciousness that he had been false-hearted, but had followed it with too speedy repentance to be very bitterly punished.

Alas, he had offended her beyond pardon! Nothing could appease her wounded pride and affection. She was bitter and exasperating; and they parted. Yet, perhaps, they never loved one another half as well as when the last cutting word had been said and answered. Something, at their heart-strings, tugged wofully to come up. Both resisted the kindly impulse. Both were proud and obstinate. And then and there they separated, feeling that it was the last parting, and that nothing on earth could ever re-unite the broken bond.

The next day Harley St. John sailed for



Europe. His sister, a beautiful girl, Margaret St. John, married an *attache* of the United States minister to a foreign court; and Harley longed to entrust his late woful experience to this only and dearly-loved relative. Up to the time of her marriage she had shared his joys and troubles, as they only can who have but one object to live for. Her new relations had separated her somewhat from this intercourse; but she had written him so many tender and affectionate letters since her absence, and urged him so earnestly to join herself and husband, that Harley was tempted to accept her invitation, enforced, as it was, by her husband.

The voyage was delightful, the passengers gay and lively; and Harley soon lent himself to the fascinations of cheerful company, and to the new excitements of a sea-voyage. So, that when landed upon the shores of England, and preparing to proceed to the distant court whither his sister had begged him to follow, he had half resolved not to cloud her spirits by any recital of his unfortunate love-passage. Candor would oblige him to own that Rosamond had had some reason to doubt him at first; and he was not fond of blaming himself.

But when he presented himself to the eyes of the keen-sighted Margaret, she quickly discerned that something unusual had marred the once unruffled serenity that had pervaded his manner. She saw that he was quick and hasty in speech, and that there were times when he would sit for hours thoughtful and abstracted. In short, he was so different to his former self, that she was puzzled to identify him with the frank, open-hearted brother she had left upon her native shore.

And when questioned, he candidly confessed, begging her, however, not to mention it again, as he wished to forget that unpleasant episode of his life forever. Margaret turned away with the fragment of an old song upon her lips, which they had often sung together:

"O! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,  
But as truly loves on to the close,  
As the sunflower turns to her God when he sets,  
The same look that she gave when he rose."

Meanwhile, how was it with Rosamond? If we look at her, as she sits in her father's luxurious drawing-room, one bright morning, three months after the separation, when, with her cheek leaning listlessly upon her hand, her eyes half closed in deep thought, and a weary, troubled look upon her face, we may

not think her wholly insensible to the memories of the parting hour.

It was one of the sweetest and loveliest of October days. The crimson leaf of the maple, the soft, pale yellow of the chestnut, mingled with the sober browns and greens of other trees, were beautiful to look upon; but as Rosamond's eyes met them, she turned wearily aside from the gorgeous pageant, and murmured to herself: "So did autumn herald in the dreary winter of my hopes! O, Harley, Harley! why did you leave me?"

She stopped suddenly, remembering all the harsh and bitter words she had spoken to him—remembering that, had they been softer and sweeter, she might now have been a happy wife.

Her train of thought was broken by the sharp sound of hoofs beneath the window. A gay party, among whom she recognized one or two young ladies of her acquaintance, had stopped, and, assisted by the gentlemen of the party, had alighted. Soon they were ushered into the drawing-room. Making a strong effort, she banished the gloom from her countenance and went forward to meet her guests.

Her friend, Alice Merrill, introduced a gentleman as Mr. Archer. The other gentleman was known to her as Will Mason, and he was the lover of pretty Carrie Hall, whom he had accompanied, and who was now sitting from one window to another to admire the beautiful views that were visible from every part of Mr. Greenwood's house.

Alice, familiar with Rosamond's home, ran up stairs to greet Mrs. Greenwood, leaving her friend to entertain Mr. Archer alone; Will Mason having responded to Carrie's eager admiration of the prospect by joining her at a distant window.

It was no difficult task to entertain Archer. At all events, the two were mutually pleased with each other; and when he asked permission to come again, it was not denied.

Rosamond sat long after the happy party were gone. She could not help owning that it was the brightest morning that she had known since her engagement had ceased with Harley St. John. But, as the name passed her lips in the solitude of her room, his image came back to her heart. She saw him as on that day when a single "Come back, Harley!" would have turned the scale of her life. It was torture—torture that she would get rid of, if possible. This man—this Archer had seemed fascinated, even in that brief half hour. Following up the advantage, might

she not enchain him? Amy had flirted—why not Rosamond?

She listened to the unworthy suggestion, and asked herself if it would not be sweet to revenge one man's falsehood upon another? And Archer came and was enchanted by her sweetness and grace; offered and was accepted.

Mr. Greenwood, failing in health and strength, rejoiced at his daughter's choice of a protector. He had grieved over the fate that separated her from Harley, not knowing how large was her share in the blame; and now, it seemed that the loss was to be made up in Archer. He rose from a sick bed to welcome him to his home; and it was on his account that the marriage ceremony was hastened. It took place while Rosamond was yet half bewildered with the change in her prospects.

Words cannot express the feelings that surged into her heart, when her father's trembling hand refused its office, and she felt herself once more clasped in the arms of him she thought far distant. His voice was in her ear, in tones of mingled love and penitence that thrilled her with a passionate emotion, such as Archer had never drawn forth.

All her old love for Harley, all the deep repentance, arising from her remembrance of the parting hour was awakened, as she stepped with trembling feet upon the costly carpet he spread for her, and she felt that thus had she trodden upon his heart.

An inexpressible disgust toward the new home she was going to, seized her. She would have given worlds, now, that Harley had come before it was *too late*. She loathed herself, her husband, the congratulations of her bridesmaids, the evident satisfaction of her father and mother. Nor could she help shrinking from the arms that lifted her from the carriage and carried her up the steps of the luxurious home that Archer had so liberally provided for her reception.

For a week, her sick heart had to endure the mockery of congratulations that stung her to the very quick. Could she but recall this now hated marriage!

It was not possible that she could feel all this and not betray it to her husband. Surprised, grieved and half indignant, Mr. Archer was yet too proud to ask the cause of such evident dissatisfaction on the part of his bride. It set him to watching her very closely; and the result of his watchfulness was a conviction that Harley St. John was, in some undefinable way, the cause of it.

He had never heard of him before; but, from many a little group of ladies, assembled cosily in some corner of the crowded ball-room, he heard this man's name coupled with that of his wife; and he found, upon these occasions that the fair lips were silent at his approach, and, worse still, that significant looks indicated that he, of all others, must not hear what had been uttered.

It was but a few weeks after his marriage, that, hidden by the branches of an enormous oleander that shaded the window where he sat, he overheard a conversation between two ladies who were seated beneath it, upon the piazza.

It was a garbled and exaggerated account of the scene of the wedding-day; and the persons who spoke, guests though they were, disregarding all restraints of social intercourse, were commenting quite freely upon his wife's former engagement to Harley St. John.

It was maddening to the proud and sensitive man, to hear her name mentioned thus. He did not doubt the statement at all. There had been much to confirm it. He waited until the guests were gone and the house was quiet. Then he walked into the drawing-room, where Rosamond had thrown herself upon a couch, under the light of the single jet that had been left burning.

Never had she looked more beautiful. Archer's heart acknowledged this, even when despising her most. She had deceived him! There was not a fibre of his whole frame that did not attest the pangs it gave him to know *that*. He had intended to burst in upon her with strong reproaches; but her languid, indifferent air suggested another sort of punishment.

Archer was cruel by nature—revengeful, deeply sarcastic and cutting in speech. And when Rosamond opened her eyes, and faintly acknowledged his presence with some trifling remark upon the success of the party, his cool, contemptuous manner aroused her into something of her former spirit. Recriminations followed, in which Harley St. John's name made her ears tingle and her cheeks crimson; and, at length, the quarrel ended in Archer's declaration that he would not live with her another day.

Fierce was the contest in Rosamond's heart. That she had been to blame, she knew. She had been pleased with Archer, at first, she acknowledged to herself, but she had never loved him, and she told him so now, with an exultation that half maddened him; for, on

his part, there had been something of real affection.

He left the room with some word upon his lip that sounded little like a blessing; and Rosamond turned again to the pillow that promised no rest to her aching head. She lay there until morning. With the earliest dawn she heard Archer go out; and, peeping through the blind, she saw him mount his horse and ride away. It was a mad animal that he bestrode—a new purchase—and Archer, never a skilful rider, was lashing him into a foam. John, pacing beneath the open window, looked anxiously after his master, and muttered that “that horse would break his neck.”

What deadly, revengeful feeling prompted Rosamond to exult in the man's words? As she recalled last night's humiliation, she almost wished those words might come true! She went up to her dressing-room, took off her gay attire, in which she had lain all night, and bathed her colorless face. She was miserable, and had earned her misery. Why did she marry this man? Only from a desire of shining at the head of his establishment—his, the rich Mr. Archer's wife; the mistress of a grander household than Harley St. John could have afforded her!

She ordered breakfast in her dressing-room, resolute not to meet her husband when he returned, and still burning with wrath at words so contemptuous as he had used. No one had ever used such language to her—yet she silently asked herself if her jealousy of St. John had not been clothed in terms almost as bitter.

Scarcely had she tasted her coffee, when she again heard the sound of hoofs in the yard. She rose and locked her door. He had returned, she thought, but should have no opportunity of speaking to her again. She had decided that she would go to her father, and wait there to see what Mr. Archer really intended to do.

There was a great bustle in the yard, as of leading out more horses; and John's voice seemed to be giving hurried directions in a hoarse, unnatural tone. She parted the curtain and looked out. John and another man were riding away at full speed, while the horse which her husband had ridden, was standing by the gate, covered with foam and the bridle rent in two.

She stood there, quivering with a nameless fear, as she thought of her wild wish as he went forth. She controlled herself, and whispered that there was nothing to fear. Archer

had probably urged the animal to too great speed, and had sent John away without considering that he had not attended to him. A sharp, quick knock at the door startled her. She would not answer. Mary's voice called:

“Mrs. Archer! Mrs. Archer! for God's sake, ma'am, let me come in!”

She opened the door quickly when she found it was not Mr. Archer who knocked. The girl stood there, pale as death, and her voice trembled, as she stammered out:

“O, ma'am, they think Mr. Archer is killed, but he mayn't be. The horse has come by himself, but he might have run away from where he was tied, and—”

She ceased, for there was a look in the eyes of her whom she addressed, such as the girl had never seen before.

How long Rosamond lay in the fearful swoon into which she had fallen, she never knew. But when it was past, she went down stairs, like one in a dream, opened the door of the large dining-room, as if by instinct, and looked upon the frightful sight within.

A bed had been improvised for the occasion; and upon it lay a ghastly figure, surrounded by physicians and attendants. A bandage was about the head, scarce whiter than the face beneath it. The eyes were closed. She approached nearer. Her father's family physician saw her first.

“Rosamond!” he exclaimed, “why are you here? You must not stay a moment.”

“I must—I will!” she answered, wildly.

And an aged medical man, with a kind, benevolent face, whispered to his colleague:

“Let her stay—let her stay—she will faint in three minutes. Is it Mrs. Archer or a sister?”

Rosamond walked up to this man, and said:

“Will he live?”

“We cannot tell, madam. His wounds are terrible; but, we hope, not mortal.”

“Can he speak?” she asked.

The doctor shook his head.

“Can he hear? May I speak to him?”

Again that ominous shake of the head.

“Doctor, I will give you a thousand dollars, this moment, if you will administer some stimulant that will restore him enough to hear me.”

“Impossible, my dear madam. Do not ask it at such a time.”

“Surely then, you will?” she said, turning to her father's physician.

“I cannot, Rosamond.”

“Never? Will he never hear me again?”

"I will not deceive you, Rosamond—"

She interrupted him.

"O no! do not deceive me. God knows there has been too much deception already!"

"Well, I will not, my child. He is hurt very much—perhaps internally: We cannot now tell."

"Then he is not dead?"

"No, my child; but I must not conceal it from you that he may die."

"May die! may die!"

O, how these words tortured her! Die! and she could never ask forgiveness for marrying him when her heart was another's!

May die! Why do not these words always come to our lips, when we have wronged or offended any human being? Why do they not haunt us, until we have repaired the wrong?

Through long, long weeks, Rosamond—the once gay and useless minion of fashion—watched by that bed of pain, of sickness and delirious ravings. She shrunk from no task—re-pined at no weariness. She slept and ate food that she might be more able to take care of the patient. It was she who caught the first

intelligent look and the first faint word from his lips. She had learned to love the helpless being she had thus watched.

Her reward came—slowly, but surely. He could not bear her absence a moment, until the doctor told him of the long, weary hours that she had sat, praying that he might live to forgive her for something—he knew not what.

"O, doctor! and I was such a brute to her!" said the sick man, bursting into tears.

"O, were you?" was the doctor's naive question. "Well, don't be one now, but let the poor child have time to refresh herself after being in this den so long."

After this, he would beg her to leave him and go out to walk or ride.

Ride! the word made her shiver. She went into the garden to please him. When she returned, there was a long and tearful yet joyful talk, in which both were penitent and both forgiven.

"Tears that from repentance flow  
In bright exhalation reach the skies."

And, after all, Harley St. John married Amy—the flirt—the coquette. There are some strange compensations in this world.

## THE CHILD AND THE SPECTRUM.

BY AUGUSTA H. WORTHEN.

Up from the mountains, high in air,  
Arose the Summer Morning, fresh and fair:  
Golden the sunbeams she scattered down;  
Like arrows they fell over forest and town.  
Some fell where the ships at anchor lay  
In the quiet waters of Boston Bay;  
Some gilded the church spires, some fell on the street  
Now alive with the tread of hurrying feet;  
Some fell on the palace homes of the great,  
And some where the felon and outcast wait  
In alleys that echo all night with the din  
Of lawless pleasure, and revel, and sin.  
One crept through a basement window dim  
Where a child was singing a verse of a hymn.  
It lay on the head of the little girl,  
And played with each matted auburn curl,  
Then glanced in her eyes so dreamy and meek,  
Tenderly kissing her pale young cheek.  
A glass of water was standing there:  
"Now, little one, see you my picture rare?"  
It had painted a bit of the rainbow bright!  
The little one clapped her hands with delight.

A vision of beauty the sunbeam brought,  
 And her tender spirit the influence caught.  
 Vanished the alley where, day by day,  
 Her childish life fast wasted away;  
 Vanished the basement window dim  
 Where she feebly sang her morning hymn.  
 For she lived in a palace with pearly floor,  
 And climbing red roses looked in at the door;  
 The air was perfumed with orange trees,  
 Whose golden fruitage swung in the breeze,—  
 Canary birds sang in the branches green,  
 And gay, yellow butterflies floated between.  
 Above was the sky spreading, blue and free,  
 Till it met the deeper blue of the sea.  
 Now, violets clasped in her eager hands,  
 She roams through the sunny meadow lands  
 Where her childish feet have never trod,  
 And it seems to her like the Garden of God.  
 That day she walked in His garden fair!  
 For sickness, and want, and stifled air,  
 And gloom, and the weight of premature care,  
 Had done their work for the innocent child  
 On whose head the morning sunbeam smiled.  
 For her, in this life, no room was found  
 Save the darkened basement under ground;  
 Now she her inheritance receives,  
 Now in her Father's mansion lives;—  
 Now have her glad and wondering eyes  
 Met the sweet light of Paradise.

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### AGATHA.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

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SHE was a mere child when Ralph Ayre first saw her in the weedy garden of that lonely old country-house with her wrinkled, bleary-eyed nurse. It was a summer day, but the place looked unspeakably dreary, with its tall poplars, rank grass and untrimmed shrubbery rioting wild over the mossy flags. The child stood peering over the fence with great, black eyes at the handsome grounds that lay close before it, and at that morose man, pacing carelessly back and forth along the gravelled walk, with a Spanish sombrero shading all the sunshine away from his dark, stoical face. He paused suddenly, and coming close to the fence, held out to her two great, ripe peaches, all mottled with yellow and crimson—the most wonderful fruit the child had ever seen.

"Say thank you," prompted the old nurse, dropping a curtsy to the rich master of Ayre.

The child stood silent, clutching the peaches and looking at him from under her bent brows.

"Thank the gentleman, Miss Agatha," commanded the nurse, shaking her, by way of emphasis.

Still no thanks.

"Mademoiselle will lose her play-hour if she doesn't say 'thank you' directly."

Not a sign of relenting. The wrinkled crone made her second curtsy to the gentleman, and poor, little Miss Agatha was marched off from the garden without further ado.

Ralph Ayre resumed his walk, shrugging his shoulders with a low laugh. He wondered greatly if the little culprit was not glad to forego an hour among the weeds and nettles of the neglected place, where bird and butterfly never seemed to come. His gardener stood trailing up a vine, heavy with scarlet flowers, near by.

"Johnson," he said, "do you know anything of that new family at the Hall?"

"A very little, sir."

"Who are they?"

"A sick lady and a child."

"The name?"

"Stanford."

"Do they remain long?"

"The sick lady has bought the place, sir."

Ralph Ayre went on his way again. The Hall had been tenanted for a long time before their coming—he had a natural curiosity to know who his new neighbors might be, and that child was certainly a very odd little thing—that was all.

A pelting rain came up at twilight. The crimson sunset gleamed through it fiercely, then died out behind the dark, watery clouds. In the west wing of the Hall, a single lamp glimmered through the casement. It was always lighted there at nightfall, and it burned from dark till morning again. That was the sick lady's room, Johnson said. What a dreary life she must lead in that old place!

The Ayre library faced that west wing. Some one sat at the grand piano there playing snatches of wild, mystical German melodies. It was Ralph Ayre. The light was dim and uncertain; the purple and gold of the room seemed lost in the soft gray of its shadows. He played wonderfully. Soft, sinuous preludes were flung out into the darkness, where they died, lingeringly. After them came the breathless, hovering pauses, and the light coquetting of that master-hand with the pulsing, honeyed notes, and then the full flood-tides broke forth, and mounting on the faint air, higher and higher, hung one delicious moment, and then scattered their silver sprays of sound, and overrun the room. The air ached in the hushes. Such vague, witching, tantalizing meshes of sweetness that the old library had seldom heard before. Presently, something clambered upon the piazza, and ran along it, with sly feet, to the window, where it crouched down in the rain.

Ayre played on—an hour or more. Every rose on the sill was trembling with rapture. There was no cessation in the weird, wonderful sweetness of the music, till the last sweep crossed the polished keys.

"Pshaw!" he said, rising from the music-stool, and actually yawning.

The something at the window looked in, white and immovable. It caught his astonished eyes at once. He went up to it. It was a small, white face, pressed close to the pane, with a Quaker bonnet pushed back on loose, light hair, and two great, black eyes staring into his with the most profound admiration and awe. She looked so small and

white, out there in the darkness, that a stray kelpy would have been the most natural thought in the world for the majority of minds, but Mr. Ralph Ayre recognized the black eyes. He raised the window, and held it up.

"Come in!" he commanded, drily.

Miss Agatha stepped through, looking very sober, but in no way discomfited. She was a pretty child, with those wonderful eyes, and a peculiar blackness of eyelash and pureness of skin, and her figure was exquisitely *petite*, though she was eleven or twelve years old, certainly.

"What in the world are you doing here?" he began.

She looked around the handsome room, gravely.

"I came to hear you sing."

"I wasn't singing."

"Yes you were! I hear you every night."

"How did you come?"

"I got over the fence—Nurse Bernard is with mama."

"And how long have you been at that window?"

"I don't know—ever so long."

She was wet with rain—her little boots were fairly saturated—he bent down and fastened their loose strings, trailing on the carpet.

"Tie on your bonnet—I am going to take you back," said Mr. Ayre.

She frowned at him.

"Shan't you sing any more?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Tie your bonnet on, I tell you!"

She obeyed, reluctantly. He went into the hall for his cap and cloak.

"I never heard anybody sing like you," she called. "I had to get up and come when Nurse Bernard went away, and I dressed myself."

He did not doubt it—her clothes looked literally flung upon her.

"Give me your hand!" he said, imperiously.

They stepped out on the piazza. It was quite dark, and still raining. He dropped the little hand there, and lifted her in his arms.

"I shall carry you. Now be quiet!"

She clung to him as he lifted her up.

"Don't let me fall, please," said the little voice.

His arms enclosed her, strong as iron. He crossed the grounds with long strides, leaped the fence at a bound, and went through the weedy old garden of the Hall.



"Nurse Bernard will whip you for this, Miss Agatha."

Her little head lay on his shoulder.

"O, no, mama won't let her," sleepily.

He sat her down on the broad stone step.

Nurse Bernard opened the door.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried out.

"I advise you to put this child to bed," said Ralph Ayre, drily.

A soft voice called to the nurse from an inner room.

"Will monsieur come in?" said Nurse Bernard.

Agatha writhed out of her clutch.

"Come in and see my mama—my pretty mama! O, come—she wants you!" cried Agatha.

She tried to draw him in. He stepped into the wide, dark hall, almost mechanically. The whole thing seemed very absurd. Nurse Bernard's grotesque figure led the way into that inner room. It was small, fitted up with green and white, and brightly lighted. A low couch was drawn up to the fire—Mrs. Stanford's. She was reclining upon its cushions, in a crimson wrapper, with her head on her arm, and the fire-light on her pale face—a pale and wasted face, but intensely beautiful, with its Syrian eyes and lustrous masses of blue-black hair gathered away from the broad, white temples, and drooping low on the marble cheek. It was plain to see where little Agatha had got her wondrous face. She crouched down on the floor beside the couch, quite unnoticed.

Ralph Ayre was illly prepared for the scene. He clutched at the mantle, looking at Mrs. Stanford, as if she had been a spectre from the dead. She raised herself up.

"Ralph!"

"Agatha!"

He took the hand she held out to him.

"I knew that it was you," she said, in a voice unspeakably sad.

"And I—"

"You did not dream of another meeting on earth!"

He sat down. The child on the floor looked at him with dark, wide-opened eyes. They were silent for a long time.

She turned at last among the soft cushions, a red hectic coming out like a blossom of fire, on her beautiful cheek.

"Ralph, how many years is it since you and I parted?"

His face was grave and sad, but he had thrust one hand into his vest, and a drop of

blood stained the white palm where the nails had pierced it.

"Thirteen, I think."

"And in all that time have you learned to forgive a woman's falsity?"

"Long ago," said he, calmly.

"And you have married, Ralph?"

"No—I shall never marry!"

Her hand shaded her face a moment; then she cried out, with a sharp pain in her voice:

"Do you see that I am dying? I think I have hungered more for your forgiveness than for life itself."

"It was a mistake—that is all," he answered; "fifty years hence it will not matter."

She pushed back her heavy, shining hair, with a wild, despairing gesture.

"You are happy?"

"Yes," gravely.

"Thank God for that, at least."

She fell back among the cushions—the woman that Ralph Ayre had once loved so madly—and that child sat watching them, so still and motionless that neither remembered she was there. It was her first lesson in life—a dark, dreary lesson.

Ralph Ayre broke the painful stillness at last, by rising to go. The pale lady held out her hand, with piteous, imploring eyes.

"There will be an hour when I shall ask you to come to me again, Ralph."

"I will come."

She dropped his hand.

"Then good-night."

He opened the door, and went out hurriedly. It was still raining, but he did not know it. Across the garden into his own grounds he went, pacing back and forth under the starless sky—what a dreary hour that was! In all the future Ralph Ayre never forgot it.

She had been the one only love of his life. How the past years came back! How utterly he had loved her—how false she had been to him! Well, it did not matter now—he went on and on, through the rain, and all the old reproach went out of his heart, and some of the old love turned to pity, and came in.

After that the days passed swiftly, deepening towards autumn. He waited. There was rarely a sign of life now around the Hall, and he knew from that how weak and ill she must have grown. Johnson, the gardener, was sent every day with the choicest fruit and flowers to the door, but he saw no one but Nurse Bernard, and from her broken English could gather nothing, except that the lady was very sick. So Ralph Ayre sat down

in his lonely, sumptuous home, and looked off to the shadowy, blue mountain in the distance, and waited for his summons.

It came one night in early October. He crossed the garden once more, and entered that still room in the west wing.

She lay on the same low couch by the fire, propped up by pillows, the large eyes wild and glassy, the beautiful brow damp with its death-dew. He knelt down beside her.

"My little Agatha, Ralph—I leave her all alone."

And Ralph Ayre took the thin, white hand, and answered:

"No, not all alone!"

Her lips moved eagerly.

"O, for the sake of the old, dead years, will you take her—will you care for her?"

"As God hears me, yes, Agatha!"

"For the sake of the old, dead years, Ralph Ayre?"

She fell back, closing a smile up in the sad, dark eyes. A little current of blood bubbled through the white lips—she had gone with the echoes of his name.

So the old hall among the poplars was sold, and that was how little Agatha Stanford came to find a home with the grave master of Ayre. It was a great, splendid home, and the child was very happy in it, but she was twelve years old, and growing taller every day; so, at the end of the long winter, Ralph Ayre carried her from it to perfect herself in her alphabet in the "Convent of the Bleeding Heart." She was to remain there six years, and Ralph Ayre left his mansion-house to the charge of the family servants, and went another way out into the wide world.

And so the six years went by.

\* \* \* \*

"My dear uncle!"

The tall, grave gentleman, pacing back and forth across the library floor, paused quietly, and said:

"Well?"

"Is Miss Stanford to arrive in the next train?"

"Yes."

"Then I beg to inform you that it is due fifteen minutes."

"I have sent Robert for the horses," said Mr. Ayre.

Barclay Ayre, nephew and heir-presumptive of the speaker, and as handsome a young lawyer as "*le beau monde*" could boast, laid down his paper and cigar, languidly.

"Country life is a bore! I am glad she is

coming—it will help save us from complete stagnation."

Mr. Ayre drew on his gloves—his grave eyes opened a little.

"Do you know Miss Stanford?"

"A trifle."

"How do you know her?"

"I saw her at New York with the Alfords—she spent a vacation with them."

Mr. Barclay Ayre stretched his handsome length across the velvet sofa.

"Well?" said Mr. Ayre.

"She is handsome as a houri—the handsomest woman I ever saw, and in the matter of accomplishments, cannot be surpassed."

"Ah?" dryly.

Barclay lay back among the sofa pillows, and looked up at the ceiling.

"Poor Jack Clifford turned Zouave, because she frowned on him at the Alfords. 'Pon my soul, good-looking young ladies, one and all, seem to be the natural enemies of the peace of mankind."

Mr. Ayre went out quietly, and taking the reins of the gray horses from Robert, leaped into his buggy, and drove away to the station.

It was a soft, sunny June day. The road wound like a gray ribbon through the green velvet of the valley fields. He was glad she was coming back in the sunshine. He took her little note from his vest, and read.

"DEAR GUARDIAN:—I shall arrive home on Wednesday, by the afternoon train.

"AGATHA."

Brief, and to the point. The autograph was delicately beautiful. He thrust it back into his pocket, and drew up his gray horses at the little brown depot. The train was just in. A crowd filled the platform. He leaped out quickly. He might not recognize her, but she would surely know him.

Yes. A slender figure in a gray travelling dress came across the platform. She raised her veil—two large, dark eyes scanned him one moment from head to foot; then a little, gloved hand was held out to him.

"Mr. Ayre?"

"Agatha?"

Nothing more. He took the little hand quietly, and assisting her into the buggy, gathered up the reins, and dashed rapidly off down the village street. The stage had delivered Miss Stanford's trunks at noon.

"I am very glad to see you again," he said presently.

"I am glad to return home," she answered, looking dreamily off towards the hay-field.

"You will find a few visitors at Ayre," said her guardian, touching his horses lightly with the whip; "they are all friends of yours—you must not be lonely."

Her large, uplifted eyes questioned him.

"The Faxons from New York; my nephew, Barclay Ayre, and a Miss Lyon who was with you at the 'Bleeding Heart.'"

She flushed a little through her pearly skin; then smiled in pleased surprise.

"You are very kind."

"No, I am not."

"But I think you are!"

He laughed—the tone reminded him so much of the child Agatha.

"Your coming has been devoutly hoped for—more than my own, I think—the old servants have had but little sunshine in the house for years."

"And the Hall?"

"Was torn away long ago. I have extended my dominions now across that famous garden."

She smiled, thinking of an old memory, but he was looking with grave eyes off toward the shadowy, summer mountains. The horses stopped short at the gate.

Madge Lyon, a pretty little blonde, with blue eyes, and pale golden hair, came running down the staircase with a rustle of pink silk and a clatter of high-heeled, French slippers, and met Miss Stanford in the hall, with a rapturous, school-girl embrace.

"O, you darling! I've got so much to tell you—O, O—"

Barclay Ayre's handsome, anxious face interposed. He took Miss Stanford's hand, looking down into her face with great, sparkling, blue eyes.

"Welcome to Ayre—a thousand times welcome!"

"And did you leave New York to say that to me?" wickedly.

"That, and more."

"How very good of you!"

He flushed.

"I left New York because after you were gone, there could possibly be no attraction for one there."

Her black, dangerous eyes laughed at him.

"Unfortunate Gotham!"

"Agatha!"

She would hear no more. Ralph Ayre was coming up the steps behind her, and Agatha ran up the broad staircase with Madge

Lyon, and was seen no more till tea time. She glided into her place then, beside Ralph Ayre, as bewildering a vision as could well be imagined. Her dress was of some silky, cobwebby tissue, black and shining. Magnificent bands of African gold bound the faultless white arms, and a single creamy tea-rose was fastened in her hair. Her face was oval and pearly white—the brow, full and broad, with straight black eyebrows, and beneath them the two large, languishing eyes, with their snowy lids and long, curved lashes. A slight nose, a full, soft mouth, scarlet as coral, and wavy hair pushed back behind the small ears in massive bronze coils, and fastened carelessly with that one creamy rose.

"Water, if you please," said Madge Lyon, touching her goblet.

Barclay raised the silver water-pitcher, looking straight at Agatha, and splashed its contents into Madge's plate.

"Awkward!" she laughed, under her breath.

He colored, like a girl.

"It is dangerous to attempt too much at once," said Sydney Faxon, maliciously.

Agatha was talking with Mr. Ayre, and probably did not hear. It was hard, at best, to imagine any emotion strong enough to disturb that calm, pearly face.

An hour or two later, when she sat on the broad piazza amid the roses and the summer moonlight, with Madge Lyon leaning over her chair, and handsome, dashing Sydney Faxon singing with her an old Scotch melody, Barclay pushed forward a Turkish cushion from the bamboo settee under the vines, and sat down at her feet. Her voice was not powerful, it was only sweet and clear.

"Made for one fireside and one ear only," Barclay said to himself.

She looked like a spirit in the moonlight. Rose Faxon, a stylish brunette who was fondling a little King Charles spaniel in the window, threw a white rose into her lap.

"Don't fly away, *ma belle*!"

Agatha laughed.

"Fly away from all the riding, rowing, and bowling that Madge has prepared for to-morrow? O, no!"

And Barclay Ayre whispered over the white hand:

"And from the hearts at your mercy, Agatha."

Did she understand? Rising carelessly, she took Sydney Faxon's arm, and went sauntering down the gravelled walk, with the moonlight striking in flecks on her soft bronze

hair, and every fold of her dress shaking out perfume.

By-and-by, the moon went down behind the mountain. The laughter and light voices died out—first from the garden, then from the drawing-room; then some one tapped lightly at Ralph Ayre's library door.

"Come in," quietly.

He was walking back and forth across the room, with his hands crossed behind him, and in glancing over his shoulder, he saw that Miss Stanford had entered.

"I came to say good-night, Mr. Ayre," she said, with her hand on the door.

He looked at his watch, then drew her suddenly to the light.

"What enchantment is this?"

Her cheeks were flushed, her night-black eyes wide open, her scarlet lips half apart. She smiled.

"You are very handsome, Agatha."

The grave, serious tone drove the smile away. Her voice had a timid tremor in it.

"Am I like my mother?"

"Very much like her."

"I am glad."

He went on with his promenade across the room, pausing at the window.

"You remember this window, I presume?"

"Not so well as the music I used to hear through it," answered Agatha.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Come in here whenever you please. My library is at your service—you will find variety, nothing more."

The great, carved shelves, filled with volumes, reached almost from the ceiling to the floor.

"Thank you," said Miss Stanford. He held the door open for her.

"Good-night."

It was a deliberate dismissal, but Agatha went softly up the stairs to her own room, with a sad, old memory at her heart, and a strange droop to her lashes.

The ensuing weeks went by like a dream. Country life did not prove to be so much of a bore to Barclay Ayre, after all. Riding with Agatha Stanford through purple clover lanes, walking with her up the slopes of the mountains, reading, "Owen Meredith" at her feet of hot noons in the dim conservatory, and listening to her low voice among the vines in still, moonlit evenings, were rather pleasant than otherwise. Sydney Faxon sulked, then made fierce love to Madge Lyon, and the long, bright days sped on, and Ralph Ayre held

aloof and went on in his quiet, sober way, watching them, quietly.

But she always came to say "good-night" to him, in his quiet library—he always had her last word. She would glide in, in her glorious young beauty, making the night like day for a moment. A few common-place words, a light laugh, perhaps, and she was gone again, but the stars knew for how many hours after, Ralph Ayre would pace that old room, with bent head and folded arms, thinking—thinking.

One dreadful July day, the news of a bloody and disastrous defeat thrilled across the Northern wires—the first battle of Manassas. Everybody remembers that day. There was not a nook or corner of the land where those tidings did not go, and where the cry of revenge did not follow them—revenge for the brave blood poured out like water on traitorous soil.

"Jack Clifford's company has deluged itself with glory," cried Sydney Faxon, who had returned from the town with the latest papers, "poor Jack's got a shot in the arm, though."

"And Gus Lyon—"

Barclay paused abruptly. Poor Madge! it was her only brother, badly wounded, and not expected to survive. A sad termination to so many days of pleasures.

She must start for New York that night. Sydney Faxon would accompany her—they had been betrothed a week. Agatha stood, pale and shivering, in the hall door, looking out on their departure.

"O, Mr. Ayre," said Madge, piteously, "what a dreary night—it is raining fast!"

He wrapped his great blanket-shawl quietly about her. His grave, strong manliness made her cling to him then, in spite of Sydney Faxon. He lifted her to the carriage. A gust of wind swept through the rose-thickets, a peal of thunder rattled above the mountain, and Ralph Ayre drew Agatha gently into the hall, as the carriage rolled away.

"You are wet with rain," he said, "do not stand here, child."

She looked up to him with the face of a child.

"Do you think he will die?"

"He could never die in a better cause, Agatha!"

Something in his tone jarred on her heart. She turned away, and opening the drawing-room door, went in to pass the long, dreary evening with Rose Faxon and Barclay. The old routine of events was broken. It could never come again.

One quiet afternoon, just succeeding Madge's departure, Agatha sat in the old library, leaning back in Mr. Ayre's easy-chair, with half-closed eyes, and her white hands listlessly crossed in her lap. The air was heavy with perfume—a languid, slumberous heaviness, and not a breath of wind stirred the scarlet creepers over the window. Rose Faxon lay asleep in her own room.

Somebody crept suddenly up to that easy-chair, and dropped a spray of jasmine on the soft bronze tresses of the dreamer.

"*Dolce far niente!*" said the low, mellow voice of Barclay Ayre.

Her white lids flashed up.

"Was it your wrath or yourself, sir, that I saw riding from Ayre not a half hour ago?"

"It was myself."

"You returned in haste," drily.

"Yes, I am tired of by-play."

The white fingers closed together, nervously. And a dash of scarlet came and went on the pearly cheek.

"There is no reason why we should not understand each other now, Agatha!"

"Don't!" she said, warningly.

He started up, eager, desperate.

"I must—I will!"

She held up her hand, as if to ward his words away.

"Spare me—spare yourself!"

He caught her hand, covering it with his passionate kisses.

"One word of hope, Agatha!"

"I cannot. You know it—you must have known it long ago."

She pitied him so! Her eyes filled slowly up with tears.

"But I thought you would learn to love me!"

"Never, Barclay!"

Her calm voice told him how useless it was to multiply words. He looked hopelessly into that pale, exquisite face, then dropped her hand, and went out, closing the door.

She drew a long, deep breath. She had lived in dread of this for weeks. It was a relief, at least, to know that it had passed. He was wise enough to spare her another meeting. Miss Faxon and the housekeeper sat alone at the tea-table that night, and Rose greeted her with a good-natured laugh.

"Two forlorn belles, with not a beau left to quarrel about—just think of it! I shan't live a week."

"There's Mr. Ayre, I'm sure," said the housekeeper, pouring Agatha's tea, "and to

my taste, he's the handsomest man of them all."

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" cried Rose, "the idea of calling him a beau! I should as soon think of flirting with a marble statue."

A footstep came along the piazza to the window. Agatha looked up.

The dusk was fast gathering. At first, she thought it was Barclay returned, but a second glance undeceived her. Ralph Ayre stood there, holding back the honey-suckles, his tall, dark figure half defined against the background of pale, evening light, with a strange, bright glimmer here and there upon it.

"Shall I come in?" he said.

"If you haven't been eaves-dropping," answered Rose.

"Wont you scream?"

He stepped through. Rose cried out, shrilly. The tall figure had a gleam of blue and gold upon it from head to foot. There were two silver eagles fastened to the broad shoulders.

"O Mr. Ayre, what have you done?" cried Rose.

He was deaf to her voice then. Agatha had arisen, and stood beside him, dumb, colorless—looking at him with great, dilated eyes. He held her off, as if not daring to trust himself.

"It is so much my duty! I have not a tie in the wide world—it would have been better had I gone months ago."

Still that look of blank loss—that hopeless clinging to the arm with which he held her away.

"My child," he said, bitterly, "if you knew all—if you *could* know all."

He had never seen her cry—not even in childhood—but the cruel sob in the throat now was choking her. She drew her breath in hard.

"How much worse the madness of mature man is than that of youth; how the second love has grown, day by day, tenfold stronger than the first—madman that I am!"

What! clinging to him still? One of those quick, intuitive perceptions that come to all of us sometimes in our changeful lives, made Ralph Ayre pause.

"My God, Agatha!"

He caught her two hands in his, searching her face one moment.

"It is true!" he cried, passionately, "speak to me—tell me you love me!"

In the very face and eyes of Rose Faxon

and the housekeeper, figuratively speaking, though both were sobbing behind their handkerchiefs, Agatha Stanford raised her white arms and twined them round her guardian's neck. Then she answered:

"More than all the world beside!"

The beautiful head sank quickly on his heart. And in that one moment, as he held her there in all her youth and beauty, Ralph Ayre stood repaid for the losses of his life.

"If I should ask you to be my wife before I go, Agatha?" he said, as they sat together in the dear, old library, an hour later.

Her calm, trusting face answered him—she laid her little hands in his.

"God will be good to us, darling—I shall come back to you, by-and-by."

A long streak of moonlight shot through the scarlet creepers, and fell upon them, like a hand in blessing, and Agatha, nestling close to that brave, strong heart, watched it sifting down to the floor, with tender, dreamy eyes, content to be of those whose task it is to watch and pray. Trusting as he trusted, she could wait.

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## OUR WILLIE.

BY MRS. MARY W. CURTIS.

Darling Willie, sweetest pet,  
With glossy curls and eyes of jet,  
Dimpled cheek and happy smile,  
Thou canst many an hour beguile.

Dearest little loving one,  
Thy morn of life has just begun;  
May the sunbeams shining now,  
Ever gild thy beauteous brow.

May no gloomy clouds arise,  
To obscure the smiling skies;  
Full of sunshine, with no sorrow,  
May'st thou ever hail the morrow.

May thy future life be joyous,  
And the cares that oft annoy us  
Lightly rest in manhood's hour,  
And true wisdom give thee power,—

Give thee power to shun the road  
That leads to folly's dread abode.  
Darling Willie, loved and petted,  
May thy youth ne'er be regretted;  
But a future well improved,  
Bless thee, dear one, fondly loved!

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## THE CHICKENVILLE GHOST:

—OR,—

## WHICH IS THE WITCH.

BY JOHN ROSS DIX.

THERE never had been such excitement in Chickenville, since Chickenville obtained the distinguished honors of a local habitation, and a name on the county map. The "oldest inhabitant" had never known anything like it. Nothing else was talked of. If a crowd of three persons gathered in the one street of Chickenville, it was sure to be the sole topic of conversation. Old women lifted up their eyes and hands in wonderment and horror, when it was alluded to; and if children chanced to hear it spoken of, they would run shrieking to their mothers, and hide their faces in their laps. And the cause of all this was—?  
—a ghost, and a witch!

"Bless my heart!" the fair reader may possibly exclaim, "do you really mean to assert, that in this enlightened age, these days of

daguerreotypes, submarine cables and railroads, people are foolish enough to believe in such things? Pho! sir, you must be joking."

Not a bit of it, madam, as you yourself will admit, when you have heard my story, which is in every respect a true one.

After service on Sunday morning, the Reverend Selah Context had given notice that the Chickenville sewing-circle would be held on the following Thursday evening at the house of Mrs. Coospyeg, the wife of the village doctor; and accordingly, at the hour appointed, some dozen ladies assembled in the parlor of that respected matron. The only gentleman present was the doctor, who in virtue of his position as host, was permitted to join the circle. He had another claim to the privilege,



for he was quite an old school practitioner, and had attended in his professional capacity most of the individuals present, and, to tell the honest truth, was very much of an "old woman" himself.

The tea things having been removed, the work-baskets were set on the table; and now the clatter of cups and saucers and the jingling of teaspoons gave way to talk, an accomplishment in which, I have observed, ladies who frequent sewing-circles are thoroughly posted up.

"It's very remarkable," said Mrs. Pipchin, the attorney's lady, "extremely remarkable; I can't at all make it out."

"Deeply mysterious," chimed in Miss Rawker, a tall, ancient maiden lady of fifty, with eyes like boiled gooseberries, a flaxen "false front," and a sour facial expression, as though she always washed her face in vinegar, and lived perpetually on pickles.

"O, it's so romantic! How I should like to see a real ghost," simpered little Miss Milk-it, a young lady of the sentimental school, who wrote sweet verses for the Chickenville Banner, and adored Tupper.

"That's a very presumptuous wish, my dear," said Mrs. Coosypeg, kindly, and she added, "it's quite certain there is something beyond common in this affair. What do you think, Coosypeg, my love?"

The gentleman thus addressed was a pompous little man, with florid cheeks, a red nose, little, blue eyes, a bald head and double chin, which latter was half buried in an abyss of white neckcloth. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a buff vest, *a la* Daniel Webster, and his queer little legs were encased in glossy, black pants. On hearing his wife's question, he immediately and involuntarily assumed a professional dignity, gave a great, significant "hem," and said:

"What do I think, Mrs. Coosypeg? Why (he was a great admirer of Shakespeare, and always quoted, or rather mis-quoted from his works, whenever possible), why, I consider that there are more things in heaven and earth, Mrs. Coosypeg and ladies, than we know anything at all about. That's my simple opinion, madam," and with another prodigious "hem," he sank back in his chair.

At this moment, Mr. Pipchin the attorney entered the room, it being the custom at such times for the husbands, brothers, and "lovers so gay" of the ladies, to join them after tea. The opinion of this gentleman was at once asked, but before recording his answer, it will

perhaps be as well to give the reader some idea of the remarkable circumstances to which the ladies have just alluded, and which had caused such intense excitement in the village of Chickenville.

Just at the entrance to the village, in a small but neat cottage, resided Mrs. Ramsay, a widow, who, at the death of her husband, was left in very straitened circumstances. She had but one child—a daughter, now some eighteen years of age. Chylena Ramsay was beautiful as heroines (for *she* is my heroine, reader,) generally are, excepting those of Charlotte Brontë; but her health was extremely delicate, and all the medicaments of Doctor Coosypeg had failed to relieve her. Every one predicted consumption, and indeed her pale brow and hectic cheek might well have favored such a supposition. To eke out her mother's scanty income, Chylena made water-color drawings, which she sold in the neighboring town, did plain work, and occasionally gave lessons in music; but all these means of procuring money were too precarious. So, one day, she travelled to Boston, sought for employment, obtained some which she thought would serve at least to keep the wolf from the door, and returned home with a heart much relieved. But it was noticed soon after this, that her health became still more delicate, her cheek yet paler; and one Sunday as she went to church, it was evident that her step was less elastic. Thus matters for some time went on. Now, it is not at all to be wondered at, that so pretty and amiable a girl as Chylena Ramsay should have had a lover—indeed, it would have been strange if she had not. It happened then, that a young man named Ralph Burney, had fallen deeply and desperately in love with the widow's daughter, and his love was warmly reciprocated, but in the present precarious state of her daughter's health, Mrs. Ramsay peremptorily refused her consent to their marriage.

"You see," she would say, "Chylena is growing weaker and weaker every day, and it would be the height of folly under such circumstances to unite your fortunes in matrimony. If anything happened to her, the pang of parting would be only the greater were you married. No, no—wait a little longer, and then, if Chylena improves in health, be assured I will interpose no further objection."

This was reasonable enough; but when did ever an ardent lover listen to reason? Ralph had no faith in the opinion of old Coosypeg, that Chylena's case was hopeless, and he de-

terminated to seek other means than his physic, to aid in her restoration to health. He was a sharp-sighted young man, and fancied that he had discovered what her ailment was. He therefore laid his plans accordingly.

Ralph and Chylena, after enjoying an hour of each other's society, parted, Ralph declaring his intention of going to Boston in search of some remedy for Chylena—who, on her part, promised to adopt any measures he might recommend.

Of course, Chickenville boasted its store—a place where every article was kept excepting the particular one required; and, of course also, this store, which was kept by a big, burly fellow, named Barnabas W. Badgit, was the loafing-point of the village. In its centre was a huge, dirty stove, around which, some seated on casks, some on benches, some on the counter, and others leaning against the iron pillars that supported the roof, were to be seen from morning to night, chewing, smoking or whittling, a number of those who either had nothing to do, or wouldn't do anything. In the evenings a few of the industrious neighbors would lounge in, after their day's work was done, and then the affairs of the nation were canvassed, and gossip and scandal ruled the hour. One evening, when a knot of idlers were assembled, the conversation took the following turn:

"You don't believe in ghosts and witches, Hiram?" (It was the village shoemaker who spoke.) "Why, then, you don't believe in scriptur'—that's all."

"How do you make that out?" inquired Hiram Sparkles, the blacksmith, who was the party addressed.

"Why, look a' here; warn't there the witch of Endor, and the ghost of Samuel? Answer me that."

"I didn't say there wasn't. But you don't mean to say that Widow Ramsay's daughter is a witch, do you?"

"Wal, I dunno as to that—if there was witches in scriptur' times, and witches in Salem ever so long since, why shouldn't there be now? Didn't witches in the old days do things as nobuddy could, and don't Chyl' Ramsay beat every other woman and gal in the village at work, as all the village knows—and she out of health, too? And hadn't the Salem witches what they called their familiar spirits—in other words, imps of the devil, in the shape of black cats or dogs, or summat o' that sort? And didn't I listen," he added,

triumphantly, "to the most onchristian sounds as ever was heard, as I went by Widow Ramsay's cottage the other night after eleven o'clock, and Chylena Ramsay singing in some diabolical language, and every now and then laughing and talking? What d'ye say to that?"

"But did you see a ghost or anything like one?" asked Barnabas W. Badgit, the store-keeper.

"Yes and felt it, too."

At this idea of *feeling* a ghost, a general guffaw expanded the jaws of every one present. The shoemaker, however, was nothing daunted.

"Darned if that aint a good un," squeaked out little Twistem, the tailor of Chickenville; "now I always thort that ghosts was mere shadders, so tu speak—fellers as could whisk through key-holes, or go through the eye of one of my needles, for the matter of that. I've read of some of 'em that you could see through and through, as if they were made of glass; but you're the first I ever heard of, that felt a ghost—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" was the response of the crowd.

"Yes, *felt*," reiterated the man of leather.

"No doubt," remarked Sam Sly, the wag of the village. "Ghosts are spirits, and spirits are souls, aint they?"

A general assent to this proposition was given by the company.

"Well, then," continued Sam, "there's nothing very extraordinary in a shoemaker's *feeling* a ghost that I am aware of—doesn't he handle soles every day?"

At this surprising stroke of wit, the loafers round the store went incontinently into roars of laughter, and Mr. Samuel Sly, highly gratified with the hit he had made, reposed on his laurels, in other words, he lighted a fresh "long nine."

"Wal, you may snigger if you choose," observed the shoemaker, doggedly, "but it was a real ghost that I felt, and I'll tell you how 'twas."

All ears, and eyes, and mouths were now opened to their fullest extent, and the shoemaker proceeded:

"You see I was going home from the tavern a few nights since, about eleven o'clock, or may be, a little arter, when, as I passed Widow Ramsay's house, I noticed a light in the sitting-room. The blind was down, so I couldn't see inside, but I heard the all-firedest noise that ever was. I knew 'twarn't katy-

did nor crickets—for thar aint none about now—and the only thing I could compare it to, was forty thousand death-watches, all ticking at once.”

Here the speaker paused, and looked round to see what effect was produced on his audience.

“Go on,” said the storekeeper, whose huge form was bent over the counter, and whose face exhibited a decidedly incredulous grin.

“Wal,” continued the shoemaker, “wal, says I to myself, thar’s suthin’ mysterious here, and no two ways about it. So I crept softly towards the window, but just before I reached it, I saw a great, black figure on the blind, which appeared only for a minute, and then vanished. After waiting a few minutes longer, I went under the window-sill and listened; but I hadn’t been there two minutes before something gave me a blow on the side of my head that made me see stars, and in an instant after, I was sent like a football, bang into the middle of the road. When I recovered myself, and looked at the parlor window again, all was dark as pitch, and there was I, as lonely as Jonah when he lay in the whale’s stummick.”

At the conclusion of this exciting narrative, sundry and divers attempts at explanation were made by the various parties present—some asserting that the shoemaker must have taken too much toddy at the tavern—an accusation which he most indignantly denied; and others treating the matter as a mere fabrication. At length the time for closing the store arrived, and one by one the recent loungers departed to ponder over the strange story of the man of leather.

We must now return to the dwelling of Mrs. Coosypeg, which, it will be remembered, we left just as Mr. Pipchin, the attorney of Chickenville, was about to give his opinion on the strange occurrences which were shaking the village to its centre. Mr. Pipchin was a tall, thin, hard-featured personage. He had a high, narrow forehead, ploughed deeply with transverse lines; hollow cheeks, an aquiline nose, over the bridge of which the skin stretched so tightly that it much resembled old parchment; this nose was flanked by two whiskers of the mutton-chop formation, and his head covered with short, stubby, iron gray hair, that appeared more like bristles than anything else. He had a cautious way of speaking, always taking care never to commit himself, but when he *had* made up his mind, and *did* speak decidedly, he was remarkably dicta-

torial; and the way in which his small gray eyes flashed beneath their shaggy and beetling brows was absolutely fearful to behold!

“Ladies,” said Mr. Pipchin, in reply to the request for his opinion; “ladies, in view of being consulted on this singular subject, I have thought it well to refer to the best authorities—I have—I may say—diligently perused all the text-books on the subject. The singular noises which have been heard in a certain part of this village claimed my first consideration. I have read with great attention the case of *Scratching Fanny*—”

“Who?” exclaimed half-a-dozen ladies at once.

“*Scratching Fanny*, ladies, her case is a great precedent. She was the heroine of the celebrated ‘*Cock Lane Ghost*,’ which puzzled all London some ninety years ago. Even Doctor Samuel Johnson himself believed in the ghost, and went into the vaults of Cripplegate church to exorcise it—but after all, it turned out that a young girl, named Fanny, who was confined to her bed, produced the mysterious scratching noises with her toe-nails on a board concealed in the couch. And a very good thing *Scratching Fanny* made of it, until the trick was discovered.”

“O, the deceitful little hussy!” said Miss Bowker.

“How romantic,” observed Miss Milkit.

“It’s extremely remarkable,” muttered Mrs. Pipchin.

“Well, ladies,” Mr. Pipchin went on to say, “I perused with great care Sir Walter Scott’s work on ‘*Demonology and Witchcraft*,’ I read David Brewster’s ‘*Natural Magic*,’ Professor Hare’s works, Judge Edmond’s *Book on Spiritualism*, Mrs. Crowe’s ‘*Night-side of Nature*,’ the account of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, which you know is prefixed to ‘*Drelin-court on Death*,’ Andrew Jackson Davis’s writings, the *Memoirs of Matthew Hopkins the Witch-finder*, and the *History of the Salem Witchcraft*—all these profound productions I have studied in hope to throw some light on the mystery in our midst; have sent, too, for the great work by Reichenbach, on the ‘*Odic Force*,’ which I shall consult with the same attention that I have paid to the other high authorities I have cited.”

When Mr. Pipchin had concluded this formidable list of authorities on mystical matters, the ladies gazed at him with admiration and amazement, and like the school children in Goldsmith’s ‘*Deserted Village*,’ wondered

“How one small head could carry all he knew.”

For a few moments all were too much astonished to speak, but at length Mrs. Coosypeg plucked up sufficient courage to inquire: "And to what conclusion have you come, Mr. Pipchin, if I may be so bold as to ask?"

"Madam," replied that gentleman, "the views of the authorities I have consulted are so conflicting that I have been unable to form any opinion at all. As to the witchcraft part of the business, there certainly seems to be a precedent in the case of Joan of Arc, but as the courts rule differently respecting that remarkable young woman, I shall take time to consider." And Mr. Pipchin knitted his brows, and looked the incarnation of legal dignity.

Just at this moment the door opened, and Phebe the pretty maid-servant entered with a basket, which she said had been sent with Miss Ramsay's compliments. Now it should be mentioned in this place and ought perhaps to have been stated before, that Miss Chylena was a member of the sewing-circle, though being the only one of the society who was young and pretty, she was by no means popular. She was known to have a beau, also, and that was an awful crime in the eyes of Miss Rawker especially, who took all manner of means to harass and annoy her. One way of indulging her spleen was, although she knew Miss Ramsay to be in delicate health, to allot to the latter young lady the largest quantity of work, and of the coarsest and most laborious kind, too. There were fines imposed on all those who failed to send in their completed task at the proper time, and it so happened that at the last meeting Miss Rawker had forwarded to Chylena, in the hope of mulcting her, not only more than double the amount of work—but work, which, from its nature, could not, save by miracle, be performed by even half a dozen pairs of busy hands—much less one. What then, was the surprise and mortification of Miss Rawker to find that Chylena had sent home all her work, beautifully done, by the time specified for its completion?

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Miss Rawker.

"It's very remarkable!" said Mrs. Pipchin.

"O, it's so romantic!" whispered Miss Milkit.

"It's witchcraft—downright witchcraft," observed Mrs. Coosypeg, who was the most superstitious of the party. "To think that that chit of a girl should do more work with her skinny fingers, than all of us put together. It's too bad! and that's all about; the old fellow must help her, that's a fact."

"I don't know what to make of it," gravely

remarked old Coosypeg; "here had I been doctoring her for months, and she got no better, when she declined all further attendance; and to-day I saw her looking healthy and rosy as ever. I know she has had no other doctor, and I can't make it out, there's something wrong somewhere."

And with grave looks from some, doubtful shakes of the head from others, and all perfectly puzzled, the sewing circle broke up, each member of it making up her mind to fathom the mystery if it lay within the powers and penetration of woman so to do.

What a beautiful morning it was; a clear, crisp, October morning. The foliage was rapidly assuming autumnal tints, the sun shone mildly through the golden haze, and birds sang merrily on the branches. Everything spoke of happiness and love—and so it should have been, for it was the marriage morning of Chylena Ramsay and Ralph Burney. I need not detain the reader, while I tell how lovely the bride looked, how bloom had returned to her cheek, and elasticity to her step; how proudly Ralph led her to the village church, and how gratified Mrs. Ramsay seemed; how spitefully Miss Rawker sneered as she beheld the ceremony performed; how old Dr. Coosypeg wondered at the almost miraculous restoration of Chylena to health and vigor; how Miss Milkit thought it very unromantic that Chylena should get married before her; how Mr. Pipchin marvelled, and how Mrs. Ditto thought the proceedings "very remarkable indeed"—I say I shall not stop to refer in detail to all these matters. Instead of doing so, I need only record that when the ceremony was over, Ralph invited all his friends and neighbors to a little feast on the lawn before his own cottage, and that they one and all (Miss Rawker, whose curiosity conquered her chagrin, included,) accepted it. The tables were furnished with all the usual delicacies, and in the centre, covered with a white cloth, was, what most present supposed to be some rare dish that was meant to be a surprise. When the cake, ples, fruit and the like were disposed of, Ralph rose, and after thanking the company for their attendance, said:

"I have now to unveil a little mystery, which has for some time past puzzled all present."

It was wonderful to see the pricking up of ears, and glistening of eyes, on this announcement being made. The ladies of the sewing

circle were especially eager to hear what was to come next. Ralph proceeded:

"My wife has been taken for a witch, and I have been mistaken for a ghost! I am happy to say that the real witch is now present; she is under that white cloth."

The white cloth instantly became the focus-point for all eyes; had those eyes been burning-glasses it would have turned into tinder in no time.

"My wife, all of you know, was long in ill health; her exertions to support herself and widowed mother damaged her constitution, and she daily grew worse. I determined to prescribe for her myself, and availed myself of the services of a witch, and am happy to say the lady soon recovered. Look at her now, and tell me whether you ever saw a prettier piece of witchcraft. Well, my friends, it happened one night—I may tell all now—whilst Chylena, the witch and myself were together (the witch busy at her incantations), that I heard a step outside the window. Stepping out through the back door, I walked round to the front, and there saw an impertinent fellow attempting to peep into the room. Before he was aware of it, I

gave him a sound box on the ear, and with the toe of my boot sent him into the middle of the road."

"That was the shoemaker!" shouted a dozen voices, amidst "unextinguishable laughter." When it had finished, Ralph proceeded:

"And my shadow on the blind was the ghost! and now for the witch!"

The cloth was lifted, and there revealed to all eyes, was a beautiful sewing machine!

"There, the secret is out!" added Ralph.

"My wife was killing herself with perpetual needle-work, so I went to Boston and purchased that invaluable implement. It saved her time, her health and strength, and has saved me a good little wife, and its click, click, click, shall always enliven my home. By its means she was enabled to send in that large amount of work to the sewing circle, and through its agency my wife will be no household drudge, but what heaven intended a good wife to be, not a slave to her needle, but a friend and companion. That machine with its little iron arm, will secure her leisure and rest, so that when I return home from my daily toil, I shall be received by one whose work is also done."

## THE RICHMOND PRISONER.

AIR: CARRIER DOVE.

BY AUGUSTA ANDREWS.

Speed away to my northern home, sweet bird,

Speed away to my northern home,  
And bear these lines to my mother dear,  
For she knows not where I roam.

O'er my long silence she ponders now,  
Of my capture she has not heard;  
Perhaps she mourns for her boy as dead—  
O, fly to my mother, sweet bird!

O, fly to my mother, and say the chains  
Of the Southron are binding me now;  
I may never return to my native home  
With laurels upon my brow.

No friend to my lone heart comfort brings,

Except when your voice is heard,  
When you fan my cheek with your snowy wings—  
Then, fly to my mother, sweet bird!

I shall think of thee at dawn, sweet dove,  
I shall long for thy coming at eve,  
But bring me news of the friends I love,  
The dear ones who for me grieve.

Can I waste away youth in this loathsome place?  
No—I'd die by the conqueror's sword,  
In defence of our flag, our starry flag—  
Speed away with my message, sweet bird!

## THE DOCTOR.

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 BY AMANDA M. HALE.  
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THE doctor was just handing Evelina into his sulky as young Tom Waters, 'Squire Waters's nephew and student, came out of the office. You must know that 'Squire Waters lived just opposite the Bradfords, and from the office—a diminutive building erected especially for legal purposes—young Master Tom had a fine view of all Miss Evelina's motions. He knew that the doctor spent the preceding evening there, and as he had no idea of tolerating a rival, whatever his own pretensions might be, he scowled at the doctor, threw a lover-like glance at Evelina, and saucily wafted a kiss from his finger lips.

"Confound him!" muttered the doctor, *sotto voce*.

"That Tom Waters is an impudent young jack-a-napes, don't you think so, Miss Evelina?"

"On the contrary, I think him a very agreeable young man," returned Miss Evelina, shyly.

The doctor gave Robin a touch with the whip. Robin, a spirited steed, started off at a mad gallop, and for five minutes the doctor found enough to do in controlling him. By that time he had worked off his vexation, and so turned to Miss Evelina again, this time with a smile. But her face astonished him.

"What is the matter?" he exclaimed, anxiously, as visions of fainting fits, epileptic attacks, etc., terrible to the inexperienced practitioner, rushed before his mind's eye.

"Nothing—only I am frightened," murmured Evelina, a little bit of color coming into her white cheeks.

"Frightened, Evy? Forgive me!"

The doctor longed to say all the wild things that were thronging to his lips, but dared not. For an instant he was half tempted to give the rein to Robin and dash off—anywhere, so that Evelina was at his side. The doctor was bashful. To be sure he loved Evelina with his whole heart, but beyond taking her to ride occasionally, and frowning terribly at Tom Waters whenever he encountered him, his affection remained unexpressed. It is true that he wrote her name on the fly leaves of his medical books, signed it once to a prescription, to his patient's amusement and his own great mortification, wrote poetry about her to the neglect of Abernethy and Dunglison,

looked at her in church whenever he could do so without catching her eye, and was particularly cool if they met in society.

Now I appeal to my young lady readers whether Evelina was bound to afford the foolish fellow any encouragement upon such grounds as these, especially when Tom Waters was unequivocal in the manifestations of his sentiment.

So it appeared very likely that his rival would carry off the prize in the very face of the doctor, and all for want of a little self-confidence upon his part.

But I have strayed away from Evelina and the sulky. With returning roses and a very becoming pant, Evelina remarked that "she didn't see what reason the doctor had to hate poor Tom Waters so badly. For her part, she liked him very much, and she was sure he was always amiable and good-tempered."

The doctor, appreciating this little home thrust, replied that "Tom Waters was an impudent, conceited, superficial, fickle-minded fellow," whereupon Evelina informed him, in a tone of severe displeasure, that "there was no reasoning against unreasonable prejudices, and, if he pleased, they would change the topic of conversation."

And now followed a string of feeble, cold common places, and in half an hour the miserable ride came to an end, much to the relief of both. The doctor set down Evelina at her friend's door and crossed over to the house of his patient. It was not a dangerous case—the patient's I mean. If it had been, it is to be hoped, for the honor of the profession, that the doctor would have kept that inconvenient part of himself—his heart—in proper subjection, and given up his faculties to his patient. As it was, I am sorry to say that thoughts of Evelina were uppermost. He touched the pulse. "One, two, three—how like a fool I acted—four, five. What did I make a beast of myself for and frighten the poor child to death?—deuce take it, I must begin again. One, two, three, four, etc." And then when he gave the directions, alternately aloud and in energetic self-colloquy—"Give him three powders every five hours—why couldn't I have been gentle and tender—in sweetened water, of course, unless he prefers syrup—and told



her that I loved her and begged her to be mine—what did you say—O, give them every five hours till death—I mean till I call again,” and he bowed himself out.

“I’ll tell you what I think, husband, and that is that the doctor’s beside himself, and the safest way is to throw the powders over the head-board. I shouldn’t wonder if there was calomy in ’em,” said the good wife.

“O, bother, don’t you be a fool. Give me a powder and have it over,” said the sick man, who, being sick, was in that amiable frame of mind in which the lords of creation are apt to find themselves upon any little disturbance of the physical system.

The grass did not grow under Robin’s feet as the doctor drove back to the village. People who watched him from their windows said that the doctor must be having a great deal of practice, and anxiously asked their neighbors who was dangerously ill in town.

It was universally conceded that Evelina Bradford would do well to discard Tom Waters and accept the doctor, who, it was plain, was over head and ears in love with her. This opinion spoke well for the position which the doctor held, for Evelina, with her childish beauty and pretty arch ways, was the pet of the village.

The Bradfords were a most respectable family, besides, and not every young man would have the presumption to hope to ally himself to it by marriage. If it were not for Tom Waters, who had succeeded in half turning Evelina’s head by his attentions, the doctor’s way might have been considered clear; but as he sat that evening in his office and contemplated his prospects, it must be confessed that his spirits sank sadly. He looked around the apartment and counted up his worldly possessions. A bedstead, with a straw bed—feathers are unwholesome as well as expensive—a sink, with appropriate conveniences, three chairs and a row of pine shelves. Upon the shelves a host of bottles, big and little, arranged and labelled with great precision. In another corner, a bookcase, surmounting a chest of drawers, a small swinging glass, an umbrella, a brush and dustpan conspicuously displayed, and a diminutive stove.

“A pretty fellow you are,” said the doctor, contemptuously addressing his *ego*, “to aspire to the hand of Evelina Bradford. Your effects wouldn’t sell for fifty dollars, and Tom Waters has a well-to-do father and a rich uncle, and can step at once into a lucrative practice. He will clear his thousands and be a rich man in

a few years, while you may ride all over the country for fifty cents a visit and think yourself well off if you earn your board and clothes.”

It was an accidental glimpse that the doctor caught of himself in the swinging glass, but it was not by any means a consolation. Tom Waters was slight and elegant, dressed admirably, had a stylish air, and was *au fait* in all that relates to social life, while the doctor was tall and stoutly built, had a fine, ringing voice, which, though always soft in the sick room, sometimes forgot the proprieties of the parlor, and his manners had a bit of brusquerie about them. He was self-made, and had not yet got so far as the acquisition of the graces.

Was it likely that Evelina would prefer him to Tom Waters? The doctor, like a modest man as he was, said an honest no. And Evelina certainly liked Tom Waters. But then it was more than probable that Tom was merely amusing himself, and the doctor was seriously in love. Upon this view he decided to let things take their course a while longer.

Just as he had reached this decision there was a ring at the bell. It was a rainy evening, and the doctor growled mentally, for even doctors are susceptible to the discomforts of inclement weather, before opening the door. He started back in astonishment at the sight of the little, shawled figure standing there with a pale, frightened face.

“Why, Miss Evelina! what has happened?” he exclaimed.

“Papa is very ill—we are afraid it is paralysis. O, do come quick!”

The doctor was there in a moment—it was only two doors below him.

Mr. Bradford lay insensible. The doctor at once pronounced it paralysis, and said it was a very doubtful case. He staid by the bedside all night, and by morning the patient had revived so as to be dimly conscious. But the doctor shook his head when he was eagerly asked if the danger was not past, and said he could not give much encouragement.

A few weeks followed, in which the patient wavered between life and death. The doctor saw Evelina every day, and every day grew more and more in love with her. Her vivacity and archness were toned down to something tenderer and sweeter, and she was very charming with her quiet movements, her low, soft voice and delicate thoughtfulness.

But one night the doctor left the house with premonitions of what would befall ere morning. He went over in the early dawn of the sum-

mer day, pausing a moment with his foot upon the last step. The old stone house was very still; but for the honeysuckle that clambered over its front and besprent the gray stone with blossoms, it might have been called grim. A few tall firs darkened the yard, and beds of pinks and roses bordered the walk. Clumps of lilacs crowded the corners, and a tall, handsome laurel under the parlor window was just coming into flower. Plucking two or three of its strange, beautiful blossoms and glancing nervously up at the open window above, the doctor at last struck the old-fashioned knocker. The domestic came to the door in a moment, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"Mr. Bradford is not living?" said the doctor, interrogatively.

"Just gone, sir—passed away as quietly as a baby. Walk up, sir." The doctor hesitated. "O, yes, sir. Mrs. Bradford counts upon seeing you."

The doctor went in, met the widow, heard the particulars of his patient's decease, said what he could by way of consolation and went away.

Two days after, while he was preparing to attend the funeral, he saw Tom Waters drive by with a slow-going horse and respectably antique chaise.

"Heigho!" thought the doctor, "is it possible Tom is in earnest? Pish! Don't I know she cannot have seen him three times in the fast fortnight, and hasn't he been flirting with Susie Clifton?"

For all that, Tom was in the church when the doctor reached there, ensconced in a front pew, his countenance sobered to the necessary degree. But the doctor forgot him to-day, for just now the funeral cortege entered the church. The sight of Evelina in mourning robes touched him deeply. You will not think him unfeeling if the thought of how much he should be to her in her sorrow, and how the thought of him might come in as an alleviation, if, as he hoped, she loved him, mingled with his sympathy, for love, you know, is in a manner selfish and rarely loses sight of itself. He had already determined upon speaking to Evelina as soon as he could consistently do so. He had made several calls at the sombre house before he found the courage to say what was hovering upon his lips.

But one day he saw that it would not do to postpone a declaration any longer, since it was certain that Tom Waters was renewing his suit. Had he not seen him go in there this very afternoon and only come out after a two

hours' call? Accordingly the doctor started with much inward trepidation. The pavements were just as solid and immovable as ever, and the street led, as it always did, to the butcher's shop and the post-office; but to the doctor it seemed as if he was walking upon ether and the highway might have been the road leading to Paradise. He got into the parlor somehow, probably by the ordinary means of locomotion, though he was not conscious of having any share in the matter; and there was Evelina, dressed in black barege, looking indescribably lovely. He knew there was danger in delay—he knew he should lose heart if he waited, so he went at once right to the main purpose of his visit. As he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon the floor he did not see that Evelina turned alternately red and pale, and could not possibly tell what to do with her hands and eyes. The unfortunate doctor thought himself the only embarrassed person, though Miss Evelina stammered and blushed enough to have lost her reputation of belle if the world could have looked on.

At last Evelina found voice to say that "it could never be—never—he must not think her insensible—she esteemed him highly—but—"

Despair loosened the doctor's lips; his bashfulness took flight, and he pleaded as one pleads for life. Evelina, almost terrified, said at the first pause:

"Forgive me, doctor; I don't wish to pain you—you have been so kind to us—but it is right you should know that I am engaged to Mr. Waters."

The doctor gazed at her a moment entirely speechless, then made a rush for the door, snatched his hat from the table and flew from the house.

"Poor fellow!" said Evelina, peeping through the blinds after her retreating lover. "I do believe he really likes me. How kind he was to poor papa. I wonder if Tom will be as good to me as he would."

This last doubt, however, if doubt it was, scarcely had more than a visionary existence, for Evelina was very truly and properly in love with Tom Waters. She admired him, thought him dashing, witty and chivalric, and did not doubt that his heart was wholly hers. Upon the last point the village people, to whom the affair was speedily known, had some misgivings. It was more than hinted that the wealth of the late Mr. Bradford was the chief attraction. I am, however, inclined to think that Tom's affections were really interested, to a certain extent, at least, since purely merce-

nary marriages are not so common as people who have outlived their youth would have us believe, and if Tom was remotely influenced by the prospect of the position which Evelina's fortune would at once give him, who shall blame him? Not Evelina, surely. Had she not her visions of the rank which she would hold in society as Mrs. Waters, niece of the Hon. So-and-so Waters, etc.?

Return we to our unhappy friend, the doctor. To say that the fair fields of promise which lay in the future of his life were all turned into a desolate wilderness, would be saying but little. He would not have used the figure. He was too thoroughly and earnestly miserable. He had fallen in the first great, strong wish of his life. His overmastering passion was thrown back upon itself; his disappointment was bitter and deep. You will see that he had every means to make a speedy exit from this stage if he had been so disposed. In his office there was prussic acid enough to have annihilated a million of men. Strichnia was also available, to say nothing of the milder poisons such as arsenic and aconite. But he touched none of them. And yet I assure you that there was not then living a man on the round globe more sincerely disgusted with life than the doctor. And this at twenty-five. Alas! how, then, did he bear it? Men do not die of love, do they? If any do, which I don't believe, I am sure they must be miserably weak cowards—not such men as our doctor. At first he foolishly gave himself up to thinking how it might have been, to living over the few hours he had spent with Evelina and dreaming of impossible concurrences of events that should give her to him in spite of fate and Tom Waters.

But soon, like the brave man he was, he rose and shook off this weakness, said to himself that if Evelina could not be his, he could and would learn to live without her. And he did.

Evelina was married at Thanksgiving. From his office window the doctor could see the lights gleam out from the old stone house, now no longer gray and grim, but full of life and happiness. He saw the carriage roll up to the door and saw them depart late in the night. Then he knew Evelina had passed from him forever. It was a terribly desolate Thanksgiving for the doctor. Other people gathered around merry firesides and ate famous dinners that day, but he had not a friend in the world, and had eaten his dinner at his boarding-house enlivened by bits of

gossip from his hostess about Evelina Bradford and her *trousseau*, and who had cards and who had none, and that she had once fancied that he had a liking for Evelina, all of which you may imagine was vastly amusing. And then he had gone back to his bare, uncarpeted office with its dungeon of a stove and dingy oil lamp, and found the invitations to the wedding lying on the table where he had left them when they were first brought in ten days ago; then he saw the carriages drive away from the old stone house as I have said, and saw the illuminated windows fade out one after another into blank darkness.

I will not say there were not tears in his eyes as he leaned over and stroked the great, black Newfoundland lying on the floor by his side and said, "Poor old Tige! Nobody in the world cares for us, old boy!" and the creature whined and put its homely paws upon his knees.

The next morning the doctor visited his patients, was as kind and cheerful as usual, and if he had been down into the valley of wretchedness the night before, nobody suspected it.

Eighteen years passed away. A long time in some moods it seems, and yet a thought easily spans it. And all this time the doctor had lived in the village, growing richer and growing older. The village was changed. Some enterprising speculator had built factories half a mile down the river, and the town which sprang up around them now ran up to the old village. The doctor still kept his office—he was one of those who cherish associations—but remodelled and refurnished in a style accordant with his present means. For many years now he had lived in comparative luxury. His practice had rapidly increased with the new influx of population. Everybody liked him. Only two or three times in all these years had news come to him of Evelina. Once he heard with pain that Mr. Waters was a fast liver and spent his money recklessly—neglected his wife, rumor added. Poor Evelina! The old stone house had been sold years ago—had changed hands several times—and finally the doctor bought it. Not that he ever expected to live in it, but it was a good investment, and he did not like to see it tossed about from hand to hand.

The doctor—the good, genial doctor—with his heart full of tender sympathies, was still a bachelor. "Wedded to his profession," he said, jokingly. I wish I could say honestly that it was entirely because of his undimmed

affection for Evelina, but I am of opinion that many motives mould one's life. Doubtless the tenderness for Evelina made him cold towards others for a long time—I am not sure that even now he could hear her name without emotion—but I am inclined to think that any time within ten years, a woman who was worthy a place in his heart might have ousted the pale phantom that lingered there and reigned as rightful queen. But the woman did not come. The village girls grew up and married. Nice girls they were, but not to the doctor's taste. Perhaps he was grown fastidious. People who live much by themselves are apt to do so. Though it was not nearly so miserable to live alone as formerly, since there were scores of hearths where he was welcome and at home, and one gets measurably accustomed to everything. Yet sometimes the doctor thought sadly of his incomplete life and pondered on the "might-have-been."

"Ah, doctor! Just the man I was looking for," and young 'Squire Waters shook hands cordially with our doctor. "I wanted to see you about a little matter of business. I had a letter the other day from poor cousin Tom's business man—what, didn't know Tom was dead? Yes, been dead—let me see—a year! A sad affair, too—speculated, lost his property, drank largely and dropped out of his friends' sight. Well, his widow—perhaps you remember her—she was born among us, I believe—"

"I remember her very well," said the doctor, gravely.

"Ah! She is looking for a place in the country—her means being small she is obliged to retrench—and naturally enough turns to her old home. It occurred to me that your stone house is vacant just now—O, by the way, that was Mr. Bradford's property, and Mrs. Waters's home, wasn't it? Quite singular. Now that would doubtless suit her."

"Mrs. Waters can have the house upon the same terms as the last tenant, and I will make whatever repairs she may think necessary," said the doctor, promptly.

"Thank you. I'll write to her agent at once and say so. I shall hear from him in a few days. I forgot to say there is no family except Mrs. Waters and her daughter, a young lady about sixteen. A pretty girl; I saw her in New York two years ago."

There was no apparent reason why the young 'squire should color as he added these words, but he did, and went off abruptly, saying:

"Excuse me, doctor. You're in a hurry, I see."

The doctor went thoughtfully on his way.

Mrs. Waters and her daughter arrived. The doctor peeped from his office window and saw the white muslin curtains put up by the neat housemaid. As he looked out a delicate little figure appeared in the doorway, stood a moment, and then lightly tripping towards the lilacs, began to gather great masses of milky blooms. The foliage hid her now—it was only a brief apparition—but the brown hair waving over the white, fair forehead, the sunny, smiling face, the attitude, the gestures were so familiar that the doctor started as if thrilled by sudden pain.

"Good Heaven! can it be?" he exclaimed. In a moment he recovered himself. "Fiah! what an old fool I am. Evelina is not a young girl now. That must be her daughter—the second Evelina. How like her she is."

By-and-by he bethought himself that it was quite time he called, if only to show Mrs. Waters that he bore her no grudge; besides, he was her landlord, and might be of use. So he lifted the old-fashioned knocker just as he had done eighteen years ago.

It was a queer interview. If anybody was embarrassed, it was not the doctor. Why should he be? This was not Evelina, this beautiful, stately woman, so polished and self-possessed. It is true the face wore its old-time sweetness, touched by sorrow and moulded by the manifold experience of life, but it was not his Evelina. No; it was the little fairy of sixteen who every other moment set his blood leaping along his veins with a rapidity quite wonderful in a staid bachelor of forty-three.

"O, mama, isn't he a dear old soul?" exclaimed young Miss Evelina, after the doctor had retired. "I know he will let us change that horrid paper in the drawing-room. I'll go over and ask him to-morrow, may I, mama?"

"If your heart is so set upon it, my dear, you may, but I do not dislike the paper so much. It was there when I was a girl," and Mrs. Waters sighed, remembering all that had passed since she sat in the old parlor, remembering that there she had refused the doctor. And here he was to-day, as fresh and genial and good as ever.

"Ah! if one only understood one's self and others better, one would not—" and here Mrs. Waters wisely paused.

As for the doctor, he went home, his head in

a whirl. It had not recovered its ordinary equilibrium when Evelina danced over about the paper. Of course she had her own way, and after she was gone the doctor went off in a delightful day-dream. After this there was scarcely a day when Evelina did not come over to the doctor.

I am half ashamed to confess it, but the doctor began to wonder if such an old fellow as he was any way attractive to a fresh rosebud like Evelina. Very foolish, you will say; but wise people often do foolish things. How the little fairy bewitched him, rode and walked with him, beguiled him over to the old stone house, made tea and comforts for him, told him all her secrets and teased him for his.

One day she danced over, begged that a trellis might be built for the honeysuckle to clamber over, won his consent and started to go back, then turning suddenly, glided behind his chair, took his face in both her small hands and kissed him. Very rude and bold? Granted; but Evelina was one of those freakish beings whose impulses cannot be kept within bounds. I am sure the child meant no harm.

That evening the doctor sat down and wrote the following note:

"DEAR EVELINA:—If your goodness and sweetness has emboldened an old man to ask an impossible thing, it will also forgive it. He loves you, and would beg you to come and be the light of his hearthstone."

Then he sealed it and sent it over by his errand-boy, and waited.

Mrs. Waters received the note from the boy. It was addressed to "Evelina Waters." She opened it, not without some emotions of curiosity. The stately woman was agitated as she divined the meaning of its contents. She read it and leaned her head upon her hand and thought a long time. At last she rose.

"The good, noble soul! I will not wrong him twice." She wrote a few lines, rang for her house-maid and sent them over to the doctor. The doctor read:

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I appreciate your nobleness and truth. I cannot refuse to take your offer into consideration. Come to me as soon as you will.  
"EVELINA."

Was the doctor living in the present or the past? Was this the real working world, or was it Elysium? Five minutes after the receipt of the note, the doctor stood upon the steps of the old stone house. Mrs. Waters met him at the door of the drawing-room and held out her hand with modest frankness. He glanced around the apartment.

"We shall be quite alone," said Mrs. Waters. "Evelina is gone out."

"Evelina—out?" murmured the doctor, surprised.

"Yes; and I hoped you would come at once. I am glad to make amends for my unkindness so many years ago."

"Amends?" echoed the doctor, thunder-struck.

"Yes, for I know I was a giddy, thoughtless girl, not half worthy of so noble and true a heart as yours," she said, with emotion; "but, doctor, life has taught me many things, and one of them is to appreciate you."

He could not see her face plainly in the twilight, but it was *his Evelina's voice* speaking from out the past. The little hand lay near him and somehow he found it in his own.

"You'll forgive me for being too easily won, wont you?" asked the lady with girlish naïveté, "because I'm in trouble about my little Evelina, and I am so glad to have a right to ask your advice. Young Fred Waters has declared himself, and I am at a loss to know what I ought to do. I am convinced that the child has liked him since she met him in New York two years ago."

The doctor had been gradually gathering his senses. Things suddenly changed places and assumed their true proportions. The girl Evelina was a lovely sprite, to whom he should be proud to be father, while the true Evelina—his Evelina—stood before him, holding all her early grace in the circle of her perfected womanhood. What could the doctor do but accept his happiness like a sensible man as he was?

Evelina came home that night to be surprised and delighted.

Christmas came; the old house was a blaze of light, and there was a wedding and a betrothal.

### A DEATH-BED.

Her suffering ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And breathed the long, long night away,  
In statue-like repose!

But when the sun, in all his state,  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed through Glory's morning gate,  
And walked through Paradise.

## AUNT PRUE'S MATCH-MAKING.

BY FREDERIC HOWE MARION.

SCENE.—The dining-room at Aunt Prue's country seat. Aunt Prue knitting in her easy chair; I lounging by the window, looking out into the sunshine.

"Aunt Prue," said I, "I've lately discovered a new phase of human nature."

"What is it?" asked my mother's old friend, who was my aunt only by title.

"The proclivity which women, married happily or unhappily, have for getting their young lady acquaintances into the same situation. Truly, Aunt Prue, there are three good women among my friends that I am growing to have a nervous horror of meeting, for they have each a separate design upon my five feet seven of individuality, with a pretty girl upon the other side of the design."

Aunt Prue smiled her slow, quiet smile.

"You don't wish to be managed into matrimony, Fred?"

"No, I do not."

Aunt Prue rattled her knitting needles in silence. I swung my leg over the arm of my chair and sat looking at the great field of billowy, red-blossomed clover, knee deep, and just then sparkling with dew, while the clumsy, yellow-coated bees hovered, humming drowsily, among it. A June sky, blue, full of golden light, stretched over it. Blessed are they who have scenes of country sweetness stored in their memory!

"I once displayed that phase of human nature myself, Fred."

I had been watching a stocky fellow of a bee who had come in through the window and was hovering over a vase of red roses which set on the ledge, as if he were trying to multiply the given amount of honey each rose would give him in his ball of a head before he commenced the task of gathering.

"What did you say, Aunt Prue?"

"I attempted match-making myself once."

"You did?"

"Yes; it's quite a story."

"Tell it, please."

"It was a long time ago," commenced Aunt Prue, thoughtfully, a pleasant, dreamy look on her face. "I was just married, and John and I had settled down very happily here, when my sister Lucy died, up in Vermont. She was my only sister, and had taken care of me after mother died until I was old enough

to take care of myself. John took me up to Lester to the funeral.

"Lucy left two daughters—Maggie and Alice—smart, good girls, twins, seventeen years old. I brought them home with me. They resembled each other as little as any twins I ever saw. They both had their mother's blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, but while Maggie was really a little beauty, Alice was quite plain. I was very fond of the girls, and thought a great deal about their welfare. I studied their dispositions and tastes more closely than I had ever done before, for though I was only five years older than they were, I felt, under the circumstances, a motherly anxiety for their futures. Maggie was handsome, witty and very showy; Alice was plain, quiet, affectionate and deep-natured. Maggie's chief fault was pride; Alice's an oversensitiveness that sometimes made her morbidly wretched.

"We had five in the family then—the girls, Mr. Carlen, (John's partner, a widower—one of the best men in the world) John and myself. Mr. Carlen was a very quiet man, rather given to reading and studying, and as punctual in his habits as clock-work. He had boarded with us ever since his wife died. She was a pretty little woman—I knew her well—and Mr. Carlen was very fond of her. He altered a great deal after he lost her, and said to me that he never could love any one again as he had loved Annie; he never should marry again. He seemed like one of the family to me. I liked him as well as if he had been my own brother.

"He liked both the girls, but assumed a very different manner towards them. He seemed to admire Maggie, she was so lively and bright, but he had a quiet, kind air for Alice that made them very friendly in a little time. Alice seemed made to be petted, and I jokingly told her one day that Ralph Carlen was just such a man as she ought to marry. She blushed and laughed, but I noticed that the idea did not seem disagreeable to her.

"O, Aunt Prue!" cried Maggie, "don't mention such a thing! Marry a widower! Why, Alice, would you?"

"Yes, if I loved him," said Alice, looking up with a pretty smile.

"Well, you'd do what I wouldn't, then



I wouldn't take anybody's heart second hand.' "Such hearts are better at second-hand than others when perfectly new," replied Alice.

"Well said, my little girl!" cried my husband who had just come in.

"Mr. Carlen came in just after. I wondered if he had heard what Allie said, and I know she did too, for she looked up at him, a little startled.

"John didn't own a chaise then, and he and Mr. Carlen used to ride into town on horseback every morning, leaving their horses at one of the city stables through the day, and riding back at night.

"One evening they were a little later than usual, and after the table was laid the girls stood by the window, looking down the road.

"I hope nothing has happened," said Allie.

"Mr. Carlen's horse is very shy," murmured Maggie, anxiously.

"Don't borrow trouble, girls," said I. "There they are now."

"But there looks to be three!" exclaimed Alice, as we watched the rolling cloud of dust which signalled their coming for a moment.

"You see double, child," said Maggie.

"But Alice was right. There were three horsemen rapidly approaching the house—John, Mr. Carlen and a tall, young stranger who rode exceedingly well. Tim was at the door to receive the horses, and the gentlemen came in directly.

"The stranger was presented as Harry Maples, a half-brother of my husband's whom I had never seen. He had just graduated at a medical college, and had come to spend a few weeks with us before commencing practice. He was quite young, hardly twenty-one, but there was a charm in his very boyishness—he was so fresh and spirited. He was very fine looking, either as a boy or as a man in perspective. He was tall, well-made, had a noble head with a mass of coal-black curls clustering about a white forehead, and the handsomest dark eyes I ever saw.

"Isn't he splendid?" cried Maggie, in a loud whisper. She had flown into the kitchen where Alice had followed me after supper was through, and the gentlemen had gone out upon the piazza to smoke.

"Alice Berne, isn't he the handsomest fellow you ever saw?" she asked, whirling Alice about.

"No," said Alice, laughing.

"You little wretch, you haven't a bit of taste!"

"His hair curls too tight," laughed Alice.

"Nonsense!—It's magnificent! Aunt Prue, mayn't I fall in love with him?"

"You'd better wait and see how he wears, Maggie."

"She sighed, mock dolefully.

"I'm afraid I can't," she said.

"Harry Maples did mean well. He was evidently good-hearted, and had a happy cheerfulness which nothing could quell. He had been bred to the habits of a gentleman, and always dressed in excellent taste, which was dressing suitably for every occasion, as well as becomingly—and he looked constantly charming. Both the girls enjoyed his visit. He took them driving, horseback riding, walking, rowing, played euchre and whist, chatted entertainingly, and read aloud beautifully. He was also an excellent singer.

"It was partly from observing how well he and Maggie looked together—he so dark and tall, she so fair and petite, and both so handsome—that the thought of making a match between my pretty niece and my husband's handsome brother occurred to me. Harry was nearly of age, with good prospects, and Maggie seventeen,—so that after a year's engagement they might marry very happily and comfortably. The more I thought of the matter, the more desirous of having it brought about I was, and I confided the plan to John. He laughed, but did not say much either way. But I grew more and more in earnest.

"There didn't seem to be any need of my interference, however. To all appearances things were going on just as I wished. Maggie and Harry were almost constantly together, and Alice and Mr. Carlen (who seemed to like Harry very well) continued their old friendship. Gradually I observed a change in Maggie. When not in Harry's merry company she was often moody; and one night when I went into her room to close a window, for a shower had come up in the night, I heard her sob as if she had cried herself to sleep. I thought I could guess very nearly what it meant, and was satisfied.

"Harry staid three weeks. It certainly didn't seem as long as that, but he said it was, and left us to attend to business in Boston. The day he went I puzzled my brains considerably to conclude whether or not he was in love with Maggie. I was terribly afraid that he wasn't—that they had only been flirting as gay young folks will. He went into the city early in the morning, riding out to dinner, and intending to return again late in

the afternoon. When he came back at noon he asked me where the girls were. Alice was at the house of a neighbor, but I was glad of it. There would be an opportunity for an interview with Maggie alone.

"I ran up to her room and told her that Harry had come, and that I wanted her to go down and see him. She was lying on the bed reading, but I hurried her up and half dressed her myself, making her wear blue, which was very becoming to her, and curling her hair. She had beautiful golden brown hair, and I thought I had never seen her look prettier than when she kissed me, laughing roguishly at my anxiety, and ran down stairs. She went into the parlor where Harry was walking the floor as he often did when he was nervous, and they were alone together nearly an hour. The dinner bell rang, but they did not make their appearance, and I was in the highest state of delight and expectancy.

"But Harry was going away that afternoon; he would not go without his dinner, and the dishes were spoiling. So I walked towards the parlor. I thought first I would rap; then I thought that would look strangely, and I finally opened the door and said as carelessly as possible:

"'Why Harry and Maggie, dinner has been waiting half an hour! Do come down.'

"Then I ran down stairs, laughing at what I had seen. Harry was standing with his arm about Maggie, and she had been crying. Just as I looked in, Harry said: 'Thank you,' and bent down his head and kissed her. I was delighted.

"Maggie went to her room before she came down to dinner to bathe her face, I knew, and Alice came home and we had a pleasant time dining, though I noticed that Maggie was rather quieter than usual, while Harry was in the most buoyant spirits.

"He went away, as expected. He kissed both the girls, though I thought Alice shrank a little. She had never been so familiar with him as Maggie had been.

"A week later John brought several letters home, among them one from Harry addressed to Maggie. He gave it to her at the table, and her cheeks flushed red as roses. My husband laughed.

"'Is that so, Maggie?' he said.

"'What do you mean?' she asked, a little pettishly. 'The letter is for Alice.'

"Just then she met Mr. Carlen's eye and blushed more deeply than ever. She tore the envelope open, took out the contents, and

without unfolding the sheets, tossed them to Alice. Alice looked bewilderingly at her sister a moment, then put the letter in her pocket. I thought her very quick-witted to understand that Maggie wished her to shield her. But they all seemed very strange, I thought. My husband laughed quietly to himself; Maggie's cheeks were burning; Alice's hand trembled nervously as she passed a dish, and Mr. Carlen glanced rapidly from one of my nieces to the other as if he would read them through.

"The correspondences which followed were a source of wonder to me. Harry wrote to both the girls and they both wrote to him. I knew that, under the circumstances, there must be a wide difference in the correspondences. I said so once, when the girls were sitting with me one afternoon.

"'Harry don't write to me, Maggie,' said I. 'I should like to hear from him. Read me one of his letters, won't you?'

"'Certainly,' she said; and rising, ran up stairs, and presently returned with a letter. She sat down by the window. Alice was sitting on an ottoman with her head upon my lap. Maggie began to read:

"'DEAR LITTLE SWEETHEART:—You must not think that I have forgotten you even for an hour because I did not write last week. I was so busy I could hardly find time to eat. Don't ever believe that I am neglectful of you when you do not hear from me. Heaven knows the thought of you is the sweetest part of my life! It seems that a cessation of business that would give me a chance to see you again, would never come. You must write the oftener. A letter a week does not satisfy me. Your dear little epistles are looked for very anxiously—you do not dream how much so. God bless you, dear! I will try to write again this week, but be sure and write me. My regards to everybody.

"'Ever yours, HARRY MAPLES.'

"Maggie read the letter in great glee. I laughed.

"'Short and very sweet,' I said. 'Much like a love-letter, isn't it, Alice?'

"Alice was looking very hot, with her hair rumped over her face and her head half buried in my sewing-work.

"'Don't talk to me; I am sleepy,' she said.

"'Harry is a fine fellow, Maggie,' I observed. 'I'm glad that he likes you.'

"Maggie stole a quick look at her sister and then slipped the letter into her bosom, laughing all the time.

"I saw you if she did not!" I exclaimed. "Do you really like him so well, Maggie?"

"Tons!" she replied, jumping up and frisking out of the room.

"I bent over Alice and put back the tumbled hair from her red cheeks.

"I was not sure that Maggie and Harry were lovers before. Why didn't you tell me, Alice?" I asked.

"I—I—did not know it," she replied, in a choking voice.

"O, well," said I, thinking her strange manner surprise; "Maggie has done well to keep it secret so long. I should have found it out for myself when he came again."

"Alice suddenly sprang up and ran up stairs.

"And I know what your destiny is, too, little lady," I murmured. "Mr. Carlen will take good care of you, pet."

"Just then I heard the girls laughing violently.

"They seem so happy," I mused. "I'm very glad they have such excellent prospects."

"After Harry went away the boatings and drives which had been popular during and before his stay, seemed to be abolished. The girls had ridden on horseback a great deal with Mr. Carlen,—indeed he had taught them to ride—but after Harry left us we seemed to settle down into universal dullness. Maggie would have the most unaccountable fits of crying, and would give no excuse but that she was 'blue.' I suspected sometimes that she had had a misunderstanding or quarrel with Harry, but letters from him came regularly to both herself and Alice, and the supposition did not seem reasonable. Mr. Carlen, too, seemed to shut himself up in his room more than formerly, which served to make the house duller. Alice, however, seemed sweetly cheerful as usual, but she was always such a quiet little thing that her yea or nay in a house was hardly heard.

"One evening my husband told me that Mr. Carlen spoke of leaving us, and gave no satisfactory reason.

"Why, what can the reason be?" I exclaimed.

"I don't know exactly," he replied; "but hasn't he had some trouble with the girls?"

"The girls?—no indeed! What made you think of that?"

"You'd better see," he answered, significantly.

"I rose and went down stairs immediately to find Maggie and Alice. They were not in

the parlor, and I started to go to the dining-room, when suddenly I heard voices near the porch. The girls often sat upon the piazza evenings, but there was no moonlight, and I could not see who was there as I stepped to the door and listened. Mr. Carlen's voice came first.

"How should I know what you meant? I only saw what you did!"

"The girls' voices were very much alike. I could not detect whether it was Maggie or Alice who said:

"Do you suppose that I was going to tell you that I loved you, Mr. Carlen, when you gave all your attention to my sister?"

"If I have bought Alice's companionship more than yours (it was Maggie, then, that he was talking to), "it was because she showed a pleasure in mine which you did not. Heaven knows that I would have been quick enough to observe the slightest favorable omen, Maggie. Once or twice a word or glance of yours gave me hope; but after young Maples came here you showed such partiality for him that I thought you were either a flirt or I had been mistaken. I love Alice as I love all pure women; but Maggie, your conscience cannot uphold you in your accusation that I have flirted with her to try you. I never kissed her in my life. She never thought of loving me."

"Heaven knows I thought so, Ralph," exclaimed Maggie.

"I could see them quite plainly where they stood after my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, though I stood in such a deep shadow that they could not have seen me if they had looked that way. Mr. Carlen had his arm about my niece, and she was crying on his shoulder.

"You ought to have known me better than that, Maggie," he said. "You have been much at fault, my child. Loving me and suspecting my love for you, believing me to be an honorable man, you very inconsistently accused me of attempting to torture your secret from you by showing a false preference for your sister. Then, instead of being the woman who is not ashamed of an honest love, you turned the flirt, and made us both wretched."

"I was too proud to let you see that I loved you, if I could help it."

"That pride was false. An honest love is no shame. If I proved unworthy of it, the shame is mine. You could then have said—"I loved him for what I believed him to be, not for what he is. You could not have loved me after you believed that I sought the

assurance of your love to feed an idle vanity.'

"No, I thought you loved me, but I did not want you to know it till I was sure.'

"And for such a whim you ran the danger of making us both unhappy for life! What do you believe I would have done if you had shown me your love—as delicately as you please—Maggie?"

"I do not know.'

"You ought to know. You know I profess to be an honorable man. I would have given you the assurance you wanted, either one way or the other, immediately; I would have shown you very quickly how much I thanked you and how very dearly I loved you.'

"I believe it—I know it now!" sobbed Maggie. 'I know I am not truly womanly—I know that I am full of faults. I never can understand how to do right always, as you do.'

"O, dear child, you are talking wildly. I love you too truly not to see your faults—to wish you to forget them; but there is a great deal that is good in you. We will help each other, darling. You shall be my sunshine and I will be your mentor.'

"Dear Ralph!"

"I stole up stairs with a pale face and a beating heart. Good heavens! what a state of affairs! My poor little Alice loving Ralph Carlen—Harry Maples loving Maggie—Maggie loving Carlen, and Carlen loving her!"

"My strongest thought was for Alice. I went to her room and opened the door softly, expecting to find her asleep, for it was ten o'clock. But I found her sitting by the window in the moonlight, her lap full of letters.

"Dear Aunt Prue, how pale you are! Are you sick?" she said.

"I was so excited that I didn't know what to do until I caught her in my arms and fell to crying over her.

"Good heavens! auntie, what is the matter?" she cried, in affright.

"Alice, my child, tell me the truth—do you love Mr. Carlen?"

"Love him?—as a friend, yes."

"Is that all? Thank Heaven! Maggie loves him, Alice!"

"Does she? I'm very glad, for he loves her; I have known it this long while. I thought once that she loved him, but she flirted so with Harry I thought I was mistaken."

"Flirted with Harry?"

"Yes, dear auntie. And—and—I may as well confess now—you are mistaken about Harry loving her; he loves me!"

"You? Alice, Alice, that letter!"

"She stole one he had written to me and read it aloud to tease me."

"O, dear!—my head! Alice, I saw him make love to her the day he went away!"

"No, Aunt Prue; Maggie told me about that. She had a long talk with Harry that day, and made him her confidant. He knows that she loved Mr. Carlen. He told her then that he loved me, but he was afraid I didn't care for him, and he asked her if she would beg me to write to him. It was very boyish and foolish that he didn't come to me," said Alice, laughing and blushing; 'but he was afraid I would repulse him before he could get a chance to tell me how well he loved me. *Have Maggie and Mr. Carlen made up, Aunt Prue?*'

"Yes," said I, slowly, and trying very hard to understand matters. In fact, I was quite light-headed with what I had heard. I didn't attempt to make Alice understand how overwhelmingly surprised I was, but slipped away to my room and laid down; but I never closed my eyes all that long night.

"Just as we were sitting down to breakfast the next morning, a clatter of hoofs was heard on the road, and while we listened we heard Tim say:

"Good morning, Mister Harry."

"Good morning, Tim," and the next instant Harry Maples bounded into the hall. Alice gave a quick cry and sprang forward to meet him. There was a very evident love embrace.

"Well done!" exclaimed my husband.

"We all laughed. We made a place at the table for Harry. That was a merry meal, I can tell you. While the laughing and chatting was in full glow I looked thoughtfully about me. After all, it was best so. Maggie needed such a man as Ralph Carlen was;—they evidently loved each other. And Alice and Harry made the most charming young couple I ever saw. That fall my nieces were married, and I lost them both; but they were happy, and I was satisfied. So much for my attempt at match-making."

"What a capital story, Aunt Prue."

"Is it, dear? Well, it's all true," and Aunt Prue rattled her knitting-needles briskly.

—♦♦♦—  
 APTLY CHOSEN.—A clergyman being much pressed by a lady of his acquaintance to preach a sermon the first Sunday after her marriage, complied, and chose the following passage in Psalms for his text: "And there shall be abundance of peace—while the moon endureth."

## The Florist.

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### Carnations.

The choice carnations now in flower should be taken care of and assisted in their blowing; likewise assist those of inferior qualities and that have a tendency to burst, by splitting the pod or calyx a little way at top, on the opposite side to where it shows an inclination to burst, in two or three different places, so as to promote the spreading of the flower regularly each way. This should be done just as the flower begins to break the pod with a pair of small, narrow-pointed scissors, or with a sharp-pointed knife, taking care not to cut the calyx too deep, but rather to open it a little at each place, and to leave as much of the bottom of the cup entire as will be sufficient to keep the petals or flower-leaves regularly together.

Some florists take great pains in the opening of the flowers to assist nature in spreading and displaying the petals, so as to enlarge the circumference and dispose the flower-leaves in such a manner as to show the stripes and variegations to the best possible advantage, and for this purpose make use of a small pair of wire nippers, the points of which are flattened and bound around with silk or thread to prevent injury. With these they extract such of the petals as do not please, and display the others so as to suit their fancy.

Continue to propagate carnations and pinks by layers and pipings, for the performance of which, the early part of the month is a very practicable time. Give the necessary shade and water to the plants now in flower, and see that those layers which were laid last month are kept sufficiently moist to promote their free rooting. When the layers are properly rooted, which will be the case with most sorts in a month after laying—provided due care be taken to keep them regularly moist, and to shade them from the heat of the meridian sun—they are then to be taken off from the old plant with about half an inch of the stalk which connects them to it, and be immediately planted in small pots, one, two, three, or four in each. The pots should be filled with compost, previously adding thereto a little more loam and coarse sand, and when the plants are neatly planted therein, the pots should be buried to their rims in a convenient airy place, and arches of hoops placed over the beds on which to lay mats to shade the plants from the sun till well rooted and growing freely; and these mats are to be afterwards laid on occasionally as necessity may require, to protect the plants from too powerful sunshine or heavy torrents of rain.

Here they are to remain till November, when they must be removed into their winter repository; during this time they must have a sufficiency of water as often as it may appear necessary, to keep them in a constant growing state and good health. The layers of the common kinds of carnations

should, when taken off, be planted in beds of rich earth, in rows about six inches asunder, where they are to be watered and shaded until well taken with the ground, and growing. They may remain in these beds till September, October, or March, and are then to be taken up with balls of earth and planted where intended to flower.

### Grapes.

In the Middle States grapes are generally set or formed about the first week of July; when all the loose hanging shoots are to be neatly tied up to the stakes, and the useless weak growths, as well as the suckers arising from the roots and lower parts of the stems, cleared or cut away; but by no means divest any of the branches of their leaves, as some unskilful persons too often practise; for these are absolutely necessary to the growth and protection of the fruit: the small side shoots growing on the main branches from the axillas of the leaves, should, if time permits, be nipped off as they are produced, which will tend considerably to strengthen the shoots.

When the buds are suffered for some time to hang loose, and trail about upon the ground, all their leaves grow upward; which, on the shoots being, afterwards bound in an upright position to the stakes, are turned upside down; and until these leaves resume their natural position, which they are commonly eight or ten days in effecting, the fruit is at a stand, and consequently loses the advantage of that length of time in the principal season of its growth.

The ground should be kept constantly free from weeds, either by means of the plough and harrow or by the hoe; for where there are other plants suffered to grow, they not only rob the roots of the vines of their nourishment, but also by perspiring, cause a damp in the air, and prevent the sun and wind from exhaling and carrying away the vapors arising from the earth, whereby the fruit would be filled with crude nourishment, and rendered of much less value for making good wine, as well as unpalatable.

Continue to nip out the renewed extremities of the fruit-bearing shoots, to check the too great luxuriancy of their growth, and to afford the bunches of grapes a greater portion of nourishment; but this ought not to be done too close to the fruit, as it would check the free ascent of the juices into those branches, by depriving them of the means of discharging such a portion thereof as is not convertible into wood or fruit: and moreover, though the fruit might by this means be swelled to a greater size, it would be more replete with watery particles, and less with that refined saccharine juice so pleasing to the palate, and so necessary for the making of good wine.

## The Housewife.

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### Stewed Beans.

Put one quart of cranberry or dry white beans to soak in cold water over night; wash them out of this water, put them into cold water, and set them where they will get scalding hot; wash them again, rubbing them through your hands, to take off what hulls you can. Put them into three quarts of water, where they can simmer three hours. Put a piece of rather salt pork to boil about one hour; take it up, skin it, and put it in with the beans; let them simmer two hours. Serve the pork with the beans.

### Lobster Sauce.

Take out all the meat and the soft part from the body; cut it up very fine, and put it into a saucepan with a pint and a half of white stock. Braid into a quarter of a pound of butter a large spoonful of flour; stir it in, and add a little salt, pepper, and vinegar; give it one boil. Send it to the table, in an oyster-dish, as sauce for boiled fish.

### Oyster Plant.

Scrape it clean, boil it one hour, take it into a pan and mash it with a potato-masher. Season it with a little pepper and salt; make it up into small cakes, about the size of the top of a teacup; flour them well, and fry them in butter.

### To boil Asparagus.

Peel the tough skin off the white part, and tie it up in small bunches; put it into boiling water, and boil it twenty minutes. Dish it on some slices of buttered toast; sprinkle on a little salt, and turn over a little drawn butter.

### Fish Sauce.

Take half a pint of milk and cream together, two eggs well beaten, salt, a little pepper, and the juice of half a lemon; put it over the fire, and stir it constantly until it begins to thicken. Serve it the same as drawn butter.

### Bread Sauce.

Take a large slice of stale bread boiled in milk and water, a little mace, pepper, and salt; when about half done, add a piece of butter and a glass of white wine. Let it boil up once.

### Squashes.

They should boil one hour. Mash them with a potato-masher, with a little butter and salt. Summer squash must be squeezed in a cloth instead of mashed.

### Egg Plant.

Cut the plant in slices, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, then dip them in egg and crumbs, and fry them quite brown in a little butter.

### Tomato Catsup.

Take half a bushel of tomatoes, cut them in two, lay them in a dish, sprinkle a little salt over them, and let them stand three or four hours. Then drain off the water, and put the tomatoes into a preserving-kettle with a pint of water; let them stew two hours. Strain them through a cullender, and put them back into the kettle, with half a teacup of salt, half an ounce of Cayenne pepper, one ounce of cloves, one ounce of nutmegs, one of mace, and one quart of good white wine; boil this one hour. When cold, bottle it and stop it tight.

### A Dressing for Sandwiches.

Take half a pound of nice butter, three table-spoonfuls of mixed mustard, three spoonfuls of nice sweet oil, a little white or red pepper, a little salt, the yolk of one egg; braid this all together very smoothly, and set it on the fire to cool. Chop very fine some tongue and ham; a little cold chicken is very nice added. Cut the bread very thin; spread it with the dressing. Then spread over the meat, then the bread, and press it together very hard. Trim off the edges, that the sandwiches may be all one size.

### Snooctash.

Take one dozen ears of green corn, cut the grains from the cob, wash one quart of lima beans and mix with the corn. Put the whole on to boil in two quarts of water with one pound and a half of nice pickled pork. If the pork should not make the vegetables salt enough, add a little more, with black pepper to the taste. When the water has boiled away to one-half the original quantity, serve the whole in a tureen as soup.

### Boiled Crabs.

Boil them in salt and water twenty minutes, take them out, break off the claws, wipe the crabs very clean, throw away the small claws, but the large ones may be cracked and sent to table. Rub a little sweet oil on the shells, to make them a fine color.

### Fried Calf's Liver.

Cut the liver in thin slices, wash it, put it in salt and water, and let it stand for half an hour, to draw out the blood. Then wash it, and season with pepper and a little more salt. Fry it in lard; serve hot and nicely browned.

### Lamb Pie.

Cut a small neck of lamb into chops, which must not be too fat, season them lightly with pepper and salt, and lay them in your pie-dish, with a few new potatoes in slices, pour in a little water, then cover and bake.



**Stewed Pigeons.**

Clean and cut them in quarters. Wash and season with pepper and salt; put them into a stewpan, with as much water as will nearly cover them. Put in a piece of butter mixed with a little flour. Let them stew until they become quite tender. If the gravy should be too thin, add a piece of butter rubbed in flour, and let them stew a few minutes longer. When done, if not sufficiently seasoned, more may be added. Then send to table hot in a covered dish.

**Beef Steaks.**

Take two or more sirloin steaks; pound and wash them. Place the gridiron over the fire, and when hot, put on the steaks and cover them close. They require to be done quickly. In turning, do not stick a fork in them, as that will cause the juice to escape. When done, place them on a heated dish—season with salt and pepper, and baste well with fresh butter; then send to table hot.

**Doughnuts.**

One and a half pints of milk, half a pint of melted butter and lard, half a teacupful of sugar, some salt, half of a small sized table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, and four eggs—well beaten. Let your dough rise in your crock, and then make it up into a loaf not very stiff. Afterward work it up again, cut out your cakes, and let them rise before you bake them.

**Breakfast Cake.**

One quart of flour; one pint of milk; three eggs; one small cup of white sugar; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, put into the flour dry; one teaspoonful of soda; one of salt; a piece of butter the size of an egg; baked in cups.

**A nice Apple Pie.**

Peel, quarter, and core, about eight apples, to make two large plate pies, and put them into a saucepan with a very little hot water. Let them stew until they are quite soft, and then turn them into a dish to cool. While they are hot add a piece of butter about half the size of an egg, a little mace, the rind of a lemon grated, half a glass of wine, and sugar to the taste. Let it get quite cold; line flat tin plates with a good crust, fill them with the apple, and put on a rim and upper crust of puff paste.

**Peach Pie.**

Peel the peaches, cut them in halves, and put them into a saucepan with a very little water and sugar, and let it simmer until the peaches are tender. Let them cool; add a little more sugar to the juice, and let it simmer until it thickens. Line a plate with paste, lay in the pieces and turn the juice over them. Put on a rim of rich puff paste, and cover it, or not, with some of the paste. Bake it twenty minutes.

**Plum Pie.**

Simmer the plums in a little sugar and water until they are tender; then take out the plums, and add more sugar to the juice, and boil it until there is just enough for the pies; turn it over the plums, and let it cool. Line the tin plates with a rich paste; fill them with plums; cover them with a puff paste, and bake them half an hour.

**Baked Apple Pudding.**

Take about six grated apples, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter rubbed to a cream, the rind of two lemons and the juice of one; stir this all together; then add two cups of cream or milk, and five eggs; line the dish with puff paste, and bake it one hour. This may be made with or without a crust.

**Batter Pudding.**

One quart of milk, four eggs, six spoonfuls of flour, a little salt. Butter a dish, and bake it three-quarters of an hour. It should be sent to the table immediately after taking it out of the oven, as it looks badly after standing to cool.

**Sunderland Pudding.**

Make the batter the same as above, but bake it in little brown cups, which are made expressly for this purpose. Fill the cups two-thirds full; bake twenty minutes; serve it with sweet sauce. The cups should be well buttered, in order to have them turn out easily.

**Blackberry or Whortleberry Pie.**

Line a deep plate with paste; fill it half full with berries, and add half a cup of sugar, a small piece of butter, and a little cinnamon; fill up the plate with berries and a little more sugar, and cover it with a good paste. Bake it one hour. A few currants improve the pie.

**Currant Pie or Tart.**

Stew the currants a few minutes; strain them through a sieve, and season them with plenty of sugar while hot, and set them away to cool. Line small plates with puff paste, fill them with the currants, and bake them until the crust is done.

**Coffee, French fashion.**

To a pint of coffee, add a pint of boiling milk, warm both together until nearly boiling, and serve. The French never use it in any other way for breakfast.

**Imitation Apple Pie.**

Six soda-biscuit soaked in three cups of cold water, the grated rind and juice of three lemons, and sugar to your taste. This will make three pies.

**Rice Pudding.**

Put into a cloth half a pound of rice and half a pound of raisins, and boil two hours and a half. To be eaten with sweet sauce.

## Curious Matters.

### Ancient Marriages.

Among the ancient privileges of royalty in England may be mentioned the right which the kings claimed of exercising a control, not always paternal, over the marriages of persons of any consideration. The rolls for the year 1206 exhibit two notifications on this subject. The first informs the Barons of the Exchequer that one Roger Fitz Henry had paid to the king the fine of one palfrey, which he had incurred by taking to wife the widow of Hugh Wac; and the other notifies to the Sheriff of Lincoln that the king had given to Brian de Insula, a knight, the daughter and heiress of William Seleby, to wife, with all her land, of which the sheriff is directed to put him in possession.

### A Poisonous Fly.

A young officer of the 27th Regiment of the French Line, in garrison at Evreux, has just died under afflicting circumstances. Being at Paris on a few days' leave, he visited the Jardin des Plantes, where he was stung on the upper lip by a fly while standing by the wild beasts' cage. On returning to Evreux he suffered some pain, but refused to obtain surgical advice. The symptoms became aggravated, and, the poison spreading rapidly, the young man expired in great agony. It is supposed that the insect had been feeding on putrid meat in the dens of one of the carnivorous animals.

### Love Charms.

In Lower Saxony, the young girls gather sprigs of St. John's wort, on the eve of St. John, and secretly suspend them on the walls of their chambers, with certain mysterious ceremonies. The state of the plant on the following morning indicates their future lot. If fresh and undrooping, it foretells a prosperous marriage; if fading and dying, the reverse. The plant is influenced by the condition in which it is placed, and those who have damp walls are the more likely to have prosperous marriages than those whose walls are as dry as they should be.

### The "Silver" Wedding-day.

This name is applied to the twenty-fifth anniversary of a marriage, and on this day it is customary to present the married pair with some *silver* token of remembrance. The custom prevails in some parts of Northern Europe, where the festival of the twenty-fifth anniversary is called the "silver" wedding, and that of the fiftieth the "golden" wedding. The "silver marriage" of Aberdeenshire is altogether a different thing from the "silver wedding," being the same as the "pennie-brydal," or "penny wedding," which is a wedding where the guests contribute money.

### Novel mode of tying Horses.

The Icelanders have a curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the tail of one horse to the head of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way, and the other the reverse; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then, there must be an agreement to turn their heads in the same direction.

### Caoutchouc.

This gum, usually called India Rubber, because it was originally and almost solely employed to rub out black lead pencil marks, was first sold in England (as Dr. Andrew Wynter reports) for seventy-five cents for a cubical piece of half an inch. This was in 1770, and the vendor was Mr. Maine, mathematical instrument maker, opposite the Royal Exchange, London. Its employment now, in manufacture and art, would require a volume to describe, and it is surmised that its uses may be very largely extended.

### Window Gardening in Denmark.

Graves' recent "Cruise in the Baltic" tells us: "In Copenhagen every window is filled with pretty flower-pots, in which roses, pinks and fuchsias seem to thrive to perfection. These beautiful plants give a neat effect to the fronts of the houses, and tell the passing stranger of the deeply-rooted love of flowers, which forms part of the national character of the Danes as well as of the Swedes."

### A Fine Country.

On the River Amazon are to be found spiders with bodies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; butterflies that are mistaken for humming-birds; green snakes just like a creeping plant, and a lovely coral snake with bands of black and vermilion separated by clear white rings; monkeys with white hair all over them; monkeys only seven inches long; and owl-faced apes, sleeping all day and lively all night.

### Origin of Albums.

The first album, consisting of fragments, written by various persons in a blank book, is said to have been that kept on the Alps, in the monastery of St. Bruno. In this every traveller, at his departure, was asked to inscribe his name, and he usually added to it a few sentences of devotion, of thankfulness to his hosts, or of admiration of the scene around him.

**Remarkable Circumstance.**

A woman residing at Burnhavan, while mending stockings, broke her needle, and one half of it entered her leg near the knee. It could not be extracted, and for several years gave her great pain, but it gradually became less troublesome. She had nearly forgotten it, when one end of it appeared protruding close to her heel, so that she was able to draw it out without difficulty. It had taken eighteen years to travel from the knee to the heel. Several instances of needles, etc., travelling in this manner through the body have been well authenticated.

**Church Nosegays.**

The following curious custom exists on the Elbe:—The peasantry who possess a bit of land, however small, never enter the church without having a nosegay in the hands. They thus intend, it is said, to show that they claim the consideration due to persons who possess some property in the parish. Among the country people in the neighborhood of Hamburg, there is no garden so small as not to possess a place for the flowers intended for this use, and the plat is distinguished by the name of "the church nosegay."

**To take a Coin out of a Plate of Water without wetting the Fingers.**

A plate is filled with water to the depth of about a quarter of an inch; a coin is then placed in the water. A piece of paper is lighted, put, whilst burning, on the surface of the water, and covered with a tumbler, when, as the paper burns under the tumbler, the water will rush up under the tumbler and leave the coin on the plate, when it may be taken up without wetting the fingers.

**A curious Relic.**

St. John's College, Oxford, where King Charles I. once lodged, has or had a curious relic of the devotion of the collegians to his person. It consisted of a portrait of the king, each line of which was a verse from the Psalms. When Charles II. was in Oxford, he begged this relic of the college, and offered to give them anything they might ask in return. They yielded reluctantly. "And now, what will you have?" asked the king. "The portrait back again, if it please your majesty," was the answer.

**Falconry.**

In the reign of James I. falconry was held in very high repute. Sir Thomas Monson is recorded to have expended a thousand pounds for one cast of hawks. In the reign of Edward III. an act of parliament was passed, whereby it was made felony to steal a hawk. Even to take its eggs in a person's own grounds was held to be a crime of such magnitude as to be punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's will. These birds are now reckoned valueless, and often styled vermin, as detrimental to the propagation of game.

**A costly Robe.**

When Dionysius captured Croton, the largest city of Magna Græcia, B.C. 387, he plundered the Temple of Juno of its splendid treasures, among which was a robe, skillfully wrought and sumptuously decorated, the votive offering of a Sybarite named Alkimenēs. Dionysius sold this robe to the Carthaginians for the prodigious price of 120 talents, or about \$135,000. This may appear an incredible sum; but the robe was probably dedicated to the recently-introduced Hellenic deities, whom the Carthaginians were particularly anxious to propitiate, in the hope of averting or alleviating the frightful pestilences wherewith they had been so often smitten; and the honor done to the new gods would be mainly estimated according to the magnitude of the sum laid out.

**A secure Retreat.**

When Carter, the lion-king, was exhibiting with Ducrow, at Astley's, a manager, with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement, issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage-door, and asked for Carter. "Show the gentlemen up," said Ducrow; and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There is Mr. Carter, waiting for you, gentlemen," said Ducrow; "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door." Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.

**The Stork.**

Veneration for the stork is one of the peculiarities of Holland. These birds are not only never injured or disturbed, but a cart-wheel, or some other contrivance, is often placed at the housetop for their use, if not expressly to invite them to settle, at least to prevent their becoming a nuisance; since, otherwise, the birds, attracted by the warmth of the fire, would naturally deposit the materials for the nest on the chimney-top; this the owner prevents by erecting a stand, or rest, so placed as to admit of the smoke escaping from beneath. The settlement of a stork upon a house is regarded as a good omen. To kill a stork is looked upon as hardly less than a crime.

**Singular Custom.**

The custom of giving a needle and thread to each member of Queen's College, Oxford, is still carried out on New Year's Day. The bursar of the college, having as many needles threaded as there are members staying in the college (many, as may be imagined, being absent during the Christmas vacation), when dinner is ended, goes to each member in succession, and gives a needle, with its accompanying thread, addressing him with the pithy sentence, "*Take this and be thrifty.*"

# Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

## IMPORTANT TO OUR READERS.

When the DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE was first established, and until within the past two years, such paper as was used in printing it cost from *nine to eleven cents a pound*—generally averaging about *ten cents*. Now, such paper as this number is printed on, sells for *twenty-five cents and upwards*. Ink, type and steam-power are more than double, and labor fifty per cent. higher than two years since; and yet we have never advanced the price of the MAGAZINE. We have struggled on, hoping that prices would fall, and that we should again make a *small profit* on each copy of our immense edition. But we have finally arrived to the position of heavy losers on each issue; and were we to print the October number at the present rates, we should *lose nearly a thousand dollars upon that number alone*.

We feel that the reading public do not demand this sacrifice at our hands, so have decided to raise the price of the DOLLAR MONTHLY to *fifteen cents per copy*, or *one dollar and a half a year*. We shall not change the name of the MAGAZINE, but shall continue to receive ONE DOLLAR A YEAR when paid in gold, or ONE SILVER DIME for a single copy; if paid in currency, the price will be *fifteen cents single*, or *one dollar and fifty cents a year*. This price to go into effect with the October number, and all subscriptions entered before that issue will be credited at old rates. This is a rise of but fifty per cent., while most of our expenses have increased over *two hundred per cent*. Even with this advance, we can still claim the DOLLAR MONTHLY to be "*the cheapest Magazine in the world*."

We make this announcement of change in price with the fullest confidence that it will be well received by our patrons, and the small advance met by them in the most cheerful manner.

## ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

In these days of inflated prices, when with large masses it is difficult to find the means to meet the demands of domestic support, a word of counsel ought not to be thought amiss. There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as proper economy in the management of household affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or parlor; it runs away, he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries, "More!" like the horseleech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house; and it is the duty of the wife to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his

Journey through life; to educate and prepare their children for a proper station in life; and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interest should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no further than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children. This should be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much toward making a fortune as he can in the counting-room or the work-shop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy. It is what he saves from his earning. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. Surely the times in which we are may be the school to educate us in those habits of economy which hereafter may be of incalculable worth.

**FOUNDLING ASYLUM AT MOSCOW.**

We sometimes talk of the Russians as barbarians, men without feeling, cold-blooded monsters, who need fierce beatings to compel them to do their duty and take care of themselves. Such an estimation of the Russians is unjust, and we hope that the time will arrive when our people will understand and appreciate our Northern friends. During the present contest with the South they have proved themselves worthy of the praise which some of our statesmen have bestowed upon them.

We are much mistaken in supposing that the Russians have no feeling, and care for nothing but brandy and tea. There is one immense State institution at Moscow which gives the lie to such statements. It is called the Foundling Asylum, and contains, at times, about 25,000 children, who are taken care of by the State, and provided with homes when they are old enough to leave the institution and seek their fortunes outside of its walls.

A gentleman who recently visited the asylum, and investigated the workings of the institution, relates the following conversation with the governor of the asylum, a mild, kind-hearted man, who had a smile and a kind word for every child he met in visiting the various rooms. The governor said:

"We cannot strictly call the Vospitatelni a Foundling, for we take any children brought to us, from anywhere or from anyone, without question or inquiry, provided it be not beyond a certain age. The entrance to our receiving-lodge is never shut, summer or winter, day or night. We receive about twenty infants a day. They are all numbered and registered. More come in the dark than at any other time; more on fine days than bad; more in summer than winter. The parents give their names if they choose; but they are not compelled. They may pay for the child's support, or not, as they like. Those who pay twenty-five dollars a year have a right to see that their child is not sent out to nurse, but is brought up entirely in the house. The boys who have two hundred and fifty roubles (a rouble is about seventy cents) left with them, are educated as officers, chiefly engineers; the unpaid for become nearly all common soldiers. In St. Petersburg the boys are sent to the government paper, carpet, and looking-glass manufactories; others become merchants, artists, or priests. Our best lads are sent to the university, or are trained to get their livelihood as medical men.

"When a child has been registered and baptized, a ticket, with a name and number, is hung round its neck; a duplicate is at the same time given to the woman who brings it, so that it can be claimed when it reaches the age of twenty-one, or before. The country nurses get five roubles a week. We have had children sent from Bessarabia, and places a thousand miles off in Siberia. One-fourth, alas! die in the first six weeks, and more than one half in the first six years. More at St. Petersburg, too, where the peasants are poor, than here at Moscow, where the nurses are more robust. The St. Petersburg-Vospitatelni, near the Fontanka Canal, covers thirty thousand square toises of land, or thirty-eight English acres. I do not know the exact size of our establishment. Ours is rather a town than a house. I do not know exactly when we started; but the St. Petersburg branch was founded by the Empress Catherine in 1770. It then held only three hundred infants; it now receives about seven thousand a year, and supports some twenty-five thousand six hundred children."

This is pretty good evidence that Russia looks after its poor children. Here are over 50,000 little ones provided for, in good, comfortable quarters, with plenty to eat and schools to attend. The government watches over them and protects them, which is more than can be said of our country. The visitor sees the children at dinner:

"The welcome signal of gong bell was given, and I and the governor followed the children into the long, low-roofed dining-hall as they streamed in, and, with perfect discipline, took their places at their special tables. It was delightful to see the governor as he took his stand alone at his own small central table, where on a tray stood a covered bowl of soup, some black bread, and, in fact, an epitome of the school dinner.

"All the innocent faces turned at once towards that little gilt shining picture of the Greek saint that was nailed up in the extreme right-hand corner of the room. And now rising up in their respective places, they poured forth a stream of song, which was their grace before meat. Then there was a shaking down into places, an ominous sound of jostling forks and spoons, and the real business of the day commenced. I examined the food; it was pure, good, excellently cooked, and served up with a religious neatness that gave you an appetite even to look at it.

"The governor pointed out to me some re-

markable clever children, and evoking many a smile and blush by kind words of encouragement and recognition. I was specially pleased with the high-toned manner and self-respect of the elder girls, the young ladies of seventeen or eighteen, who were at the first-class table. They neither simpered nor were confused. They answered questions readily, with perfect ease and self-possession, gracefully and naturally; but neither servilely nor with the slightest *mauvaise honte*. No lady from the best circles of London, Paris or Vienna, could have boasted a more refined and unaffected manner.

"Some of my children here," said the governor, "are good linguists, and speak and write French, German, and their own tongue perfectly. Many are excellent musicians and artists. We allow them to select their pursuits and studies according to their tastes and faculties. One or two know a little English and Italian."

But our space prevents us from making a more extended notice of the sights to be seen at the asylum. No country but Russia can boast of such institutions. Even France pales before her on looking after children.

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### THE SUN,

#### AND ITS RELATION TO THE EARTH.

Astronomers have, of late years, declared that the sun did not yield the heat of former times because its surface was dotted with spots which looked formidable through a telescope of immense power, although not distinguishable in any other manner. We have no desire to see our country become a sort of Greenland, although if the solar system is to break out with a violent eruption on its smiling face, we don't know but that we should have to submit to our fate with resignation, in spite of the fact that recent measurements have demonstrated that the sun is only about four millions of miles nearer than we supposed some two years ago, a trifle which we imagine might make some difference in estimating eclipses and other heavenly occurrences. How the astronomers happened to make such a slight mistake in their multiplication and addition, is only known to themselves. During one of the hottest days last week we thought that we could perceive some difference or change in our climate, but we should not have known how to account for it if we had not just read that the sun was so much nearer the earth than formerly.

But it must be confessed that the sun is still quite a respectable distance from us, and that to reach it would involve a long journey. A railway train, travelling at the express speed of sixty miles an hour, would occupy one hundred and seventy-five years in performing a trip to the sun. Sound would occupy fourteen years in traversing the distance; and, fleetest of all messengers, a ray of light cannot reach us from the sun in a less time than eight minutes; so that, if it were possible to fire a cannon-shot from the sun to the earth, the flash of the gun would not be seen till after the expiration of eight minutes, and the report would not reach our ears till a lapse of fourteen years, while the ball would not probably arrive till a few years later. So vast is the sun's magnitude, that the sixty-mile-an-hour train would take five years to travel round it, whereas it would roll round our little earth in seventeen days. It would take one million four hundred thousand worlds the size of ours rolled into one, to produce a globe equal in dimensions to the sun. Its heat has been determined to equal many times that of the blast furnace, and its light is so intense that the most brilliant flames we can produce appear as black spots when held before its disc; by comparison with the light of the full moon, it is found that it would require eight hundred thousand full moons to yield us the same illumination.

But the sun has not perpetually shone with its familiar brightness, its wonted lustre has more than once been dimmed and tarnished, its "eye" has "had a sickly glare." For instance, we learn that after the death of Julius Cæsar, the sun was for a whole year paler and gave less light than usual, so that the air was thick, cold, and misty, and the fruits of the earth failed. At the time of the crucifixion, according to St. Matthew, "from the sixth hour there was darkness over the land, unto the ninth hour;" St. Luke adding to the parallel passage, "the sun was darkened." In the year 409, when Alaric appeared before Rome, the darkness was such that stars were seen in the daytime. In 536-7 its light was dim and obscure for upwards of a year, and again in 626 for a period of eight months. Some time during the reign of Leo the Third, about A. D. 800, "the sunne was darkened and lost his light for eightene days, so that shippes ofte on the sea wandred to and fro." On the 21st of September, 1091, a darkening took place, which lasted three hours, and after the obscuration had passed away, the solar disc



remained of a peculiar color. And in 1547, and again in 1569, the sun appeared to all Europe of a blood-red color.

Many other curious changes in the sun might be noticed, but our limits prevent our alluding to them. The latest sensation is the discovery of spots on the sun's surface. We await to see if they increase or diminish.

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### THE MAN OF SIXTY.

Ten years, more or less, and what boots it to him whether he shall have rolled in wealth or crept along up the hill of life; whether he shall have been mostly a footman in the journey, or else have been driven by his liveried coachman in a carriage all burnished and bright, drawn by his stately and chafing steeds; whether he shall have met Dame Fortune at once on his entrance into life's pageant and followed her train to the exit, or first opened his eyes in the humblest cot, and toiled and struggled all the way through!

Not that these opposites in condition make no difference to the man whilst he lives, for they do, in various ways, enhancing or abetting the pleasure and comfort of life; but that, on the one hand, he is about surfeited with the foibles and fashions of a vain, fleeting world—on the other, he feels that his toils and trials are soon to be over, and he shall know no more weariness nor sadness.

Ten years, over sixty, how fast, like the last sands in the hour-glass, will they run out? "How soon," says the man to himself, "alas! how soon shall I be doomed to say, with the preacher: 'Vanity of vanity, all is vanity!' Yes, I feel it even now as I look back on the past, and begin to feel that I am trembling on the verge of a vaster state of being, an eternal mode of existence, spiritual and higher than this.

What to me, then, is it that all my luxury, and pomp, and power had no fitting relation to my new state of being; that, though I wore a crown here, I cannot take it yonder: though thousands bowed at my beck in this world, none so poor as to do me reverence in that to which I am going; though I possessed houses and lands here, and called them by my own name, not an acre of the one nor a stone of the other can I carry with me across the Jordan, to set up there as a monument of the past! No; I must cross that cold river naked and alone.

"And I, too, poor man that I am, struggling with life's tossing billows, tolling hard for daily bread and finding almost none, ruffled

by many a disappointment, baffled in many a scheme, hoping against hope, yet bearing up manfully against it all, though the mountains shake with the swelling of the seas, what is it all now to me! Soon the swelling seas will subside, the billows will sink into quiet calm, better hopes will be realized, the dreary past and present will have become passing shadows, and the future an enduring substance."

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### POPULATION OF ENGLAND.

According to the census returns for 1861, the population of England and Wales is 20,209,000. The population of London is equal to that of seventeen of the counties of England taken together. The population of the whole of Wales is only two-thirds that of London. Eight of the largest towns of England, if placed together, would occupy only two-thirds of the space occupied by London, as included within the bills of mortality; and it would take eleven of the next largest towns to fill up the whole area covered by it. If, however, London is taken as a centre, and a circle is described round it with a radius of ninety miles, and Manchester, which is next to London in population, is taken as another centre, and a circle is described round it with an equal radius, the population within the former circle will exceed that within the latter only by about 74,000. The average for the whole country is about one person to an acre and a half; it is greatly more within, and greatly less without the above-mentioned circles. The public press has nearly doubled itself within the last ten years. 624 journals, including nineteen daily papers, were published within the United Kingdom, in 1854; at present, 1250 journals, including forty-six daily papers are published in it.

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**SUCCESS.**—A man's genius in the beginning of life is as much unknown to himself as to others; it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he thinks himself equal to undertakings, in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.

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**A WIDOW'S MITE.**—There is good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

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**BAD.**—A young lawyer in Court street the other day put his spinal column out of joint trying to "draw a conclusion."

## Facts and Fancies.

### JOHN AND HIS GEOGRAPHY.

We have been questioning our John upon geography, and we think he is improving. Hear him:

"John, what is geography?"

"Geography is a description of the earth's upper crust, generally found in bookstores and school-houses."

"How is the surface of the earth divided?"

"By earthquakes, railroads and canals."

"Good. Is there more water than land upon the earth?"

"Yes."

"How is it called?"

"Oceans, seas, rivers, mud-puddles, coffee and Paine gas."

"With what is the ocean inhabited?"

"With sharks, busted-up steamboats, mermaids and oysters."

"With what is the land inhabited?"

"With caravans, porter-houses, lawyers, loafers, editors and dandies."

"Do ships sail on the ocean?"

"Sometimes, and they become a sinking fund, and sail under."

"What is an island?"

"An island is a place where people don't like to live; for instance, Deer Island, Dead Man's Island, and Jerry-sellfinery-go Island."

"What is a cape?"

"An article worn by firemen, ladies, and sometimes found running into the sea."

"What is a river?"

"A railroad for steam jugs and lumber rafts."

"Who are the happiest people on the earth?"

"Actors in hard luck, and Feeje missionaries."

"Who are the most miserable?"

"Debtors, boarding-house keepers, brokers and editors."

That boy will wear a new suit of clothes in the course of three or four years, if money can buy them.

### "DON'T KNOW HIM."

Some years since, when John Van Buren was in his prime, he was journeying in the cars in the interior of the State of New York. At every hotel at which he had stopped some one had stolen his hat; so, to avoid the necessity of every day purchasing a new one, he had attached his card, bearing in large letters, "*JOHN VAN BUREN*," on the inside.

The heat of the day, combined with the dust of the travelling, had somehow fatigued John, who, placing his hat beside him, was about disposing himself for a comfortable snooze, when his attention was called to a tall, lean countryman who was peering very intently upon his hat.

Backward and forward walked the stranger, and looking at the hat as if he would pierce it with his gimlet eyes; after some time he screwed up his courage and addressed John.

"Ahem—are you—is your name Frederick Van Buren?"

"No," replied the prince; "my name is John."

"O! Perhaps you are Frederick's son?"

"No," said the prince, calmly,

"Don't you know Frederick?"

"No, I do not."

"To what family of Van Burens do you belong to?"

"To one of the eastern families."

"What is your father's name?"

"Martin," said John.

"Martin—Van—Buren," was the drawled reply.

"I don't know Martin, but I know Frederick."

John thought that his father had been abused enough to enable all to know him, and said so; but the stranger stuck to Frederick, so John had no more to say.

### IN A SAFE PLACE.

A correspondent tells this story:

A hunter, narrating his hair-breadth escapes to an admiring audience, said:

"I once had two balls lodged in my stomach."

"Pistol balls?" asked one.

"No."

"Ah, musket balls, then?"

"No," returned the narrator; "they were as large as my fist."

"Why, you don't mean to say they were cannon balls?" exclaimed one of the hearers, with extended eyes.

"No, they were not cannon balls."

"Why, what were they, then?"

"Codfish balls!" returned the hunter, with a grin.

### QUAKER MADNESS.

Some years since, there lived, on the west side of Front street, Philadelphia, a distinguished hatter, of the society of Friends, but not then, in his youth, perfectly strict in the observance of the social discipline of the sect. His shop was one of the favorite centres of gossip for the neighborhood. Among others, it was not unfrequently visited by a rather harmless lunatic, who, nevertheless, was much in the habit of disturbing Friend meetings on Sunday, by insisting on preaching there. Once, the following colloquy took place between the worthy hatter and "the man beside himself."

"Well, now, Thomas, I tell thee, these people that call themselves Quakers are not Quakers at all. They are nothing but Foxites. I am the only Quaker in existence."

"John, John, how canst thou say so?"

"Why, I'm for peace; but I've only got to go to the head of the 'Gallery,' next First Day, and say, 'Peace be among ye,' and they'll all be for war directly."

"I'll lay thee a beaver hat on that, John."

"Done! And I'll do it!" And on the next Sunday morning, sure enough, John marched with a majestic step to the head of the gallery, between the male and female preacher, and called out, in a loud voice, "Peace be among ye!"

Immediately up rose a venerable elder of the sect, and said:

"It would be well if some young Friends were to remove that person from the meeting. He disturbs the solemnity of the occasion."

This was a great triumph for John, and he shouted:

"There, I told you they would all be for war directly!"

Four young men, however, left their seats and advanced upon him; upon which he laid himself down upon his back, and defended himself with hands and feet, to the best of his ability. This did not prevent them from seizing him by the arms and legs. They bore him, by force, towards the door. When they reached the middle of the aisle, he burst into a most obstreperous fit of laughter.

"Now, John!" said the elder, again rising, "how canst thou reconcile it with thy conscience thus to disturb a solemn and religious meeting?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" replied the lunatic; "I was only a thinking how much more honored I was than my Master. He rode into Jerusalem upon one ass; and I'm ridin' out on four!"

It is needless to say that the bearers vanished. John sat out the meeting, and won the hat.

### A TOUGH YANKEE.

A friend writes:

A Yankee boasting an inveterate hatred of everything British, is living in a neighboring city, with a colonist family. He takes every opportunity to have a slap at Brother Bull, and the colonist does what he can to defend the venerable gentleman.

"You are arguing," said the colonist, "against your ancestors."

"No, I'm not."

"Who was your father?"

"A Yankee."

"Who were your forefathers?"

"Yankees."

"Who were Adam and Eve?"

"Yankees, by thunder!"

### A MUTTON MILL.

A gentleman travelling in New York State overtook a farmer dragging a lean, wretched-looking horned sheep along the road.

"Where are you going with that miserable animal?" asked the traveller.

"I'm taking him to the mutton mill, to have him ground over," replied the farmer.

"The 'mutton mill!' I never heard of such a thing. I will go with you and witness the process," said the astonished traveller.

They arrived at the mill; the poor sheep was thrown alive into the hopper and almost immediately disappeared. They descended into a lower apartment; and in a few moments there were ejected from a spout in the ceiling four quarters of excellent mutton, two skins of morocco, a fur hat of the first quality, a sheep's head handsomely dressed, and two elegantly-carved powder-horns!

### NO TIME FOR SWAPPING.

An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio on a steamer with a mare and a two-year-old colt, when by a sudden career of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier as he rose, puffing and blowing above water, caught hold of the tail of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee line" for the shore, but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current, with its owner still hanging fast.

"Let go of the colt and hang on to the old mare!" shouted some of his friends.

"Phree—pooh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting the water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog; "it's mighty fine, your telling me to let go the colt; but to a man that can't swim, this aint exactly the time for swapping horses!"

### BALANCING THE BOOKS.

During the war of the French Revolution, a Scotchman set up a wool mill. At the end of the first year he came home one night in more than usual good humor, and meeting his wife at the door, he said:

"Ye'll mak' a tea till's guid, wife."

(Tea was scarce then.)

"Oo, ay," said his wife; "but what's ado wi' the night?"

"Eh, oman," says he, with that kindly adhesive warmth so characteristic of the people, "the milly's doin' fine; she has cleared herself already, and something forebye."

The next night he returned looking very glum, and his wife asked him:

"Are ye for the tea the night?"

"Na," says he, "we'll hae nae mair o' that stuff. That stupid blockhead, Jock, in balancin' the books, added in the Anno Domini wi' the pounds."

"Why don't you mount a clean collar, Brown? I mount one three times a day." "Yes," replied Brown to the swaggering Jones, "but every one's mother isn't a washerwoman!" Jones looked indignant, and cut Brown's acquaintance.

## A FREE PASSAGE.

Among the passengers on board of a Connecticut River boat, was a tall, gaunt Yankee. He did not walk up to the captain's office and pay his fare, so the clerk hinted to him that postal currency was wanted. The stranger was not disconcerted, but replied:

"I'm goin' up the river a piece. It's all right."

The clerk not being much the wiser for this answer, again politely asked:

"At what point do you land, sir?"

"Don't land at no point. It's all right, though."

Here the clerk left our hero, and went to consult with the captain, who at once lost his good humor, and proceeded forthwith to bring the matter to a focus—accosting the Yankee with;

"How far are you going to bear us company up the river, stranger?"

"O, I'm going up a piece with ye—but it's a-l-l right, captain!"

"But, sir," said the captain, "you have neither paid your fare, nor given the clerk your place of destination; and you are old enough to know that when a man refuses to pay his fare, or give a good reason for not paying, we put him ashore immediately."

"Well, captain, s'pose it's your custom; but it's all right."

Here the captain lost his patience, and ordered the pilot to land at one of the stations, and our hero to make ready to go ashore; to which he graciously replied:

"It's all right, captain."

They landed, and the plank was put out; the Yankee was told to walk, to which he readily assented, saying:

"It's all right."

After getting on *terra firma*, the captain gave him a short blessing for causing him the trouble to land, and threatened him with a top-dressing if he ever saw him again, etc., to which the stranger responded again, with an air of triumph—pointing to a fine looking cottage just above him on the bank:

"It's all right, captain; that's my house, captain; it's all right."

The captain swore some for a few minutes.

## CHEAP ENOUGH.

A young Western farmer, not over well-stocked with brains, nor overrich in this world's goods, had come to that crisis in life when he was sure he must commence "a double-barrelled" existence, or "epile." Having made the necessary preliminary arrangements, in the shape of a rough board cabin, and a "Barkis who was willin'," he borrowed a horse and wagon, and took a bag of corn and the expectant bride to the mill and the minister's. The corn being left to be ground, the twain who wished to be made one flesh waited upon the minister, and the swain, explaining the necessities

of the case, demanded to know how much "the swindle" would be. The minister replied that the fee was usually measured by the generosity of the gentleman, but one dollar was the smallest sum considered orthodox. This was beyond "the pile" of the farmer, but nothing discouraged, he said:

"Now, see here, old fellow! I haven't got but fifty cents, and you must marry us as much as that will come to, and we'll come again for the balance."

The minister could not resist the entreaty, and married the parties so effectually that they never returned for the other fifty cents' worth.

## CHANGE OF TUNE.

An Irishman employed about a store in Boston, was one day surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After ten minutes' jollification, the friend left, when Pat's employer said to him:

"So, Pat, you knew that chap in the old country, did you?"

"Och, an' sure did I; an' it's a lucky day I met with him here. It's a fine boy he is, wid all his family. His grandfather was a general—his father was a general—and he'd been a general hisself if he had not come away."

"But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him put his fingers there rather ality."

Clapping his hands to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and pocket-book were missing.

"Murther!" he cried, gesticulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his side; "the thafe! the spalpeen! the coorse! I knew him well wid all his family. His grandfather was hanged—and his father was hanged—and he'd been hanged hisself if he'd not run away!"

## A GOOD DINNER.

"How thankful we ought to be for the many good things which are provided for us to enjoy," said a gentleman at a city dinner the other day, whilst regaling upon crimped cod with oyster sauce. "The beasts of the earth, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea," he continued, "were all created for the use of man."

"Very true," replied his friend; "but if you had witnessed the hairbreadth escape which I experienced of being devoured alive by a shark, when in the West Indies, you would have been satisfied that the horrible monster entertained just the opposite opinion. He believed that man was created for him."

POLITENESS.—"I was never on intimate terms with the prisoner," said a burglar who was used as state's evidence against a "pal." "He was no gentleman. I've known him, when he was robbing a house, to drink a gentleman's champagne, and go off with his silver, without leaving a card of thanks on the dining-room table. He brought discredit on the profession."

# Our Picture Gallery.



The reliable gentleman just from the army.



The reliable gentleman who escaped through the rebel lines, and is disgusted with the Confederacy.



A parlor pet.



Young America.



DRY NURSE.—Drat the child! Why can't yer walk? Yer more plague than all my money!



An Important Department—The victualing department.



**THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.**  
THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



A dark and burglarious operation.



Escaping from rebel raiders.



A New York policeman just dropped in to supper.



"I declare I never will lend an umbrella again!"



A happy father—The first.



Bent upon starvation.



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.—No. 4.....OCTOBER, 1864.....WHOLE No. 118.

## SCENE IN GERMANY.



BADEN-BADEN.

WE desire to call the particular attention of our readers to the engraving on this page, for it represents one of the most notorious towns in all Germany. For many years Baden-Baden has been celebrated as a watering place, where drinking and gambling are carried on at all hours of the day and night. Here you will always find crowds of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, as well as

sharpers and hangers-on, surrounding the tables, intent upon winning or losing fortunes. In nine cases in ten the latter result is arrived at, for the chances are all in favor of the bankers, and it has often happened that some unfortunate man, after losing his last shilling, retires to the gardens which surround the saloons, and there blows out his brains, or else ends his days by the aid of a rope and the

limb of a tree. But little notice is taken of those who commit suicide. Their bodies are boxed up and sent to their friends, in case they have any, and if without, they are thrown into the ground and quickly forgotten, while the gambling continues as brisk as ever, and fortunes change hands every hour of the day and night.

Baden-Baden is near the Middle Rhine, and is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on a spur of the Black Forest, overhanging a valley, through which runs the little stream Oosbach. The houses are, in general, old and high; the streets, with one exception, narrow and crooked, and nearly all steep and hilly. The finest buildings lie along the river, but there is not a single handsome square. The edifices most deserving of notice are the new palace, standing on an isolated height above the town, on the site of a Roman temple and baths, and surrounded by fine gardens; the palace, and near it the less extensive but prettier villa of the Duchess Dowager Stephanie; the town church, containing the tombs of fourteen members of the margraviate house of Baden, and altar-screens painted by Lill after Guido Reni; the spital church, an old Gothic building now used by the Protestants, and in which also the English service is regularly performed; and the museum of antiquities, built in the form of an old Grecian temple. Baden is the chief place of a bailiwick, and contains the different public offices belonging to it. It has also an excellent hospital, a poorhouse, and savings' bank. Its chief manufactures are linen, ropes and pottery. Baden has been celebrated, from the remotest antiquity, for its thermal baths, which made it a favorite resort of the Romans. The springs are at least thirteen in number, and the temperature of each, though uniform in itself, differs from that of the others. The hottest, and at the same time, most copious of the springs, is the Ursprung. It has a temperature of 153° Fah., and yields about forty cubic feet of water per minute. The chief ingredients of the water are saline, with some muriatic and carbonic acid, and small portions of silic and the oxide of iron. It is clear, has a slightly salt and animal taste, and deposits a kind of chalk sinter. Its chief efficacy is in scrofulous, catarrhal, and rheumatic affections. The old vaulting over the Ursprung is of Roman construction; and in the museum are many Roman remains, found in and about the locality. The annual number of visitors, said to be of a more mixed

character than formerly, is estimated at twenty thousand. July and August are considered "the season." On the banks of the On, opposite the town, is the Conversations-haus, with its promenade and gardens. It also contains gaming saloons, with a cafe-restaurant, theatre, and reading-room. The parties who hold the tables on lease from the Grand Duke, pay a heavy sum for the odious privilege. Indeed, about all the revenue that the Grand Duke receives is derived from the profits of gambling. There are men who visit the place for the purpose of bathing, but most all countenance gambling by their presence in the saloons, where there is everything to attract and dazzle the senses.

#### VIEW OF HONG-KONG HARBOR.

Hong-Kong, a spirited view of the harbor of which is given on the next page, is situated at the mouth of the estuary that leads to Canton, and is distant from that famous city, in a southeast direction, about seventy-five miles. The harbor is about ten miles in length and seven miles in breadth, and is separated from the mainland by a strait, which, at Lymoon Pass, is only about a quarter of a mile wide. Its coast is indented by numerous bays, of which the most considerable are on the southeast end of Stone Cutter's Island, from the highest point of which our view was obtained. The general appearance of the island is somewhat picturesque and curious, but on the whole, exceedingly unprepossessing, being composed mostly of lofty barren rocks that rise from the sea, to heights of one thousand and two thousand feet, and so abruptly, as to leave hardly any space to build upon. There are no trees of any size on the island, and few valleys of any extent. Some rank vegetation here and there, with a little herbage and brush-wood growing in the intervals between the masses of granite, and a few plants on the margins of the streams, form almost its only vegetable productions. Good water, however, is abundant, and some of the cascades are sufficiently picturesque. The climate, at one time considered very unhealthy, is now believed to be quite as well suited to European constitutions as that of any Eastern tropical climate.

On the north side of the island, and situated in a magnificent bay of the same name, capable of accommodating any number of vessels, affording excellent anchorage and deep water close in shore, is the thriving town of Victoria, the chief town of the island, and centre of its

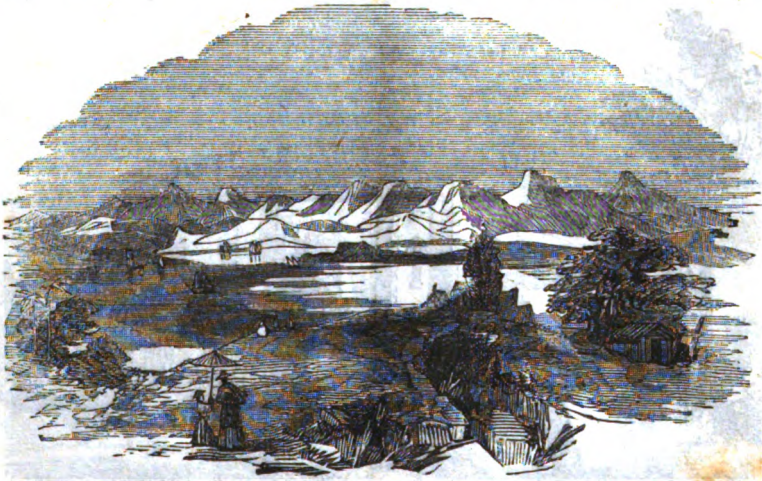


commerce. This bay presents a lively and busy scene, being crowded with shipping of every nation, and with dense masses of Tanka boats and other Chinese craft.

Hong-Kong was ceded to Great Britain by the treaty of Canton, in 1841, and again by the treaty of Nan-King, in 1842. Since then, many wealthy Chinese merchants have established branch houses there, and have begun to charter American steamers, to carry American goods to the Northern ports. The government of the colony is vested in a governor, lieutenant-governor (who is likewise a commandant), chief-justice, attorney-general, legislative council of five, assisted by various subordinate officers and secretaries. The governor has also the office of superintendent

#### THE HAIR.

The quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl. Frizzly hair was thought an indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Dares, the historian, states that Achilles and Ajax and Telemon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks that no hair-dresser in Rome could produce the like. Auburn or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, indus-



THE HARBOR OF HONG KONG.

of British trade at the five ports, and exercises a general control over all British ships and subjects resorting to China. An effective police has been established, whereby the number of piracies and burglaries have been much diminished, and life and property, formerly unsafe, have been rendered secure. This service has been much improved by the introduction of a native force. Education also is in process of being attended to, schools having been erected at Victoria and other parts of the island.

A crust of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love; there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests on a potato patch or a flower garden. Heart makes home precious, and that only.

try, a peaceful disposition, as well as great susceptibility to the tender passion. Castor and Pollux had brown hair, so also had Menelaus.

Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion. Ages before the time of Judas, red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities. Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "Wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts, that every year they were in the habit of sacrificing one to this peculiar dislike, by hurling it from a high wall.



**A TAUNTON SUMMER RESIDENCE.**

The prosperous little city of Taunton can boast of some of the most picturesque and tasteful summer residences to be found in Massachusetts. The engraving on this page is a fair sample of some of the highest cost houses in the city. It is owned and occupied by a gentleman who knows how to appreciate the good, (he has just renewed his subscription to the DOLLAR MONTHLY in spite of the advance in price, and declares that he would have it every month if it cost ten times \$1.50) the beautiful, and the picturesque. No man can enjoy home more than he does, and all

**FISHING MONKEYS.**

A party of officers belonging to the 25th Regiment of infantry, on service at Gibraltar, amused themselves with whiting-fishing at the back of the rock till they were obliged to shift their ground, being pelted from above, they did not know by whom. At their new station they caught plenty of fish, but the drum unexpectedly beating to arms, they rowed hastily ashore, and drew their boat high and dry upon the beach. On their return they were greatly surprised to find the boat in a different position ashore, and some hooks baited which they had left bare. In the



A TAUNTON SUMMER RESIDENCE.

through the hot summer months he keeps his house filled with friends and relatives. Fortunate is the individual who receives an invitation to Taunton, and makes our friend's house his home during his stay there.

Our readers will agree with us in estimating our friend's residence as charming. And while on this theme we will say that our State has many such delightful retreats from the din and care of city life, scattered all over its sea coasts and in the interior; and they are gladly welcomed during the heated season of our year by thousands whose daily duties keep them busy in the metropolis.

end it was ascertained that their pelters, while they were fishing, had been a party of young monkeys. They were driven off by two or three old ones, who remained secretly observing the whiting-fishing of the officers till they retired. The old monkeys then launched the boat, put to sea, baited their hooks, and proceeded to work. The few fish they caught they hauled up with infinite gratification, and when tired they landed, placed the boat as nearly as they could in its old position, and went up the rock with their prey. General Elliot, while commander at Gibraltar, never suffered the monkeys to be molested.

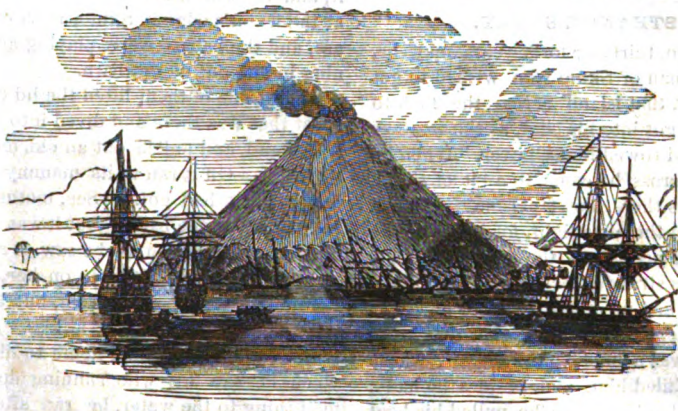


## THE ISLAND OF BANDA.

The island of Great Banda belongs to Holland. It is in the Banda Sea,  $4^{\circ} 40'$  south latitude, and  $220^{\circ} 2'$  east longitude. The engraving on this page represents Banda and Goenong Api, the latter one of the most remarkable volcanoes in the Indian Archipelago. There are some half a dozen other islands, all near each other, but Banda is the largest. They are all of volcanic origin, covered with a thick stratum of garden earth, admirably adapted for the nutmeg, which is, however, limited to the three more important islands, Great Banda or Lonthoir, Banda Neira, and Pulo Ay, the cultivators being partly slaves and partly convicts, together comprising upwards of three-fifths of the total population of the group. The an-

digesting the fleshy substantial envelope, they void the nut or kernel in a state fit for germination. In like manner, also, they, and species of the genus *Buceros*, swallow and void the fruit of the clove-tree, and of the *Canarium* commune. To birds such as these, capable of long-sustained flight, has nature committed the diffusion of the aromatic plants over the Archipelago.

The harbor, which is beautiful, well-sheltered, and easy of access, lies north the island of Great Banda, and between it and the islands of Banda Neira and Goenong Api, all of which approach close to each other. It is defended by several forts, of which the more important are those of Belgica and Nassau on Banda Neira, and Hollandia on Great Banda. On the former of these islands is the governor's



BANDA, THE ANCHORAGE AND GOENONG API.

nual produce is upwards of 400,000 pounds of nutmeg, and above 130,000 pounds of mace. Besides these articles, some trade is done in the oil obtained from the nuts of the *Canarium* commune, a tree which here attains great perfection. When fresh, the oil is used at table; when stale, for burning. Other vegetable products of these islands, which are all well wooded, are cocoa-nuts, sago, pisang, and the ordinary tropical fruits. Wild cattle are found on some of them, especially on Rosingyn, where they are hunted by the officers of the garrison. Wild goats, sheep, and pigs are also found. The most remarkable birds are four kinds of pigeons, *Columba perspicillata*, *ænea*, *javanica*, and *diademata*; and some species of *muscipapa* and *nectarinia*. The two species of pigeons first named are very destructive to the nutmegs, which they eagerly seek, and swallow whole; and, after

residence, and the small village or town of the same name, the houses in which are built chiefly of wood, and roofed with leaves, on account of the frequent earthquakes to which the group is subject, caused by the island of Goenong Api, which rises 7880 feet above the sea, and is one of the most active volcanoes in the Indian Archipelago. It forms an immense cone, increasing in size with each eruption, and is covered with luxuriant vegetation to the limit where the lava, by becoming cold, ceases to flow; but down through the vegetation to the sea, are to be seen the courses of lava torrents, filled with half burnt-up trees. At the foot of the mountain, cocoa-nut, and other fruit trees of tropical countries, flourish; and its only inhabitants are a few families, natives of Timor. The proximity of this volcano subjects the Banda Islands to the ravages of frequent eruptions, and of fre-

quent earthquakes, some of which have been very destructive. The most powerful recorded were those of 1598, 1615, 1632, 1691, 1711, 1749, 1798, and 1820; but the most fatal in their consequences, were those of 1629, 1683, 1686, 1743, and 1816. So terrible were the ravages of the eruption and earthquake of 1691, that all the more wealthy inhabitants fled the islands, and emigrated to Amboina, Ternate, and other places, and it was only through the firmness and courage of the governor, Coyet, that the total abandonment of the establishment was prevented. Goenong Apl likewise renders the climate very insalubrious. The annual deaths in the group are one in twenty-one. Several of the islands have no fresh water, which is a great inconvenience.

#### A STRANGE STORY.

A while ago, thirty or forty years may be, there was a man of Skufo who wished to get by night from that island across the firth to Sando, so he got into his boat, as the weather was good, and rowed himself over. When he was almost across, he came to a bit of sandy holm that was there, not far from the land, and he saw in the moonlight, for it was at the full, a lot of people on the holm. Well, it struck him as strange, because no one lived on the holm, and no one lives there now, but he thought he would just see what they were doing. He was a bold young fellow, whose heart never failed him, and besides he had a head on his shoulders. As he pulled his boat up he saw ever so many sealskins lying on the shore, and as he went he picked up one and held it in his hand, scarcely knowing why. As soon as he got near to the folk, he saw they were all women, and some of them good-looking, too, but just as he was going to speak to them, they all ran off down to the beach. He was not slow in following them, but they were faster than he was; maybe he was tired by the long row. But as he looked after them, he could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw them each throw a sealskin over their shoulders, and lo! in a trice they were turned into seals, and dashed and splashed into the water—all but one, the best-looking of all, who stood there weeping on the shore because she could not get her sealskin.

When he reached her she begged and prayed so prettily, and in such good Faroese, for her sealskin, that he had half a mind to give it her, but the more he looked at her the more he liked her, so the end of it was he

tied the sealskin tight about his body, and put the lassie into his boat and rowed back home with her. Yes, all the way back, for he wanted to show his bride to his mother. Well, she lived there with them for a little while, for all the world like other women, and when they wanted to have her baptized she said she had been baptized by their own parson in the sea. So they had her confirmed instead, and the end of it was, to make a long story short, the man married her, and she lived very happily with him. They had children, three or four, and the folk began to forget altogether the strange way she had come among them. At last it happened one day, maybe just about this time of the year, the man was in his barley-field, which had ripened nicely that year for a wonder, and he was reaping it, and his wife was in the house, close down at the water's edge in Skufo, as all our houses are, and the bairns were playing about, running in and out of the barn.

At last one of them lifted the lid of an old chest that was there and dived into it with its little hand, and pulled out an old, moth-eaten bit of fur. Off it ran to its mammy to show her what it had got. "See, mother, what I have found in the barn." But it was the wife's sealskin, and as soon as she saw it all her old love for the sea came back on her, and she ran down with it to the beach, but before she went, she gave each bairn a kiss. Just then the husband was coming home to dinner, and when he saw his wife running down like a mad thing to the water, he ran after her, for he thought one of the children must have tumbled into the water. But however fast he ran his wife ran faster still, and he only got to the strand in time to see her draw the old sealskin over her shoulders and jump into the sea and become a seal. Then he saw how it all was, and called after her and upbraided her for leaving her husband and children to go back to the seals, of whom he saw two swimming off with her. But they say a man never can get the last word with his wife, and so it was even then, for as she swam off she turned her head round on her shoulders and looked at him with her bright, black eye, and said: "Ah! but I had a seal-husband in the sea before you stole my sealskin and carried me off, and here he is, and here he has been ever since, waiting for me till I could find my sealskin, and now I am going home with him to my first family, and you will never see me again, but do be kind to my children on land, for my sake."



**STATE ARSENAL, NEW YORK CITY.**

During the terrible riots in New York city, occasioned by the attempts of the government to enforce the draft, it was feared that the rioters would obtain possession of the State Arsenal, located on Fifth Avenue, between Sixty-Second and Sixty-Fourth streets, one of the finest buildings for keeping arms to be found in the country. The facade of the

upper story sixteen feet. This latter contains munitions and gun-carriages. A cellar, under one of the wings, will be found by the antiquary to be possessed of peculiar interest, since it contains some of the most unique and venerable relics of the revolutionary age.

The rioters, knowing that several hundred men were stationed in the arsenal, did not venture to attack it, and it was fortunate that



STATE ARSENAL, NEW YORK CITY.

arsenal extends two hundred feet, not including the eight towers. The basement story, which is occupied with large cannon and balls, is of brown stone, and extends the entire length of the building. The upper part is of thick walls of brick. The first story, twelve feet six inches in height, is used as a place of deposit for small arms, the second story is nine feet six inches in height, and the

they did not, for had they obtained possession of the arms which were stored in the building New York would have seen bloody times. We give an excellent illustration of the arsenal on this page. A large amount of the material of war is usually stored in the arsenal, and at this present period of our history, when the passions of men are quickly excited, it is necessary to be watchful and vigilant.

## CHILD OR WOMAN?

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.



## CHILD OR WOMAN?

The term has closed—and glad am I;  
 Twelve long weeks I have played the woman,  
 Neither must sing, nor laugh, nor cry,  
 But according to rule; now awhile, Belle Nye,  
 You shall be governed by nothing human.

Happy day when it came at last;  
 Though of course we kissed and cried together;  
 As was very proper, you know—'tis past,  
 And never were wounds that healed so fast,  
 Each heart to-day is light as a feather.

Free to roam 'neath sun or moon,  
 And tear my frock in climbing fences,  
 Read novels in bed, then sleep till noon,  
 Caring never a grasshopper's lazy tune  
 For fiddle-dee-dee and moods and tenses.

O, it would shock Miss Dignity quite,  
 To see her pupil dressing a dolly;—  
 Dear Dolly, I cried night after night,  
 And wished you a spirit to come in white,  
 And comfort my homesick melancholy!

Gip, sweet pet, is singing his best,  
 Never was such a golden canary;  
 O, I am at home! O, I am at rest!  
 But the letters I promised to Winnifred West,  
 O dear! and to Susy and Annie and Mary.

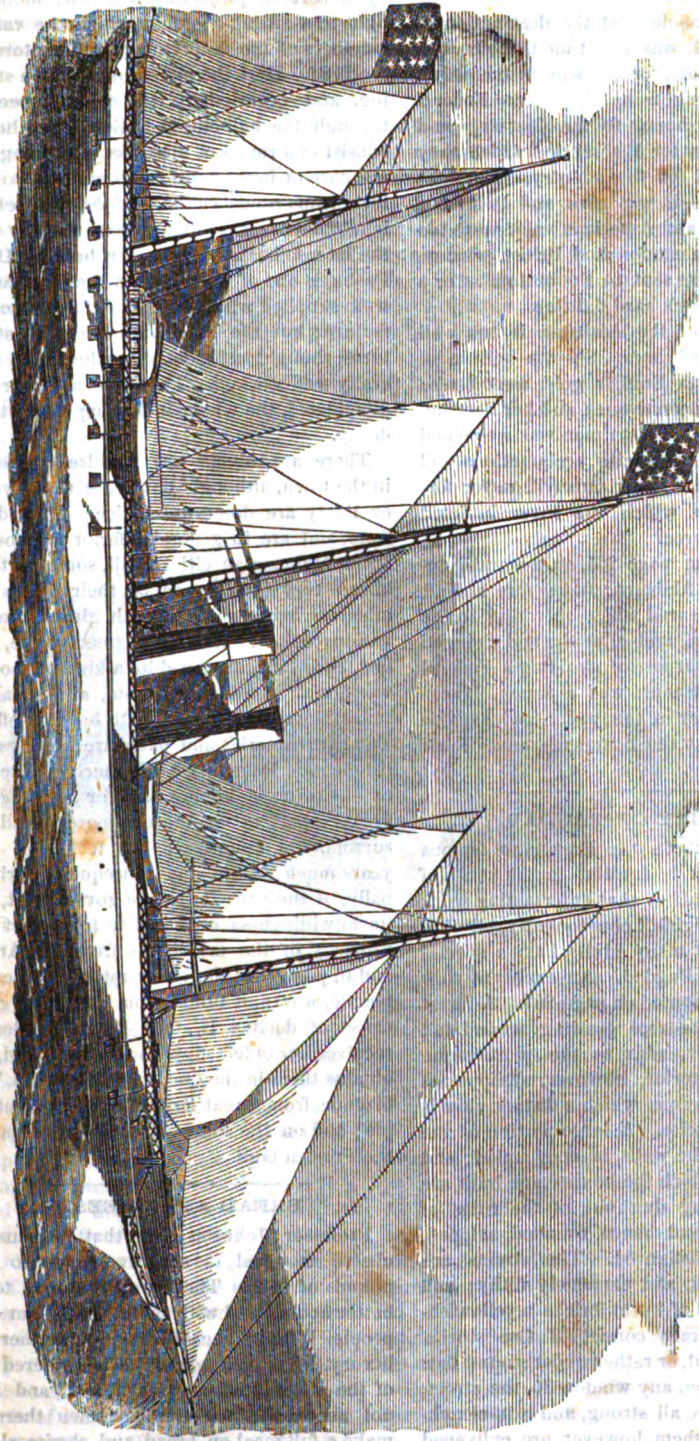
Will Wasson dropped in to see me last eve, [ing,  
 And called me *Miss Nye*—what a man he is grow—  
 He's an infant moustache, I do believe,  
 But it's nothing to me; he spoke of Kate Cleave,  
 Will he visit Kate too, I wonder?—no knowing.

We shall meet to-morrow at church, I ween,  
 Perhaps walk home in the same direction;  
 Kate's hat is a fright, not fit to be seen;  
 I wonder if Will has a fancy for green?  
 Or if ribbons of blue best suit my complexion?

Why—after all—I am not so sure  
 That I care as I used for dolls and playday;  
 In future, school might not be hard to endure,  
 (I'll think of the matter)—if it would cure  
 Of being a child, and make me a lady.



THE ALABAMA UNDER FORE AND AFT SAILS.



**THE REBEL STEAMER ALABAMA.**

The nation rejoices at the destruction of the Alabama. It was full time that she was sent to the bottom, for she was instrumental in nearly driving from the ocean Federal commerce. All honor to the Kearsarge and her gallant crew for the service which they have performed for the country. The fight was a fair one—it was give and take; but American guns and American valor were too much for British cannon and British seamen, and the rover was sent to the bottom after a little over an hour's hard fighting.

The history of the Alabama is too well known to review it here. She was built in an English port, with English gold, went to sea through English connivance, and her destruction of unarmed merchantmen was welcomed by the English press with acclamations and howls of delight. Americans will never forget the injuries which the rover inflicted upon our commerce.

We publish on page 265, an accurate engraving of the Alabama, under fore and aft sails, as she appeared when operating in the Straits of Sunda, and after she had changed her rig for the purpose of avoiding a Federal cruiser. The steamer was a saucy, black-looking craft, low in the water, and capable of great speed at the commencement of her career.

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**THE CITY OF BAGDAD.**

There is no city in the East more famous than Bagdad. It is familiar to the youth of our land by the aid of that entertaining work the "Arabian Nights," consequently, all children, and in fact many adults, have a species of reverence for Bagdad. An excellent view of the city is presented on page 267. A forest of palm and date-trees growing around and within the place, adds to the picturesque effect. The interior, however, disappoints the high expectations which a distant view is calculated to excite. A large portion of the ground within the walls is unoccupied; and the bricks of which the houses are built are mostly old, being dug out of the ruins of former edifices, and hence rounded, chipped, or otherwise disfigured. The streets are narrow, unpaved, and extremely filthy; and the houses, built of burnt bricks a yellowish-red color, generally consist of two stories above the ground, or rather underground flat. They have seldom any window to the street, and the doors are all strong, and iron-clench-ed. A few of them, however, are enlivened

by a sort of projecting window, admitting light to a sitting-room, in which the various members of the family meet, and visitors are received. Here the males may be seen smoking, and occasionally the females peeping through the half-closed lattice. The houses consist of a range of apartments opening into a square or inner court, with one or two subterraneous rooms called *serdabs*, in which the inhabitants seek shelter during the day from the intense heat. The *bazaar*, built by Dawd Pasha, is one of the finest in the East, and is well supplied with home and foreign manufacture; but the other ones are mean structures, though sufficiently spacious, and generally well stocked. The shops are poor and dilapidated, the whole indicating neglect and decay.

There are about one hundred mosques in the town, although not more than twenty or thirty are deserving notice. They differ from, and are in general inferior to, those of other Mahometan cities; still, some of them have a very gay appearance, their domes and minarets being covered with glazed tiles, of various colors, but chiefly green, white, yellow, and black, arranged in a kind of mosaic work, with considerable taste, and so as to reflect the rays of the sun with brilliant effect. The caravanseries and baths are mean establishments. Bagdad was formerly a place of extensive trade, having been for many ages a great emporium for the commerce of all the surrounding countries; but it has of late years much declined, in consequence, principally, of the rapacity of the government, and its unwillingness or inability to protect the property of the merchants from the Arabs, and in part from the interruptions caused by plague, war, and inundation. Another great cause of decline is, that Persia no longer receives her chief supplies from Bagdad, but obtains them in the north provinces, via Trebizonde, from Great Britain and Constantinople; and on the south direct from India and the Persian Gulf.

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**BREAD AND CHEESE.**

Professor Johnson says that a pound of cheese is equal in nutritive value to two pounds of flesh. The Europeans seem to be better acquainted with this fact than our own people. With us, cheese is regarded rather as a luxury, while in England it is considered one of the substantial articles of food, and it is not uncommon for the workmen there to make a full meal on bread and cheese alone.



**EXCESSIVE CORPULENCY.**

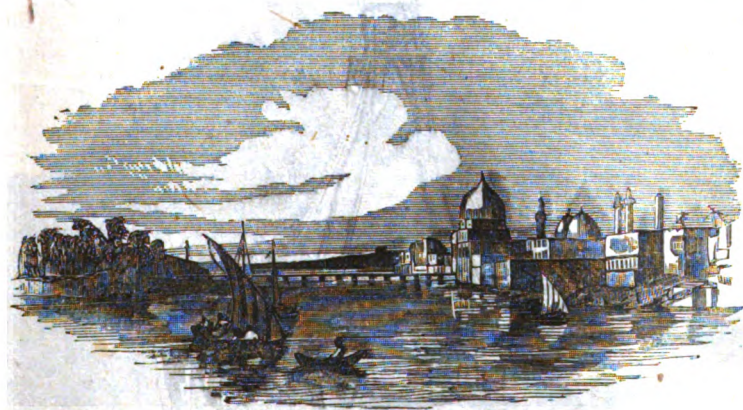
A man who was afflicted with corpulency, growing fat so rapidly that he feared that the time would arrive when he would be unable to walk, or even move, without assistance, has published a statement of his case, and the methods which he adopted to overcome the tendency to increase in bulk and fatness.

He was about sixty years of age, when he commenced changing; five feet five inches high; and increased in encumbrance so rapidly, that he feared that he would be as broad as he was long. He consulted physicians. They recommended bread and milk, and a large amount of exercise. He tried both and grew fatter. He starved himself, used dumbbells, walked, rowed and run, but the fat would increase, and he viewed his form with despair as he saw that he made no impression upon

except salmon, any meat except pork, any vegetable except potato, one ounce of dry toast, fruit out of a pudding, any kind of game or poultry, and two or three glasses of good claret, cherry or Madeira—champagne, port or beer forbidden. For tea, two or three ounces of fruit, a rusk or two, and a cup of tea without milk or sugar. For supper, three or four ounces of meat or fish, with a glass or two of claret. In all, he takes about twenty ounces of solid food and thirty of liquid, being chiefly careful to avoid all starchy and saccharine matter.

Not a bad diet, in these times of high prices; but it had the effect intended, for in less than one year he had reduced his weight from 202 pounds to 156, and reduced the size of his waist 12 1-4 inches.

The fat man says, "These important desid-



THE FAMOUS CITY OF BAGDAD.

the mass of flesh that burdened the earth as he walked.

At length our fat friend commenced treating his disease after his own ideas of what was proper to reduce the flesh. He abstained as far as possible from bread, butter, milk, sugar, beer and potatoes, which had been his main support, because these contained saccharine matter tending to create fat. At first it seemed to him that he had but little left to live upon. But by allowing himself a liberal diet of other kinds of food he got along far better. Thus for breakfast he took four or five ounces of beef, mutton, kidneys, broiled fish, or cold meat of any kind except pork, a large cup of tea with milk or sugar, a little biscuit or one ounce of dry toast; in all about five ounces of solid food and eight of liquid. For dinner, five or six ounces of any fish

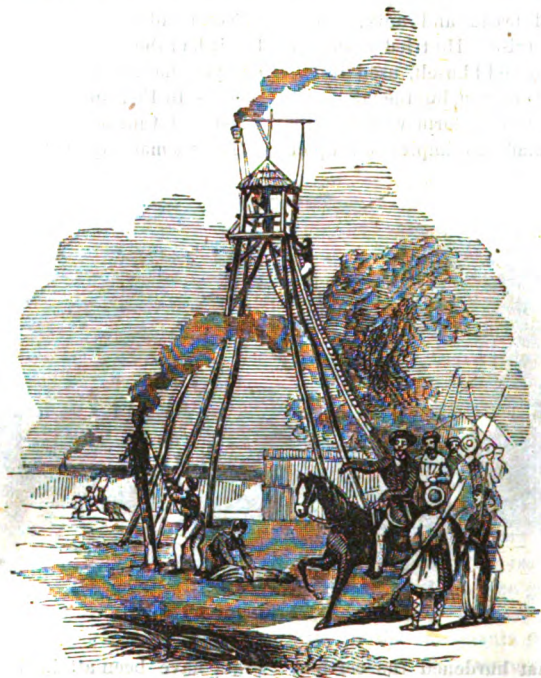
erata have been attained by the most easy and comfortable means, with but little medicine, and almost entirely by a system of diet I should formerly have thought dangerously generous. I am told by all who know me that my personal appearance is much improved, and I can honestly assert that I feel restored in health bodily and mentally, appear to have more muscular power and vigor, eat and drink with a good appetite, and sleep well. All symptoms of acidity, indigestion and heartburn with which I was frequently tormented, have vanished." He proceeds to add "that he has lost the feeling of occasional faintness. He has left off boot-hooks, because he can stoop with ease and freedom."

Forty years ago, the celebrated Abernethy recommended all his patients to live on four ounces for a meal, and take but three meals



per day. He killed off most of his patients, and the rest soon left off. But we have no doubt that persons troubled with inconvenient corpulency might find great relief by altering the quality of their food under the care of a judicious and thoughtful medical man, without any sudden, radical or inconvenient alteration of the quantity. All changes should be guided by very great medical experience. But by attention to this matter among physicians, the lives of many of the most valuable of our citizens might be preserved, and

this page is the representation of a Cossack Post, on the Circassian frontier, during the time the Russians were engaged in a war of extermination with the Circassians. To prevent surprises the Cossacks were compelled to build fortifications and beacons, on which fires were built in case of midnight assaults, so that other Russian posts might receive warning and render assistance in case it was necessary. So monotonous was the life that many of the men committed suicide. A Cossack can't endure garrison life. He wants to



COSSACK POST ON THE CIRCASSIAN FRONTIER.

health and happiness much promoted, for corpulence is in itself a proof of great strength of the vital powers. It is, in fact, nature's method of laying by a store of superfluous strength and power for the time when the vital forces may give way.

#### COSSACK POST.

The Cossack cavalry are the eyes and ears of a Russian army. They are in the advance, on the flanks, and far in the rear, picking up news and forage at the same time. If attacked they run for protection and support, so that the commander of a Russian corps is never at a loss for want of news. His Cossacks supply it in abundance. The engraving on

be on horseback, on the watch for an enemy, or else tending cattle. A confined life kills him.

#### MORAL HEROISM.

It is no disadvantage that impediments and obstacles obstruct our pathway in life. Heroes have sought renown by going in quest of difficult and dangerous adventures, which put their prowess to the proof. Life in every sphere furnishes these at all times to attest our valor, endurance, ardor and strength of character. The costliest armor, the brightest helmet, the keenest weapon, never yet made a bold and valiant knight, but the strong arm, the fearless heart, and the lofty soul which directed the spirit and energy within.



**HON. JOHN F. POTTER.**

John F. Potter, the recently appointed Consul General to Canada, is a native of Wisconsin, a republican, and for many years a member of Congress; it was during his career at Washington that he became famous. Mr. Pryor of Virginia had an intense desire to

There were two hundred and forty-two applicants for the position left vacant by the death of Mr. Giddings of Ohio, but Mr. Potter was the fortunate man, and we hope that he will reflect honor on the country, and create a better feeling than that which now exists between the United States and the Canadas.



JOHN F. POTTER, U. S. CONSUL GENERAL TO CANADA.

kill some one, so Mr. Potter took up the gage of battle, and offered to fight with bowie knives, which Pryor considered ungentlemanly weapons, and so declined. The quarrel was then patched up in some manner, but Mr. Potter was supposed to have the best of it and showed the most pluck.

The gentleman who has received the office of consul is highly esteemed by his citizens in Wisconsin as a man of consistency, intelligence and straightforwardness; and we may expect that an upright and dignified course will mark his official intercourse with the Canadians.

## THE LESSON.

The expressive engraving on page 271, represents a little girl giving her favorite dog a lesson in some of the polite accomplishments in which certain canines excel. The anxious look of the little four-footed friend, his whimsical earnestness and humility are highly characteristic. These poodles are the most intelligent of the canine race, and are capable of being taught a variety of accomplishments. We have seen one that could articulate "yes" and "no." The admirer of dogs is never weary of recounting tales illustrative of their intelligence and devotion, and dog stories have come to be as proverbial as fish stories. Sir Walter Scott was a friend to dogs, and throughout his works are scattered most admirable descriptions of their ways and characteristics. He was also fond of narrating traits of his own dogs, of which, it will be remembered, he had a large number. One of these we recall at this moment as particularly amusing, though if the great and good Sir Walter were not the authority, we should be inclined to withhold our belief from it. A certain dog of his, usually quiet and well-behaved, on one occasion, under the influence of a temporary access of "moral insanity," attacked and bit the baker, for which act he was properly chided and chastised. Afterwards, Sir Walter was in the habit of introducing the animal to strangers, saying, "This is my dog Watch, a very good dog, on the whole" (here Watch would wag his tail); "but once he bit the baker." The moment his offence was mentioned, the dog would take refuge under the side-board, with his tail between his legs, moaning in the most lugubrious manner, and showing every sign of shame and contrition. The authenticity of another dog-story we shall not vouch for. An animal of the species delineated in our picture was nosing about the sidewalk in State street, when he suddenly espied a small roll of bills. Catching them up eagerly in his mouth, he carried them to a retired door-step, laid them down, pawed them over, and then turned away in disgust. His proceedings had been watched by a "curbstone broker," the bills were examined, and they were found to be counterfeit. That dog had formerly been the property of a bank cashier! We might quote hundreds of true tales to justify the favor with which the canine race is regarded—proofs of heroism, as in the case of Prince Llewellyn's dog, of sagacity in detecting crime, as in the case of the dog of Montargis,

who ferreted out his master's murderer, of lives saved from shipwreck, but many such will recur to our readers. We hop. it is unnecessary to put in a plea for the dog, the faithful friend and companion of man from his cradle to his grave; often the only mourner at the last, even dying in the churchyard where the loved and lost have been laid before his pitying eyes.

## THE DAUGHTERS OF CHINA.

The daughters whom they condescend to rear have a sad and isolated lot. They remain shut up in the parental mansion, solely occupied with sewing and housewifery. Wealthy parents give them a slight education, but in general their education is confined to needlework. No public school is open for girls. When they are old enough to marry, their parents think much less about their future happiness than of their own private interests, and solely endeavor to conclude a sort of a bargain by selling them to the highest bidder. Their father and mother—or, in default of them, their nearest relations—exercise an absolute authority over the marriage of the children; young people are allowed to have no will in the matter. Sometimes two friends bind themselves by an oath to marry their unborn babes, if they turn out of different sexes. The promise is sealed by tearing their tunics, each giving the other the portions rent off. Unions formed under such conditions as these are scarcely likely to be of long duration. Incompatibilities of temper soon declare themselves, and the woman, being the weakest, suffers the most, for the husband has complete authority of her. He may ill-treat her with impunity, and compel her to associate with several secondary wives.

FORT HAMILTON, STATEN ISLAND,  
NEW YORK HARBOR.

An excellent view is obtained, by the aid of the engraving on page 272 of Fort Hamilton and Staten Island, New York harbor. The picture, is, no doubt, familiar to all who have visited New York. Standing on the deck of a Sound steamer, at an early hour in the morning, it seems as though the eye would never tire gazing at the panorama that is spread before one while approaching New York city. The waters are covered with shipping, the land dotted with handsome villas, or well cultivated farms, the whole forming a picture that is never forgotten, and can hardly be equalled.





THE LESSON.





FORT HAMILTON AND STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR.

## EDIE'S LESSON IN NAVIGATION.

BY ELLEN MALVIN.

## CHAPTER I.

"O, EDIE, cousin Edie, here is a ship close up to the wharf. Let's go on board?"

"May be they wont let us, Charlie," answered cousin Edie, the slight, young girl who stood on the wharf among the casks and coals, and huge oil kettles, in which two or three such fairies might have hidden away, unnoticed.

"O, yes, they will," said Alf, the older of the two boys beside her. "Nobody will mind."

Still she hesitated, looking longingly at the clean, fresh-painted deck of the vessel that lay alongside—a labyrinth of masts and spars, a coil of ropes and rigging, marvellous to her unaccustomed eyes.

"I will ask one of the men," said Alf, and he darted off, and accosting a burly sailor who was making himself busy about the deck, was back in a moment with full permission to the little party to go on board the "Katrine," and stay as long as they liked.

So Edie Westwood tripped across the plank, and with the two boys for guides, strayed about the deck, staring at the large coils of rope, peering down into the black holes piled with casks and wood, peeping into the fore-castle, and pitying the poor fellows whose home it would be for months on the dismal sea.

Presently, the boys called her to come aft, and see the compass; and making her way among the red-shirted men, one said, as he moved something from her path, "Go down in the cabin, miss, if you like," following her with his eyes as she disappeared down the companion-way, as if she took the sunshine with her.

The boys went too. They found the captain's room first; a nook of a place, brave in its new, white paint and dark graining. The tiny, round eyes of windows were open, and a breath of cool air came in. A sofa and arm-chair almost filled the little space. On the small table lay a large package addressed to Captain Ashley, of the ship *Katrine*. "Tracts, Testaments and Bibles, from the — Port Society, to be distributed to the crew as soon as convenient after sailing."

Edie wished she could smuggle in a few

copies of *Barnaby Rudge* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, wondering if the poor fellows wouldn't enjoy them quite as much as the tracts.

But Charlie was calling her to come and look into the cook's cupboard, to see the delectable little arrangements for keeping things in their places, and Edie pronounced it a nice place to learn house-keeping, and peeked and applauded till she was tired, and the boys were satisfied.

"Now let's go on deck, Edie?"

But Edie was back in the captain's room, half-reclining on the sofa; the little black hat, with its coquettish plumes, perched on the top of the bundle of tracts.

So they left her there to rest. And lying there she very naturally fell to conjecturing what kind of a person this Captain Ashley might be; if he were young or old, if he would leave some pretty wife at home to be watching and waiting his return? She thought it must be a dreary thing to be a sailor's wife, unless, indeed, one were the captain's wife, and could sail the seas with him.

Her eye fell on a long, black box at the back of the sofa. She wondered what he kept in that. There could be no harm in looking.

She reached up, slid aside the little brass locks that fastened it and lifted the lid. It appeared to be full of maps. She would like to know, eyeing them with her head on one side, like an inquisitive kitten, curious and afraid. But presently curiosity overcame timidity, and kneeling on the sofa she cautiously drew one out and unrolled it; a sailor's chart.

Bending over it in a puzzled, school-girl fashion, she became too absorbed to notice a footstep at the door of the cabin, and Captain Ashley stood several minutes regarding in amused surprise this occupant of his room.

Her face was hid by the mass of golden curls falling about it; the tip of a dainty boot rested on the floor, and one ungloved hand, with the sleeve falling back from the white wrist, was tracing with slender pink fingers, the lines on the chart before her.

At length, either tired of her occupation, or conscious of the strange presence, the girl turned her head.

With a guilty start and blush, she sprang

to her feet and the map slid down to the floor. She stooped hastily to recover it, but the captain, stepping forward, gently prevented her, and poor Edie stood ready to cry with shame and confusion, half inclined to run away. But as the captain stood directly in her path, that was hardly practicable. With a dash of desperate courage, she tossed the curls out of her eyes and looked up.

"O, sir, I am ashamed. It was very rude of me."

"Not rude in the least," he answered, in a voice that startled her with sweetness. "I assure you it was not the slightest harm. My poor charts seldom receive such honor. But I have interrupted you."

"I didn't understand it very well. I wish I did. One must know a great deal to guide a ship across the sea, I think. I am so glad you are not angry with me," and she drew a long sigh of relief, like a comforted child.

"I have others here that might interest you more," said the captain.

He was taking them out, one by one and laying them in a pile on the sofa. Then he moved the books, drew out the table a little from the wall, set the arm-chair before it, and spreading out a chart, proceeded to explain it with as much gravity as if he had been a schoolmaster, and she his most diligent pupil.

There they sat in the tiny cabin, shoulder almost touching shoulder, eyes and fingers following the same lines, while he explained in a clear and simple way the mysteries of ocean travel; drawn on to further and further discourse, by the soberly attentive eyes that were lifted now and then to his,

"You should study navigation," he said, at last.

"I am going to—and next summer, I am going on a voyage with papa. Papa is a wool-merchant, and has business in England and Germany, and has promised to take me with him. I want to go to Noworth, where Charlotte Bronte lived, and to Yarmouth Flats; you know it tells of them in David Copperfield—you've read Copperfield?"

The captain shook his head with a regretful smile.

"My education doesn't thrive in all directions. I am always far in arrears with the new books, and that is not very new either. But I've read *Domby*."

"You have? Then you know Captain Cuttle?" she exclaimed, enthusiastically.

"I know Captain Cuttle by heart. But what else do you anticipate in Europe?" he

asked, glad to prolong the conversation on any pretence.

She drew a long breath, as if at the magnitude of her wishes.

"Well—I want to see a real castle, of course; and a cathedral, and to go into some of the Lancashire Mills, and to ride over the Alps; and if papa takes me to Scotland, there is no end of things I want to see there. But then papa can't take me everywhere. Papa won't see the good of it. But I do like to see the things I've read about. Don't you, Captain Ashley?"

"It was wanting to see things with my own eyes, that made me a sailor, at first. I was only a boy then."

"Ah, then you understand how I couldn't help peeping into your box, though it was rude. Papa says I shall never be grown up. But you've forgiven me, haven't you?"

The captain smiled his answer into the coaxing brown eyes.

"It is not hard to forgive what has brought me more pleasure than I expect to find in the next half year—"

"Edie—cousin Edie," called a boyish voice from the deck, and she rose to go; and while the captain reached the little hat from the hook where he had hung it, she said, questioningly:

"The next half year—you are to be six months on the sea?"

"Six months on the sea. Next May the *Katrine* and I will be at home, or homeward bound, I hope."

"Coming, Edie?"

Tying the hat strings over the straying curls, and tossing a silvery "I am coming, Charlie," up to the impatient boys on deck, she turned to her companion:

"A half year. Doesn't it seem a long time?"

"It seems very long at this moment. I never thought of it before. The sea has been my home."

He stopped abruptly, remembering that they had been strangers a half hour before, and led the way to the deck in silence.

He handed her carefully down the plank to the wharf, and retaining the little ungloved hand a moment, said simply "Good-by."

"Good-by, sir."

Edie could not tell what it meant, but somehow this parting hurt her, as if he had been a friend. She took a few steps, hesitated, then came back to where he was still standing.

"Somewhere, on the sea, I have a brother



I hope. He went away years ago, and we have never heard from him. Perhaps you will meet him sometime."

"It is possible. There are strange chances on the sea, as on the land. What is your brother's name?"

"James—James Westwood. If ever you should find him, say that we all want him at home—and—you will be good to him, I know," she added, earnestly.

"If ever I meet a brother of yours, Miss Westwood, and find him in need of kindness, I will remember."

Edie could not tell him that the brother James whom she prayed for every night, had been a wild, bad boy, who had disgraced himself and broken his mother's heart. She only remembered him as a handsome, dashing boy, who used to toss her in his arms and call her "little Edie." So she could only say—her white hand nestling another moment in the captain's broad palm—"You will be good to him, I know. He was always good to me."

A second "good-by," and the captain stood watching her till she disappeared from sight.

As she stepped on deck again, one of the men approached with something in his hand.

"The lady dropped it, sir, just by the mainmast."

It was a tiny glove of fawn-colored silk, stitched with blue.

When the captain came on board next morning, there lay a white paper parcel on the top of the package of tracts, addressed in the same fashion, in a delicate, girlish hand, "to Captain Ashley, of the ship *Katrine*—books, to be distributed to the crew, at his discretion."

And when in his first leisure, out at sea, Captain Ashley untied the bit of pink twine that held them, there was Barnaby Rudge, and Nicholas Nickleby, and Wept-of-the-wish-ton-wish, and a half dozen more of their kind—books such as adventurous boys, and fresh-hearted girls, and rough, unlearned men delight in. Only one was tied in a separate paper, and on the cover in the same fair characters was written:

"Will Captain Ashley please accept in return for my first lesson in navigation?"

"E. W."

The book was David Copperfield, and how many times it was perused in the next half year, would not be safe to say.

## CHAPTER II.

"The sea might rise and drown me—  
Cliffs fall and crush my head—  
There are none to love me, living,  
Or to weep to see me dead."

THE *Katrine* lay in the port at Havre awaiting her cargo.

Captain Ashley had been on shore all day, and late at night was making his way among the miscellaneous lumber that crowded the quay, towards his vessel.

Half stumbling over some object that lay in his path, he was startled by the sound of a groan that was half a curse. The oath was in English, and pausing, he discovered the form of a man crouched half in the shadow of a pile of rubbish, with a slouched hat half-concealing his face, which rested on his hand.

"Excuse me, I did not see you. You are hurt," he added, quickly, as bending closer, he saw that the hand supporting the man's head was covered with blood.

"Yes."

"Let me see?" and Captain Ashley knelt down on the ground beside him.

The man lifted his hat and disclosed a broad gash across his temple. The captain pushed back the matted hair with a touch soft as a woman's.

"This should be dressed at once. Where do you sleep to-night?"

"Here, if anywhere."

"Will you come with me?"

"Where?"

"On board my ship—the *Katrine*."

The man rose without a word, and followed him.

In his own cabin, the captain bathed and bandaged the wound which was not deep, though it had bled profusely. Then passed him over to the cook, who was a kind-hearted fellow, for supper and a clean berth.

Early next morning, the man presented himself at the captain's door.

"I came to thank you, sir. I have no money to pay, but if you have any jobs for me—"

"Sit down, first," interrupted the captain, "and tell me how you came to be in Havre with no place to sleep but the open quay? You are an American, I think, and a seaman?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you followed the seas?"

"Ten years, sir. I sailed last in the *Marguerite*. The crew were half Portuguese.

She was wrecked off the coast of Spain. Only four of us escaped. I was the only American; I had been at Havre, and made my way here on foot."

"And the accident last night?"

The man's glance fell under the scrutiny of the captain's grave, blue eyes.

"I—I don't quite know. I had been drinking, sir."

"I know—I am sorry. What do you propose to do?"

"I don't know. It doesn't matter."

"Where is your home? Where do you wish to go?"

"Nowhere. It makes no difference, alive or dead, on the land or sea, there's none anywhere to meet me, or to miss me."

The stolid hopelessness in the man's words and manner, touched the captain's heart. He looked at him again. His dress was superlatively shabby, and his face bore marks of hardship and degradation; but his figure was slender, and more delicately moulded than was common, while his speech and accent betrayed a breeding above his class.

"What is your name?"

"James Westwood."

A strange look passed over the captain's face, and he was silent for some minutes.

"Will you take the homeward passage in the *Katrine*?" he said, at length.

The young man looked up, surprised.

"With you, sir?" his voice choked and he paused a moment. "You trust me, captain?" he said, presently. "You treated me like a man last night. I'll not begin by cheating you. I'll tell you, now, though you would be sure to find it out, first or last, that I have been a useless, reckless boy; boy and man, sir, always gone wrong, captain."

"I know," said the captain, gently. "What a man's tongue doesn't tell his face does. Well, if you've always gone wrong, it doesn't prevent your going right now. Things have been against you, perhaps. I've been in the fore-castle myself. But I've a brave set of boys in the *Katrine*. You will be a man among them—will you come with us?"

A light of some better hope and resolve kindled in the man's eyes, as he answered:

"I will go with you—anywhere, sir."

"It is settled then. Take this, and fit yourself to comfortable clothing for the voyage. Be on board before night. You may go."

## CHAPTER III.

"She questions every wind that blows  
And every fog-wreath dim,  
And bids the sea-birds flying north  
Bear messages to him."

THE steamer *Zenobia* from New York to Liverpool, was five days out on her passage, when one April morning she spoke the ship *Katrine*, Captain Ashley.

Mr. Westwood and his daughter were among the passengers. Miss Westwood came on deck late that morning, and the ship was fast receding from sight, when her eye caught the gleam of the white sail.

"What vessel was that, papa?" she asked, as she stood beside him.

"The *Katrine*, my dear."

"O, papa, I wish I had been on deck when it passed," and she leaned over the railing to watch the fair winged creature as she flew along the waves.

"Does it make my little girl homesick?"

"O, no, papa; but I went on board the *Katrine*, in our harbor just before she sailed last autumn—and, beside, the ships always set me thinking of brother James. He might be on any of them, you know."

There was no answer, but the two stood arm-in-arm, gazing out wistfully across the blue waves, thinking of the lost boy who was somewhere on the sea.

It was the night before the morning that would bring the *Katrine* into port. Home was almost in sight.

It was James Westwood's watch just after midnight. Strange thoughts were working in his brain, as he stood at the helm looking into the darkness. It was ten years since he had left those shores a wayward boy and a fugitive from home. Over and over he had resolved in such lonely night-watches, that he would never return to the home he had disgraced. But different feelings were astir within him to-night. A firm hand was laid on his shoulder! He knew his captain's touch, before he turned and saw the tall, manly figure at his side.

He touched his cap respectfully, and waited in silence for the captain's word. It was glad and hearty.

"We are almost home, Westwood. We shall see the spires of the dear old city in the morning."

"Yes, captain."

"I think it is your native city, as well as mine?"

Westwood bowed.

"You told me once, there were none in the world to meet you, or to miss you. What if I told you that you were mistaken? If I am not greatly wrong, one prayer, at least, has gone up from yonder city this night for the wanderer on the sea, the son and brother of the household—for you, James Westwood."

The man looked eagerly in the speaker's face.

"Do you know anything of my home? Captain Ashley?"

"Only this; that they are waiting for you, that they want you. It was your sister's message to her brother James, entrusted to me, on the day before I sailed. Forgive me, that I kept it till you had proved your worthiness; that I kept it for your reward, instead of using it as incitement. I saw you could be a man without it."

Westwood wrung his captain's hand in silence, and he left him under the solemn stars to commune with his happiness alone.

The Katrine had laid two days at anchor. On the second night Captain Ashley came down to fetch some papers from his cabin, and in crossing the deck he noticed one of the sailors, as he supposed, lying among the ropes.

Approaching nearer, he saw it was Westwood, and called him by name. He was not asleep, and with the instinct of obedience rose heavily, and stood before his officer.

"Why are you here, my boy?"

"It makes no difference where."

"Have you been home?"

"Yes. It is deserted. My father and sister are in Europe. They sailed in the Zenobia last month."

"In the Zenobia! You remember we spoke the Zenobia on the 15th. Strange mischance! I am heartily sorry for your disappointment. But take courage. You can wait a few months more, with such a hope at the end of it."

"O, captain, I could bear *that*."

Captain Ashley drew nearer. The moon shone full on the young man's face. It was pale and haggard, as if years had passed over it since yesterday.

"What is it, else? What is it you cannot bear?"

"My mother is dead." He threw himself down and buried his face in his hands.

"My mother is dead, too," was all the captain said for a long time. But the two sat there far into the night, and at intervals the

low, kind voice dropped words of comfort and sympathy into the ear of the repentant man.

When at last they left the deck, the two men walked arm-in-arm to Captain Ashley's lodgings in the town.

On the Katrine's next voyage, James Westwood was one of the crew.

## CHAPTER IV.

"What a beauty you are, cousin Edie."

Cousin Alf, the speaker, a comely youth, kid-gloved, patent-leathered, unquestionable in point of cravat, and highly redolent of patchouli, stood regarding his beautiful cousin in very genuine admiration. She described a sweeping courtsey.

"Shall I reciprocate the compliment? You are as pretty as Maggie's new doll."

The boy turned a shade rosier as he glanced at the reflection of his picturesque person in the full length mirror.

"Pshaw, Edie! How would you have a fellow get himself up—to look like a bear?"

"O, not for the world. I would have an—individual—" pronouncing the word with a little piquant shrug—"I would have an individual cultivate his own style, if it be pinks and japonica."

"O, Edie, you are too bad," Alf remonstrated.

"Well, I wont, my dear. You will do nicely one of these days," and the girl teasingly described a little crescent with her pretty forefinger, across the boy's downy lip, whereon was dawning the faintest suspicion of a moustache.

The half-fledged exquisite laughed a little foolishly, and giving her his arm they went down to receive her guests.

It was Edie Westwood's birthday fete. She was eighteen, though she scarcely looked it in her simple dress of mist-like gauze—countless tiny pearls wound carelessly about the snowy neck and wrists, and in her curls, worn girlishly short, a spray of purple fuchsias fastened with a silver arrow studded with pearls. But her perfect poise counterbalanced the youthfulness of her dress and looks, and she moved among her guests with perfect grace and self-possession.

Edie stood listening with only half-attentive amusement to the efforts of a blond-headed youth, who was languidly casting about for some method of paying his homage to this new star that had just shot above his horizon,

and could devise no more acceptable mode than the interrogative:

"Did you like the sea, Miss Westwood?"

"I liked it after the sea-sickness was achieved. I remember thinking the first few days that the ocean had its compensations."

"I dare say, Miss Westwood. When I went abroad I voted the voyage a great bore. Wasn't you terribly ennuyed?"

"Indeed! that was sad," in a tone of comic commiseration. "I was quite too busy to suffer from ennui."

"Ah, really, how did you contrive to be busy on a sea voyage?"

"The truth is, that for work I studied navigation, and for play I read Great Expectations."

The wide white eyes opened wider than their wont.

"Studied navigation! You are a phenomenon, Miss Westwood," in seeming amazement, he said.

With a laugh at his amazement, the phenomenon turned away and encountered a whisper from cousin Alf, at her other elbow.

"Edie, there is a stranger at the door, asking for you. He didn't give his name, and John wasn't sure whether you would see him to-night. He wanted me to ask you."

"A stranger! Who can it be? Yes, admit him. Stay—tell John to show him into the library."

Edie stood in the library awaiting the entrance of the stranger.

He came in unannounced, and stood a moment in silence, looking down with strange, eager eyes on the little white-robed creature before him.

Her heart gave a sudden bound. She had prayed for, and pictured such an hour too often, for it to take her wholly by surprise. She held out both her hands and drew near, with a low, wistful question, "Are you my brother James?"

"Little Edie."

The white dove fluttered into his arms.

How Edie went through with her duties as hostess that night she never knew, but when the last guest had departed, she flitted back to the two who still sat in grave discourse over the library fire, and nestling down by the side of her strange new brother, listened with flushing cheek while he related again, the singular providence that had guided him back to his home. And as he ended, Mr.

Westwood said, with a trembling voice:

"Bring your captain here, James, that we may thank him in person."

And Edie whispered, "and you will take us down to see the Katrine, to-morrow. I want to thank her, too, for bringing my brother home."

"Has the captain been on board to-day?" asked Westwood, of one of the men, as with his father and sister, he stood on the deck of the Katrine.

"He is below," was the brief reply.

Edie's heart beat quick; and turning to her brother, she whispered:

"Let me go down first."

He looked at the beautiful girl on his arm, with a proud reverence.

"Yes, go, Edie. You can thank him best."

She swept down the narrow stairs and tapped softly at the captain's door. He opened it. The same tall, dark man, with deep set, grave, blue eyes. Two years more of battling with wind and wave had made no difference in him. But those same two years had brought strange effects on the pretty school-girl who had taken her first lesson in navigation from his lips.

She stood on the threshold, flushed with feeling, words of gratitude trembling on her lips, grateful tears swimming in her eyes, but meeting his, some wave of emotion bore back the words; some new consciousness sprang up within her, and she forgot her errand. This was not Captain Ashley, her brother's saviour. This was the man who before all others had power to sway the tides of her soul; the master of her life.

"Single look had drained the breast,  
Single moment years confessed."

She held out her hand, as in a dream. His received it, and he gently drew her in, closing the door, and they stood in the little space alone, the world shut out.

"I came to thank you," she said, "but there is no need. God guided you."

This man might fill his life to the brim with generous deeds, she would never care to thank him; hers was another mission, and yet he said, his voice falling low, so heavy-freighted with emotion, he said:

"Yes, thank me, say something to me, in the voice I have longed for, through all these weary months. O, Edie, Edie," giving voice for the first time to the name he had whispered a hundred times in his dreams, "Edie,

God guides us indeed. Surely it was not in vain that He guided you to me. He has trusted you with some message for me. I've waited so long to hear it—Edle, I am waiting still."

He bent his head till the silken plumes brushed his cheek.

"Shall I say that I thought of you on the sea, that I prayed for you in the storms?"

"Did you?"

"Always."

"Possibly other questions were asked and answered, in the little cabin, for, on the *Katrine's* last voyage, the captain's wife sailed with him, and her brother James went out as second mate, and the sailors say if any harm came to the captain, his lady could guide the ship home as well as the best seaman on board.

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FORGIVENESS.

BY NETTIE M. DELL.

Forgive the errors of thy sinning brother,  
 E'en though his deeds have strown thy way with thorns;  
 And while wrathful passions reign in him, prove thou  
 That loving kindness all thy thought adorns.  
 Better thy portion, with a peaceful spirit,  
 Than all the glory of his brighter times;  
 Can wealth or honor soothe the conscience-stricken,  
 And chase from memory the thought of crimes!

For thee the sunshine has a radiant glory,  
 And o'er thy heart love sheds its kindly gleam;  
 But ah, for thy poor, fallen, erring brother,  
 A peaceful, happy life can never beam.  
 Darkness and gloom, the fruits of evil doings,  
 Infold the erring in the deepest night;  
 Pity the false, forgive their guile and cunning,  
 And be thou grateful for Truth's guiding light.

Trampling and pushing, getting straw in bundles,  
 To see it scattered by a puff of wind—  
 Striving and straining, in its greed of gaining,  
 Rest never comes unto the crooked mind.  
 Peacefully sleep the innocent and kindly,  
 Phantoms dare not disturb the pure in heart:  
 But ah, what weary vigils haunt the spirits  
 Who from the ways of peace and truth depart.

Pity the erring, with their bitter portion,  
 E'en when they bruise thee with their trampling round;  
 Curse them not, sister! curse them not, O brother!  
 Though they in guile and wickedness abound.  
 But when thy spirit's bruised, be meek, forbearing,  
 And to the law of kindness ever true;  
 And though they crush and mock thee, still keep praying,  
 "Father, forgive—they know not what they do!"

## MOSAICS.

BY 'MILLE WILLIAN.

I WENT out one morning lately to see a returned regiment, and stood on the steps of the State House for a better view. On they marched, the heroes, weary but triumphant, every forehead lifted with the proud consciousness of deserving the welcome that greeted them. As I watched them, and thought of the scenes through which they had passed, and how History was even now lifting her pen to record their names, little varnished boots and dangling eye-glasses sank below par, and I soliloquized as follows:

"A new standard of manly beauty is now established, and the old rules of Nature will, in future, be 'more honored in the breach than in the observance.' A man who has two arms and two legs will be ashamed of himself, unless he can plead some mitigating wound or scar elsewhere, and even then he will have a mortifying sense of inferiority. Men will surreptitiously cut off their limbs as they now color their whiskers. Brown skins will be indispensable. Hands hard and stained will be lovely, and softest lily fingers will seek their clasp. A neat little bullet track across the forehead will be *distingue*. Big, rough boots will be sublime, and army blue the true celestial color. Proud will be that woman whose husband is a torso, and happy the maiden whose lover has given his hand to his country, and has kept his heart for her."

Having arrived at this point I glanced at my escort. He was long and straight, and white like a stick of macaroni, his broadcloth was disgracefully fine and glossy, his pantaloons were of such a check that you could easily play checkers on him, his hair was carefully parted at the back of his head and combed toward his ears, his hat had gone into mourning because it was the fashion for hats to do so, but its silky texture winked facetiously over the band of sorrow a-la-mode, he had little shining boots fit to tiptoe over carpets, and stumble at uneven brick corners in the pavement, and he wore glittering trinkets at his side instead of a seven-shooter.

"A rough looking set," he remarked, adjusting his eyeglass.

"Rough diamonds are better than polished glass," said I, shortly.

"Aw! march rather out of time, don't they, Miss Columbia?"

"Their tramp will sound down through the centuries," I cried. "And, don't you see? they are not marching to the band, but keeping step to the beatings of every loyal heart that sees them."

"O yes," he ejaculated, flourishing a handkerchief that could be smelt a rod. "You are enthusiastic, I see. Women have a way of being enthusiastic."

"It is so refreshing to see a brave man," I explained.

"That fellow rides in a confounded clumsy way," he began again. But I couldn't stand any more. I couldn't listen to his insolent criticism of men whose boots he was not worthy to draw off, and one touch of whose hands I should have felt to be a benediction.

I gave a little shriek and dropped my handkerchief.

"What is the matter?" he cried, interrupting himself, and becoming instantly the picture of protective solicitude.

"O dear, I think I saw a spider," I hurriedly exclaimed.

Mr. Slimshine seemed startled, but he gallantly restored my handkerchief, and recoiled for the spider which wasn't there.

"Seems to me you are not dressed as well as usual to-day, Mr. Slimshine," I remarked, sweetly.

"Am I not?" with an anxious glance at his apparel.

"Why no. Of course you don't mind my telling you. I think it quite the part of a friend. Cousin John writes me from Paris that square-toes are all out, and that the only gloves for a gentleman are deep blue stitched and magenta."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, with a troubled countenance.

"Then checked pantaloons are so horribly vulgar. Please don't walk home with me. Somebody might see you, and the gentlemen in our street are so stylish. Bert Honeywell wears his toes quite pointed, and as to blue gloves, they have had them these three days."

"I assure you, Miss Colum—"

"Then, excuse my mentioning it, won't you? but I noticed it immediately, and I have seen several ladies look and smile, but your hair isn't parted evenly at the back. The path is all zigzag."



"D—n that barber!" cried Mr. Slimshine, crimson with anger and mortification.

Three anniversary ladies who sat on the steps in front of us and ate ginger-snaps, here started up and moved away.

"Really, sir," I said, with dignity, "you forget yourself strangely. Such language 'is outrageous. I shall begin to think that Miss Azalia De Montford was right in what she said about you."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Columbia, but to have a barber act so like a d— pardon me! What did Miss De Montford say?"

"Why, I don't like to hurt your feelings, but since you insist I suppose I must tell. Remember, however, that I would never have mentioned the subject, if you hadn't really obliged me to. She is quite the leader of fashion, you know, and everybody follows her. She said that you have no manner, and appear exceedingly commonish. I told her that I thought she went too far, and that I had seen you behave very nicely. See! there's Azalia now, waving her handkerchief to those wounded men in the carriages. She'll invite every one of them to her house, you see if she doesn't. Well, I took your part, as I said, but she insisted that you looked like a—a—"

"A what?"

"I am sorry. I don't like to tell. She's looking this way now. Don't let her see you with me. Couldn't you scrooch down a little? I don't think you look like what she said, though I don't think you look pretty to-day."

"For gracious sake, tell me what she said I looked like!"

"Why, now don't feel bad, but she said—a pedler."

"I wish you good morning, Miss Columbia. I consider you and Miss De Montfort very singular!" And he rushed away, alternately pulling his hat forward to cover his flaming face, and pushing it back to cover the parting of his back hair, which was as straight as straight could be, a perfect bee-line from crown to vertebrae. The last I saw of him he was disappearing down an unfrequented street that led to his father's back door.

Then I turned and began waving my handkerchief, so highly satisfied with my performance that I did not immediately perceive that the regiment had passed, and that I was enthusiastically welcoming the Roxbury Home Guard.

No matter. Mr. Slimshine had experienced the keenest aguish of which he was capable.

There is one other punishment which is suited to his case, and that I would never inflict unless driven to extremities. Then, firm in the conviction of the justice of my cause, and relying on the sympathy and countenance of all loyal citizens, I would hire a twelve o'clock 'erald boy to fire beans at him.

If gentlemen only knew how very becoming politeness is to them they would never omit an opportunity of displaying it. It gives them a grace far more fascinating than beauty. Indeed, beauty in a man is an impertinence. He has no need of and no business with it. It is woman's birthright, and if there were no beautiful men there would be no ugly women. Let them be strong, brave and polite, and they will be irresistible.

That gentle deference to woman, that ready assistance and self-sacrifice in trifles is more attractive than they can imagine. We are only too ready to be charmed by such a manner, and to believe that no fault or vice can exist under such an agreeable exterior.

I saw a man in the horse-car last week, whom I at first thought ugly. He sat opposite me and read his evening paper, and did not at first notice that a plain-looking woman had entered the full car and was standing. All the other men set their teeth and looked determined not to stir. They had been imposed on enough. They had paid for their seats and meant to keep them. They were tired, had been at work all day, etc. Besides, the woman wasn't pretty—let her stand. But I knew they felt ashamed of themselves all the time. They looked as though they felt small. Gentlemen always do feel small when they do violence to these gracious instincts of their natures.

Presently my ugly neighbor spied the lady, and my heart warmed when I saw the pleasant readiness with which he rose and offered her his seat. She civilly objected, but he insisted decisively, not with the expression of a martyr, but as though he liked it. She took the seat, and he stood directly before me. Every lady in the car looked at him with a softened countenance.

I suppose that he didn't know that I picked a thread off his coat, and smoothed out a little wrinkle in the skirt thereof.

Presently a child next me got out. I am ashamed to say that I hesitated. But as Mr. Bedott said, "says he, 'Cilly,' says I 'what?' Says he, 'we're all poor critters.'" And I had on a new hoop that cost a mint of money,

a delicate affair, such as could not be got in the Boston market for any price, the springs fine as threads, the covering beautiful lace. But the hesitation was only momentary. I gave the frail hoop a scientific twist, compressed myself into a surprising small space, and asked the gentleman to sit. I was more than rewarded by the bow and smile with which he accepted the seat. I consider that man enchanting; but, alas! my hoop was ruined. I mention the hoop in order to account for any three-cornered appearance that my drapery may assume before I get into funds again.

Gentlemen complain that ladies dump down into their seats without even a "thank you," and "pity 'tis 'tis true;" but their silence may proceed from surprise or embarrassment rather than ingratitude. The ready smile and word do not always come from the most thankful heart. They merely show that the lady to whom such graceful attentions are paid is used to them.

I mention this one little incident, but I know that hundreds such happen every day. Do you suppose I forget the gentleman who picked up the paper I dropped on Washington street the other day? No. Or the one who smiled and said "After you," when I unintentionally intercepted his newsboy? His teeth were as white as milk. Or the one who paid my fare in the cars when I sat like a dunce, having left my purse at home? And so on, *ad infinitum*.

Neither do I forget two—persons dressed like gentlemen, who made me hold the door open for them to enter Child & Jenks's picture gallery, when I had reached and opened the door on the inside before they came up outside. If I had not been so much surprised I should have released the door in their faces instead of standing there like a menial. (N. B.—One of them had a chin like the heel of an India rubber, and the other had got his neck ribbon awry, and I was glad of it. It looked like Mr. Flintwinch.)

I have no doubt that these two odious persons stood directly before everybody, and if there was a poor picture in the collection, that was probably the picture which they particularly admired.

Mr. Editor, I want to stand in the pillory a little while, if you please. Years ago I committed a sin which has haunted me ever since—haunted me the more cruelly that I do not know how great the sin was, but must leave

imagination to fill out the few known outlines with its own coloring. Let me confess.

I have a weakness for beautiful laces, and years ago I was sorely tempted by a lovely Honiton lace collar as yellow as gold. Have it I must if I had to economise in something else. Well, the clerk was an acquaintance, and promised to keep it a few days till I could decide. In a few days I had got the necessary ten dollars, and started out well pleased, to make my purchase.

As I stepped into Somerset street, I saw a young man approaching me, but did not notice him particularly, till, to my surprise, he stepped directly before me in front of Dr. Neale's church. There was no one else near, as he seemed to ascertain by a quick glance around.

"Pardon me, miss," he said hurriedly, touching his cap with a quick gesture which seemed to be habitual, "I never begged before, but I have no money nor work, and I am a stranger in the city. I have eaten nothing to-day."

God forgive me! That collar wrapped my brain in its web, and without realizing the nature of the appeal, I smiled and answered, with a politeness which must have seemed to him the very refinement of heartlessness, "I am very sorry, but I have only what money I wish to use this morning."

He gave me a piercing look, touched his cap again, and hurried on. Then I recollected the compressed lips and the white strip around them that told of cruel suffering, both mental and physical, the honest blue eye, and the unfailing courtesy.

I hesitated, looked back, then turned and followed him. His step was quick and nervous; and though I followed him fast and faster down Somerset, and into Howard street, I never saw him again.

I went directly home and told C. my adventure. She listened with tears in her eyes.

"I am so sorry you hadn't sent him here," she said. "I could have given him something to eat, and perhaps we could have got him work. You say he was respectable looking. O, suppose that one of our brothers should ever be reduced to such a condition!"

I never bought that collar! I could as easily have worn coals of fire about my neck. That face haunted and reproached me for weeks and months; and even now it sometimes rises up like a dead face from the waters, and looks at me with haggard blue eyes, and speaks with pallid, hungry lips.

I can scarcely believe that one with so fine and honest a face would go astray; but if through poverty he took a wrong step, I feel that the sin lies at my door. I might have saved him. I have a fancy, also, that at some time in my life I shall suffer to pay for that. Well, I have confessed. Who dare absolve me?

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## THE DRUMMER BOY.

BY MRS. R. A. ROUNDS.

Slowly descended the setting sun,  
For the day was ended, the battle was done,  
And the sadly thinned regiments, one by one,  
To their tented homes were hieing.

Alone, on a strip of burning sand,  
With his drum tightly clasped in his stiff'ning hand,  
He will heed never more the word of command,  
For the drummer boy is dying.

On his brow upturned in the twilight gray,  
The breezes of evening softly play;  
But his martial comrades are far away,  
And alone the drummer is dying.

Around him, strewed thickly o'er wood and plain,  
Were gory heaps of the ghastly slain,  
And the night-birds were singing a sad refrain,  
Where the drummer boy lay dying.

Then I heard him murmur, in plaintive tone,  
Hear you not, mother, my dying groan?  
Mother, dear mother, I'm all alone—  
Alone on the battle-field—dying!"

And up through the viewless, invisible air,  
To the Father's ear rose that murmured prayer,  
And I knew that our God in mercy would care  
For the lone drummer boy dying.

Then I saw a seraph with pitying eye  
Stoop down from her home in the azure sky,  
And she came on the zephyr that floated by  
Where the drummer boy lay dying.

And I knew by that seraph's smile of joy  
That the spirit-mother had found her boy,  
And even Death's hand could never destroy  
The love that she felt for the dying.

Still the corse of the drummer boy lay on the sand,  
With the drum tightly clasped in his cold, dead hand,  
But his spirit has gone to the better land,  
Where there shall be no more dying.

## LADY ALICE.

BY GERDA KING.

Bands of soft hair, amber-threaded,  
 Framing in the little face  
 With its simple, serious beauty,  
 With its grave and winsome grace;  
 Eyes like dewy stars, outshining  
 From the gentian's purple chalice;  
 Picture of a tiny maiden,  
 Named in play, the Lady Alice.

Out of heaven, a radiant blessing  
 Was the little maiden lent;  
 Just for kissing and caressing,  
 Just for summer sunshine sent.  
 With a tiny queenliness  
 Would befit a fairy palace,  
 Through our coarse and common ways,  
 Went our winsome Lady Alice.

But the earth was rough for treading  
 Of her white and dainty feet;  
 So we smoothed the amber threading,  
 Kissed the mouth so childish sweet.  
 And while rosier children hunted  
 May flowers in the wooded valleys,  
 Farther than their farthest straying  
 Went the feet of Lady Alice.

Now, outlooking, through the twilight  
 Past the sunset's crimson bars  
 Climbing, with our climbing vision,  
 Up above the pallid stars—  
 Is it dreaming, we behold her?  
 Bending from an azure palace,  
 Lily-crowned and lily-girdled,  
 Leans our angel, Lady Alice.

## THE FEVER ON BOARD.

BY OAKLAND FARLEY.

IT is a pleasant thing for a man to have a home. Men on shore do not always appreciate their homes, even if they are rich and luxurious. Let me say it, they do not always appreciate their wives. But to a sailor—accustomed to hardships and dangers abroad—the dearest spot on earth is home. No matter if it is lowly and humble, the feeling is the same. Coming from distant lands where all is grand and beautiful, he looks upon the little cottage where wife and children or mother and sisters await him, and it seems a grander and a more beautiful palace than any whose towering heights had caught his wandering fancy, in the land of strangers. And, as I sit here to-night, with wife and children beside me, before a rousing wood fire, and look around my modest little parlor, whose richest adornments are the pretty sea-shells I have brought, from time to time, from foreign shores, I feel an indescribable sense of happiness that I have again exchanged my wandering life for this dear home; never, I hope, to leave it, until I enter my heavenly home beyond the skies.

And now Robbie, yonder, has been teasing me for a story of the sea, and meek-eyed Lulu, the little invalid, who claims a double share of love, because of her infirmities, seconds his

demand; while my wife's eyes mutely ask me to indulge the darlings; and I cannot refuse these united appeals.

So, I go back to the days when Robbie still wore frocks like girls, and when Lulu was a wee baby, in the cradle; and I tell them how often I looked back to the window where I had left their mother crying, and how strongly I was tempted to go back. But no; there were two little mouths to be fed, and I dashed a tear from my cheek and walked on.

I was to walk from Marblehead to Boston, my traps having been carried by express. The next morning I sailed in the ship *Falcon* for Liverpool. We carried out a cargo and several passengers, and on our return were to crowd the ship with emigrants to America. We arrived safe and discharged; took our passengers on board and sailed. It was all done so speedily that these brief words express it as well as if I had used a thousand.

Literally, the ship was crowded. A merrier set, perhaps, never came on shipboard. The *Falcon* was a splendid vessel; Captain Follansbee and the mates were kind, gentlemanly men; and the sailors, myself, I hope included, were a set of merry, jolly, obliging men as you would find on board any ship in the world.

There were bright moonlight evenings for a week after we sailed, and the passengers of the first cabin wished for a dance upon the deck. A violin player was readily found among them. There was a young married couple, Mr. Spencer and wife, two bachelors, Mr. Austin and Mr. Archer, and several others. But the star that attracted most was a young and lovely lady who, with her father, was coming over to America, to visit her brother residing in St. Louis.

I think I never saw any one so beautiful as Miss Emily Somerville. Perhaps it was more in the expression of her face than from the beauty of any particular features. There was such a sweetness and gentleness in all she said and did—such a winning smile when she spoke, and such an absence of all affectation in her manners, that every one was charmed with her. The two gentlemen seemed to live but in her smiles; and neither had cause of envy or jealousy of the other, for her bearing toward both was exactly the same.

Mr. Austin was a noble-looking man, with dark hair and eyes, a heavy beard and olive skin. Mr. Archer was less dark, and his brown hair had a slight tinge of red gold when seen in the sun. His complexion was quite fair, and his figure was perfect. It seemed quite probable that one of them would carry the day, for both seemed quite attached to the young lady. Moonlight strolls on the deck were constantly taken by all the ship cabin passengers—Mr. Somerville seeming as youthful as any of them, always bringing his daughter on his arm, but willingly resigning her to Archer or Austin, while he sat smoking his cigar, or engaged in conversation with Captain Follansbee or the mate.

They were engaged thus one evening when we had been just a week at sea. I remember how beautifully the moon was just coming up. Eight bells had struck, and the group had just received an addition in the shape of the doctor, who was a man who made mirth wherever he went. His drollery always kept itself within proper bounds, however, for never was a mortal who had greater fear of injuring the feelings of those around him. He had been relating some queer speech, made by one of the Irishmen on board; and his clear, heartsome laugh went out over the sea like a peal of silver bells.

Scarcely had he ended when a sound of "Docther! docther! for the love of Jasus, come!" A man appeared on deck with a face like ashes.

"What is it, my man?" asked the doctor, his laughing face subsiding into one of grave interest. "Is any one sick?"

The man gasped out the name of his little daughter, a pretty, bright child whom all on board had been petting ever since the ship had sailed. With the sailors she was a perfect plaything, and the officers themselves could not resist the contagion of her pretty, laughing ways and bright, witty sayings. The doctor had fairly lost his heart to the little six year old Kathleen, and he rushed past the sobbing father, impatient to go to the relief of his favorite.

He did not return to the deck for a long while. When he did he looked grave and sad, and he conferred privately with the captain for some time. It was my watch, and I heard him pace the deck, during the whole time, except when his anxiety led him to go to his little charge. In the morning we were told that the ship fever had broken out in the ship, but we were to keep the knowledge of it from the cabin passengers.

Poor little Kathleen! I could hear her moaning at intervals—sometimes shrieking in wild delirium; sometimes the sound abated altogether; and then she would call out for those who had been especially kind to her. The poor thing had no mother; but her father was distracted with grief. She died about midnight, and when it became necessary to bury her in the sea, the man's affliction transcended all bounds. It was almost impossible to hold him from leaping into the wide grave where we had lowered his precious child. No wonder, for she looked too beautiful to be buried anywhere. The long black lashes lay upon the rounded cheek like a fringe. The lips were parted and showed the pearly line between. There were tears in every eye that gazed upon her; but she was partially forgotten in the scene of confusion that ensued. Her father was carried from the deck in a state of wild delirium which is perfectly indescribable.

In less than an hour the fever showed itself unmistakably. Another and another were taken down, and soon after the morning of the third day eight had been buried, and nineteen others had been seized. Up to this time, we had done all we could for the sufferers. But as the number increased frightfully, it was not deemed prudent to expose the crew any longer. There were plenty of passengers, many of whom were relatives and friends of the sick, but it was impossible to subdue them

to any sort of reason. Some of them abandoned their own husbands and wives and children, and could not be induced to return to them. Others were more tractable, and only begged for some sort of preventive. The captain sought his medicine chest and gave them such simple disinfectants as he had; and the doctor prepared some fragrant baths for the feverish hands and faces.

We had already buried over three hundred, when one of the crew was seized with the fever; but owing perhaps to superior cleanliness, he was not dangerously ill. Still it worked on—that terrible scourge, and finally it reached the first cabin. Mr. Archer and Mr. Austin both lay ill in their berths. Until now the cabin passengers had not known how terribly it had raged. They merely knew that some had died; but the captain attributed it to want of cleanliness in themselves, and they had no thought of contagion. Then came the aid of the “ministering angels.” Mrs. Spencer and Miss Somerville took their instructions from the doctor, as nurses, and with Mr. Spencer’s assistance, they did nobly. It was a sad sight to see two such noble-looking men stretched on what was feared would be their deathbeds. With them delirium did not supervene. They were perfectly conscious, and continually urging their kind nurses to leave them. But they would not desert the post of danger, although they were strict in using every means of avoiding contagion. To their care the two men owed their lives. Their recovery was very rapid, and they came on deck, and lay on mattresses, inhaling the ocean breeze, when the emigrants not move from their close quarters; and in their case the result was death.

A week passed. We had begun to hope that the danger was past, when both the mates were attacked. The captain immediately gave me the post of first mate, and that of second to a friend of mine. The appointment was just what I wanted, knowing myself capable to fill it worthily. But the sweet had a sting in it, nevertheless: it was bought with the life of poor Stirling, than whom a better mate never trod a ship’s deck. He was looking forward to a captain’s station for his next voyage; but, alas, he lies “where the line sounds not.”

Our poor emigrants who had recovered from the fever were walking about like so many ghosts. Most of them had lost relatives, all of them had lost friends. It was their bitterest regret that they had died un-

shrived by a priest, and been buried without being waked. It was harder than their death, they said. Their grief was sincere, I know, for it prevented their own recovery from being as rapid as it might have been. The captain was very kind to them, giving them wine and other delicacies, and the cabin passengers frequently distributed such things as they thought would restore them to health. There were so few of them left, that it was easy to make them comfortable. The ship had been thoroughly fumigated, and the sleeping arrangements had been much improved.

All at once, when we thought there was safety, Miss Somerville showed symptoms of the fever. At first it was a mild type. Not one of the women among the emigrants could be coaxing or bribed into doing anything for her. Mrs. Spencer, between whom and Miss Somerville had arisen a very tender friendship, watched over her like a sister, regardless of her own health or strength. As the fever progressed it became violent in the extreme. For a week she had been in a dull, lethargic state, taking no notice of any one, and apparently drawing nigh to death. The doctor had no hope of her recovery. Archer was almost beside himself. Ever since his own illness, when she had hovered around his bed so fearlessly, he had worshipped her. I cannot attempt to describe the anguish of the father. All day he would sit beside her, gazing in mute agony on the face that was dearest to him. No tear nor groan escaped him; but his look was terrible to see. The doctor cut off her beautiful hair and laid it across the father’s knee, hoping that it would cause him to weep; but he did not notice it, and his eyes were burning and tearless as before.

It was a lovely night in September—the very first, in fact. I sat leaning over the side of the ship, wondering to myself if indeed the Destroyer was to take all on board the Falcon. I had just come from the cabin—had looked silently at Miss Somerville’s face, and saw that she took no notice of me or any one. Archer had gone to his state-room, unable to bear it any longer. Mrs. Spencer had thrown herself into an arm-chair, and was sleeping. Mr. Somerville sat with his head pillowed beside his child, but the same old stony, almost hard, look was in his eyes. The doctor went out of the cabin with me, and ascended to the deck, which he paced for half an hour, occasionally stopping to speak to me about the sick girl. The moon shone brightly on



a broad white track left by our ship; and even in his anxiety, he could not help talking about the beauty of the night.

Was it a ghost that glided by where we sat? Surely, I am not superstitious, but at that moment I was sure that an unearthly shape had appeared to us. It passed close to the side of the vessel. In our dumb amazement, we never thought of touching it. Its white drapery floated out with the breeze, as it approached the side, and the white arms were lifted up as if in supplication. Before we had time to think, the figure threw out its hands over the side, and, somehow, we knew not how, it went over. The white robes lay floating upon the moonlit waves.

"My God! it is Emily!" shrieked the doctor, as he threw himself after her; while I ran instantly to the man at the wheel, and then ordered out the boat. We had two lives to save; and I was far more practical than romantic in those days, and knew that I could render more efficient aid than by casting myself into the sea; though, Heaven knows, I would have done even that, to rescue the doctor or Miss Somerville. I did not believe it was she who threw herself into the water. Though far from superstitious, I could sooner believe it an apparition, than that it could be the pale, dying, insensible girl who had lain in a torpor—a trance, perhaps—for a whole week, and who had not, probably, strength to raise a finger. Before I had done wondering what it was, the ship had been holed, the boat was launched, and three stout sailors were rowing out. I had not a hope of the doctor; and I gave little thought to that other—whatever it might be. But to lose the doctor would be sad indeed. The moments seemed interminable; and I still saw the gleaming of the wet oars in the moonlight, and heard the drip, drip, and each sound made my heart turn chill, like a lump of ice in my bosom. Meantime, not a word from the silent people in the cabin.

Now, as I looked again, I could see that the boat was nearing the ship. "They are lost!" I exclaimed, and hid my eyes that I might not see the return of the boat without the drowned. But lo! the boat is directly alongside, and joyous voices come to my ear.

"We have saved them both, Mr. Roscoe," called out one of the sailors, cheerily; "we have saved them!"

I looked down at the boat, and saw the glimmer of a white garment beneath a rough pea-jacket. A moment after and I held Emily

Somerville in my arms, holding some warm liquid to her lips. The doctor was exhausted. How they were saved is a mystery to me yet. Miss Somerville did not seem weary. She had not struggled in the water, they thought. They had grasped her white robe, and she had been no heavier than an infant to lift into the boat. I carried her to the cabin, and the sleepers had not yet waked. I laid her in her bed, covering her with a soft blanket; and when the doctor had changed his clothes, and went to the cabin, he found her in a sweet sleep, from which she did not awake till morning. Her watchers, when aroused, were not aware that she had been absent, but could not account for the blanket. The doctor answered, that it had been put on by his direction.

"Is she better?" asked Mrs. Spencer, who blamed herself severely for going to sleep; "or is this the precursor of death?"

"It is the crisis," answered the doctor. "When she awakes, she will be better or sink away suddenly."

A groan from the poor old father told how little he thought she would recover.

"Now go to bed, all of you," said the doctor, who seemed but little the worse for his bath. "Mr. Roscoe and I will watch. I cannot leave her for a moment; but I will call you instantly if I see danger. Now believe me, and rest."

He was decided that they should all leave her; and we sat down, one on each side of her, a pile of mattresses having been drawn to the centre of the cabin to give her air. I brought a thick blanket and laid it upon the doctor's shoulders. We agreed never to mention what had happened unless Emily should recover. It could only pain the friends who had watched her so long and tenderly, and who had involuntarily slept from fatigue and exhaustion alone.

It was near morning when she stirred. She opened her eyes with a wondering gaze, but closed them with a smile. The doctor took her hand, and she feebly returned the pressure. I saw not only hope, but delight in his speaking eyes.

"She will weather it, Roscoe," he said, softly. "That bath did her a world of good, my boy. I don't value mine a pin, since it has saved her."

When the sleepers awoke and came in, expecting to find her dying, she was held up in the doctor's arms, and recognized them all, though too weak to utter anything but their names.

One week from that day, the delighted Archer carried her on deck and seated her in a large easy-chair. I think it was on that day that he learned his fate from her lips; for, from that time, he claimed her as belonging exclusively to him. And when the roses visited her cheeks once more, and she was strong enough to walk alone across the deck, the doctor laughingly related her midnight adventure, with the watchers of that night as listeners.

"And you risked your life for me, doctor?" she said, tearfully. "God bless you! you are my brother from this time—my dear brother, remember."

"I accept the post, dear Emily," he rejoined; "but I must have room for a lady, too, in your heart—a sister. I am to be married directly we arrive."

And Archer looked as if he were quite glad to hear it; for he had not quite liked it, that he should have slept while Emily was in danger; and I think he was beginning to fear that she might love her preserver too well. He said some confused words, implying this; but the doctor disclaimed it all.

"If Emily marries a preserver, it must be Cross or Wilbur or Standish, or all three, for Roscoe sent them all to fish us up from the deep."

The fever, thank God! was stayed. We arrived safely in port in October, when the only disagreeable feature was the quarantine we were obliged to perform.

A month after, Captain Follansbee and myself received cards of invitation to a wedding at Mr. Somerville's. Emily was a lovely bride, looking sweet and childlike with her short, crisp curls. Shortly afterward, the doctor held his wedding levee, at which the same company was present.

I have made many voyages since that, but none so fraught with interest as that where I became mate of the Falcon. I sailed three voyages in her as master; and I never saw the moonlight brighten our track, without thinking of sweet Emily Somerville, and her mysterious preservation from death.

But see, wife! Robbie and Lulu are fast asleep, and dreaming, probably, of the ocean, and of hair-breadth escapes.

## GONE.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD.

Softly the shadows of twilight are falling,  
Slowly the glow fades away from the west,  
Sweetly the voice of the night-bird is calling,  
Gently the day-god is sinking to rest.

Pensively, now, as I sit in the gloaming,  
Listlessly dreaming and thinking of thee,  
Toward the far lands where thy footsteps are roaming,  
Fancy is turning and thought wanders free.

In the blue ether the star-jewels glisten,  
Round the fair brow of the beautiful Night;  
To the sad plaint of the night wind I listen,  
While the dusk hideth the day from my sight.

Vainly, to-night, am I lingering sadly,  
'Mid the loved scenes where so lately we strayed;  
Out of the days that sped by us so gladly,  
Never a tint shall from memory fade.

Vainly I long for the touch that can thrill me,  
With the sweet thought of a bliss half divine;  
Only the darkness and silence that chill me,  
Stretch their weird fingers and clasp them in mine.

Gone is the presence that brightened the hours,  
Silent the voice that is sweeter than song;  
Fled is the fragrance and glow from the flowers,  
Heavily now drag the moments along.

## THE CIRCULAR DUNGEON.

BY JOHN B. WILLIAMS, M. D.

THE following strange story I shall tell as nearly as possible as was related to me by a friend and former classmate, while spending the night at my house. I will simply say that the story was drawn out by my showing the narrator a picture of a circular, air-tight compartment of an iron-clad vessel.

You remember, began my friend, the day we both graduated at the University Medical College in New York. What a happy day that was! What bright dreams we indulged in for the future! You then stated that it was your intention to settle down in some large city, while I chose the country.

After graduating, as you are aware, I spent some months at home. At last I heard of an opening in the village of W—, in the State of Maryland. I visited the place, and was very much pleased with the quiet, rural aspect of the little town; I determined at once to make it my abiding place, and closed with the offer that had been made me.

I found it up-hill work, at first, for a new doctor can only work himself into the good opinions of the people by whom he is surrounded, by very slow degrees. But I plodded on, and being very successful in the treatment of several cases of scarlet fever, my name began to be bruited abroad, and by the time two years had elapsed, I had scraped together a very fine practice.

Almost one of my first patients was a Mr. Sloane, a gentleman of independent fortune who lived about a mile from the town. My first introduction to him showed me that he was an original in every sense of the word. It happened in this wise.

It was one cold December night, just as I was preparing to retire to bed, that I heard the sound of a horse's hoof on the hard, frozen ground, and about a minute afterwards, it stopped before my door. A violent peal at the bell followed, which I answered in person.

I found it to be a messenger from Mr. Sloane, requesting my immediate presence. Cheerless as the night was, I was only too glad to obey the summons, for, as I have before said, I was anxiously waiting for patients.

I saddled my horse, and soon reached Mr. Sloane's dwelling. It was a large, old-fashioned mansion, with so many windows in it that

one would at first suppose it to be a factory. Both the interior and exterior bore evidence that it was much neglected—in fact, I afterwards found that Mr. Sloane kept but one man-servant, and he did not sleep in the house.

I was shown at once into Mr. Sloane's bed-chamber, and found my patient reclining on the bed, dressed. His face was flushed, and he looked feverish.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, as soon as I entered, "do you know anything of mechanics?"

I gazed on the speaker without making any reply, for to tell the truth, I scarcely knew what reply to make to such a strange question.

"At all events," added my patient, "I suppose you understand the mechanism of the human body."

"That is essential to my profession, sir," I replied.

"Well, doctor, my machinery is out of order, and I have sent for you to discover which wheel is loose. You are a new-comer in our midst. I have tried all the other doctors here, and I find they know nothing whatever of human machinery. Their mode of treatment is the same in every case—whatever may be the matter with you, they give a purgative. It is exactly the same as shaking your watch when it stops."

I was amused at my patient's originality, and began to question him about his symptoms. I soon found out what was the matter with him.

"Well," said he, when I had finished my questions, "what are you going to prescribe for me?"

"Nothing," I replied.

"What! do you think there is nothing the matter with me then?"

"On the contrary I think you are quite ill, but there is no medicine that will do you any good. You have no bodily disease—you are merely suffering from over-exertion of the brain. Rest that, and you will get well directly."

"By George!" exclaimed Mr. Sloane, "you are the smartest physician that has appeared in these parts for a long time. You have exactly hit it. I know my brain is over-worked."

The fact is, doctor, I have invented the most extraordinary—”

“My dear sir,” I interrupted, “I must not permit you to talk about any such matter now. Try to sleep, and avoid especially any thought on the subject which has brought about your present condition. I shall call and see you to-morrow, and if you follow my advice, I shall expect to find you much better.”

“I will try and follow your advice, doctor,” returned my patient. And he turned his head to the wall and closed his eyes.

I stole silently from the room, and returned home. The next day I called to see my patient, and found him much better. He again began to talk to me of his wonderful invention, but I stopped him, and told him I would hear nothing about it until a week had elapsed. I now noticed, for the first time, that his house bore more resemblance to a mechanic's shop than to the residence of a private gentleman. Almost every room contained some machine, and in the yard I remarked a number of iron plates.

At the end of a week Mr. Sloane was fully restored to health again, and I allowed him to converse about his grand discovery. He was, however, not very explicit, and all I gleaned was, that he had invented something for the punishment of criminals convicted of capital offences, which was to supersede hanging. But what it was, he gave me no idea. I understood, however, that his apparatus was not quite finished yet. I tried to converse with him on other subjects, but it was in vain; he would talk of nothing but mechanics, and as I knew very little on that branch of science, you can easily guess our conversations were not very interesting.

One night, about six weeks after I had made his acquaintance, he hurriedly sent for me. When I visited him, I found him strangely nervous and excited. His face was flushed, and his hands trembled in a peculiar manner. I asked him a few questions about his health, to which he replied in a very abrupt and discourteous manner. I began to wonder why he had sent for me, when he suddenly said:

“Doctor Mansfield, I believe you are a stranger in this part of the country?”

“I am, Mr. Sloane.”

“You have no relations here?”

“None—what few relations I have living, reside in New York.”

He paused a moment, as if debating some course of action in his own mind, and then suddenly added:

“Doctor, I have finished my apparatus, and have sent for you that you may see it and give me your opinion upon it.”

“My dear sir,” I returned, “I shall be very happy indeed to examine it—but do you not think it would have been better to have shown it me by daylight?”

Mr. Sloane knitted his brows, and an expression of rage for a moment distorted his features. But he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and his face changed in a moment, assuming a most amiable look.

“The reason I sent for you to-night, doctor,” said he, “is, that to-morrow I expect my nephew here on a visit, and I don't want him to know anything about this grand discovery of mine. As he will remain with me an indefinite length of time, I do not know when I might have another opportunity of showing you my complicated apparatus.”

I bowed, and signified to the speaker that I was quite ready to examine what he had to show me. The fact was I did not feel the slightest interest in the matter, and wanted to get through it as soon as possible, that I might get home to my own comfortable fire-side again. It was a bitterly cold winter night, and Mr. Sloane's large, gloomy and poorly-heated rooms chilled me to the very bones.

My host took a lamp from the mantel-piece and begged me to follow him. He then led the way up a broad staircase. As he ascended before me, I noticed that he was very strangely affected. His whole body trembled as if suffering from the cold stage of ague. Every now and then, as we went up stairs, he turned his head around to see if I was following him. Each time he did so, I saw his eyes gleaming with a strange light. At the time, I thought nothing of it, but afterwards how I blamed myself that I did not read in those wild, burning glances—*insanity*.

We continued to ascend flight after flight of stairs, until we reached the top of the house. Mr. Sloane ushered me into an immense garret, in fact, it occupied the entire space of the upper story of the house. For some purpose of his own, the owner had knocked three or four chambers into one.

I was so fatigued with my ascent, that I was glad to throw myself on a chair to rest. When I had done so, my host turned his lamp to the middle of the apartment, and its rays fell on a strange object. This object appeared to me to be an immense cylinder, which bore more resemblance to a gasometer

than anything else I can think of. It occupied almost the entire space of the centre of the chamber, having only a narrow passage between the two walls. But this was not all, the ceiling (which, by-the-by, was very lofty for a garret,) was covered with wheels and complex machinery, of the nature of which, I had not the least idea.

"What is that?" I asked, turning to Mr. Sloane.

"That is my apparatus," he returned.

I walked up to it, and struck it with my knuckles. It gave out a clear, metallic sound.

"Iron?" said I, interrogatively.

"Yes, iron," replied Mr. Sloane.

I walked round the cylinder, and examined its exterior minutely. It seemed to me to be composed of an immense number of iron plates, one over-lapping the other, something in the style of old-fashioned chain armor, the latter, however, being of course but a miniature representation of it. Mr. Sloane watched me with curious eyes.

"Doctor," said he, "I have been five-and-twenty years at work on that machine, and only put the finishing touch to it yesterday. Every particle of work on it was done by myself. You are the only person in the world, besides myself (and perhaps my nephew, who may suspect its existence), who knows any thing about it. I need hardly tell you the immense amount of trouble I have had to keep it a secret from the prying eyes of the vulgar."

"But, Mr. Sloane, what is it for? Is it a gasometer?"

Mr. Sloane cast on me a look of supreme contempt at my ignorance.

"No," said he, "it is not a gasometer. Would you not like to see the inside of it?"

"Certainly," I replied, "I am quite curious to know what it can be."

"Your curiosity shall be satisfied," he returned. And taking a key out from his pocket, he raised one of the iron plates, and revealed a key-hole. He inserted the key, and a small door flew open—so small, indeed, that we had to stoop quite low on entering. Mr. Sloane entered first, and I followed.

I found myself in a circular apartment, which was equal in size to a room fourteen or fifteen feet square. It contained one iron chair and an iron table. The chair was placed on the other side of the apartment, exactly opposite the little door by which we had entered.

I walked over the iron floor, and sat down

on the chair. Mr. Sloane no sooner saw me fixed there, than, with a sudden movement, he darted through the door again, and closed it with a sudden bang after him. I immediately sprang from my seat, and rushed to the spot where I supposed the door to be, but when I reached it, I could not find the slightest trace of any opening in the smooth surface of the iron walls.

"Come, Mr. Sloane," I exclaimed, in an angry tone, "this is too much of a joke—let me out instantly."

The only reply I received was a wild laugh—a laugh that froze my blood—for my professional experience enabled me to detect that it was the laugh of a maniac.

"Doctor," he exclaimed, after a pause of a few minutes, "I wish you a very good evening. You will have to pass the night in your present abode. Before night is over, you will be able, doubtless, to understand all about my machine, apparatus, or whatever you like to call it. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vile.*"

So saying, he left the garret, and I could hear his footsteps slowly descending the stairs, growing fainter by degrees, until the sound was entirely extinct.

I was alone in the circular dungeon!

I threw myself on the chair again, and endeavored to realize my situation. I forgot to mention that a lamp hung from the ceiling, which fully lighted up the circular chamber, so that every portion of it was distinctly visible to my sight. I supported my head with my hands, and rested my elbows on my knees, and thought long and anxiously on my present situation.

In the first place, I was now fully convinced that Mr. Sloane was a madman—a monomaniac in the fullest acceptation of the word. But what did he mean to do with me? Doubtless keep me confined all night through some mad freak of his, and release me in the morning. But what did he mean by his Latin quotation—"Fiat experimentum in corpore vile?" Did he consider my body vile enough to be a proper subject for his experiments? But what experiments? He in all probability wished to test my courage by keeping me confined in this iron dungeon all night. But what could be his motive? Who asks motives of a madman?

Such was my train of thought. The idea suddenly entered my head that there might be some means of escape. I again rose from my chair, and began to examine my dungeon more narrowly.

I found that I was entirely surrounded by iron walls, as smooth as glass, and so highly polished that the reflection of the light on them began to make my eyes ache. I could not discover the slightest crevice or protuberance on the surface of the metal. I cast my eyes up to the ceiling, and judged that it was about ten feet from the floor. The ceiling was an exception to the walls, for, instead of being smooth like the latter, it was composed of twelve iron plates, overlapping each other as on the outside, and so plainly to be distinguished that I could count them without the slightest difficulty. The apartment, or rather dungeon, was shut up so closely that I was surprised to find that I could breathe with perfect ease, and I became convinced that there must be some means of ventilation which I could not detect. This somewhat consoled me, as I felt certain that I should not die of suffocation.

When I had finished examining my prison, I determined to pass the night as comfortably as possible, and I seized the chair for the purpose of carrying it to the table. What was my surprise to find, the moment I raised the chair from the ground, it fell all together and presented a flat surface. I next examined the table, and found it constructed in a similar manner. This, however, did not trouble me long. I thought it was curious, and then dismissed the subject from my mind. I carried the chair to the table, and, sitting down, reclined my head on the latter, and closed my eyes. In the course of my life I had often had worse lodgings.

I fell asleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a peculiar sound. At first I thought it was some one grinding a knife on a grind-stone—for it was a purring, rasping sound. But I soon found that it was too loud for that, for it caused a slight vibratory motion in my prison.

I jumped up from my seat, and rubbed my eyes. Was it my fancy? but I really thought that my dungeon looked a little smaller than before I went to sleep. I cast my eye up to the ceiling, and counted the iron plates of which it was composed. *There were only eleven!* Pshaw! I had counted them incorrectly before. But still it seemed to me that the ceiling was a trifle lower; in fact, there did not now appear to be more than nine feet from floor to roof.

"What a fool my imagination is making of me!" I exclaimed, as I sat down again. "I suppose my friend, Mr. Sloane, is at work with

some of his machinery, and it is this that causes the sound and gives the vibratory motion to the room."

I then began to reflect what I would do when he let me out in the morning. Should I prosecute him for this outrage, or not? I resolved the matter pro and con for some time in my mind, and at last concluded that if he apologized to me, I would pass the matter over. I suppose a quarter of an hour elapsed before I decided this knotty point. I then again raised my eyes and glanced around me.

I felt myself grow pale as death, and my heart almost stood still. The dungeon was certainly smaller—palpably, unmistakably smaller! I again cast my eyes up to the ceiling, and counted only ten plates or divisions. The roof was certainly lower.

What could it mean? Again I thought I must have made a mistake. The vibratory motion and sound of machinery at work still continued. A thousand mysterious terrors crowded on my brain. I feared I knew not what. I tried to calm my emotions, and look philosophically into my situation. Physiological studies had been a favorite pursuit of mine. I had studied much the phenomenon of mental delusions, and I came to the conclusion that my brain had cheated me—that it had caused me to count first twelve and afterwards eleven plates, where in reality there were but ten. I began to count them again, to make sure that I was right. What was my horror to find there were only *nine*!

There could be no mistake about it now—the walls were visibly closing in all around me. The ceiling was now so low that I could touch it with my hand. The sound of machinery at work now became deafening to my ears.

How I passed the next hour I know not. I have a faint recollection of running round the now narrow confines of my dungeon, and calling wildly for help. The sound of my voice, however, did not appear to penetrate the exterior of my prison-house, but echoed round the apartment as if mocking me. At last I sank exhausted in the chair, and fell into a kind of stupor. I remained in this condition perhaps half an hour, and was aroused at last by something pressing against my knees. I jumped up from my seat, and struck my head violently against the roof of the dungeon—for the ceiling had become so low as not to allow me to stand upright. The walls had now approached so closely to-



gether that I could reach any part of them by stretching out my arms, and it was the pressure of the relentless iron against my knees that had aroused me. I now counted but *three* divisions in the ceiling. While gazing on the top of the dungeon, an inscription traced on the ceiling for the first time caught my eyes. It had been before too lofty for me to perceive it, but now I could make out every word. It was as follows:

"This machine was invented by Edward Sloane, Esq. It is intended for the punishment of criminals, and for the purpose of superseding death by hanging. For the unfortunate wretch confined here there is no hope. The walls are so constructed that they revolve on themselves, every revolution reducing the size of the apartment several feet. The whole is worked by powerful machinery. After a certain time the walls meet, crushing any object that may be in the apartment at the time perfectly flat. In ten hours from the time the machinery is first started, the work is completed."

I understood it all now. The madman had chosen me to make his first experiment with. I now comprehended that awful phrase, "*Fiat experimentum in corpore vile!*"

And I was destined to be crushed to death. Even then I began to feel the walls pressing me on all sides. I could neither sit nor stand, for the ceiling had become so low, that instinct caused me to stoop almost to the ground. But still the space grew smaller and smaller. The walls were now pressing on my back and chest at the same time. I began to suffer insufferable torments for want of air. I felt that I was suffocating. My brain was in a whirl, sparks of fire shot from my eyes. My heart beat laboriously. I gave one unearthly scream, and believed my last moment had come, when suddenly, as if by magic, an extraordinary sound was heard, the walls of the dungeon receded from me instantaneously, and the room assumed the same shape and size as when I had first entered it, and at the same instant the sound of the machinery stopped. I rose up and shook myself, as a dog does when he comes out of the water. The next instant I heard a voice outside exclaim:

"Any one in there?"

In a few hurried words I explained all that had passed.

I was then informed that my preserver was Mr. Sloane's nephew, who had arrived at his uncle's house an hour before. He had heard

the machinery at work, and curiosity had impelled him to explore the upper portion of the house. The moment he entered the garret, my fearful shriek reached his ears. He saw the machinery in motion, and what appeared to him a narrow cylinder. With admirable presence of mind, he took his pocket knife and cut a wide leather strap by which the machinery was turned. This was no sooner secured, than the circular dungeon assumed its natural form with such a sudden spring as almost to knock him down.

After this explanation, he ran to his uncle and procured the key. Mr. Sloane was very much frightened when he found that he had been discovered.

When I was released, I consented, on the entreaties of the nephew, not to prosecute Sloane, on condition that the infernal machine should be at once destroyed, and that the inventor would leave that village forever.

The monomaniac agreed to these conditions. The machine was at once destroyed, and Sloane left the place the next day, and I have never heard of him since.

Now, my dear fellow (said my friend, in conclusion), you can no longer wonder at my emotion when I saw a picture that so forcibly recalled to my mind the horrors of that terrible night. Since that day I have hated the very name of *Mechanics*, and inventors, especially, I hold in the utmost abhorrence.

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#### AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

Judge Sewall, of Massachusetts, who died in 1780, went one day into a hatter's shop in order to purchase a pair of second-hand brushes for cleaning his shoes. The master of the shop presented him with a couple.

"What is your price?" said the judge.

"If they will answer your purpose," replied the other, "you may have them and welcome."

The judge, hearing this, laid them down, and, bowing, was leaving the shop, when the hatter said to him. "Your honor has forgotten your brushes."

"By no means," said the judge. "If you please to set a price, I am ready to purchase; but ever since I have had a seat on the bench I have studiously avoided receiving to the value of a single copper, lest at some future period of my life it might have some kind of influence in determining my judgment."

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Bullets can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.

## ROSE WHATELY'S EMENDATION.

BY FREDERIC H. MARION.

"We needs must love the highest when we see it."

EVENING sights and sounds of a city. Rose Whately sat at an open window of her father's parlor. The window overlooked the most frequented square of the city, and she listened and looked with an intense though sadly thoughtful interest.

It was six o'clock, and all laborers of the day were going to their homes. Rose did not reflect at all of the homes, she only looked at the people, so many, and all different. Most of them bore a look whereby she unconsciously classed them. There were spruce young men and seedy young men who seemed upper and under clerks. There were merchants, carpenters, masons, painters, artists and lawyers. Some of the faces Rose knew; most of them she did not know. None of the pale, neat shop-girls were recognized by her; her female acquaintances were of a higher class. If Rose thought at all of this she congratulated herself. She was but eighteen years old, and thoughtless.

The rush and roar of the thoroughfare sounded like the rushing of the ocean. Heavy teams thundered by, carriages whirled around the corners, express wagons rattled over the pavements, and country market wagons hied home down the street. Now and then an elegant family equipage glittered past the drays and hackney coaches; once a phaeton, recognizable to Rose Whately, passed, its Arabian horses trotting daintily and leisurely in the direction of Beacon street. Some pretty ladies were within—the Misses Egerton. The prettiest, looking up, saw Rose, and bowed.

After the flush of this pleasant episode had passed (Rose blushed because Florian Egerton was paying court to her, and his family had begun to recognize her in that light), the girl let her gaze wander aimlessly through the crowded square again.

She was looking very pretty in the cool half light, dressed in a gleaming muslin, the loose sleeves falling away from her white arms, the dark hair bound smoothly away from her white forehead, and falling in a mass of soft, loose curls from the back of the dainty head. She sat upon a taboret by the low window, and the delicate white folds of the drapery drifted down to the floor beside her.

There was a little coral branch fastening the snowy lace at her throat; that was all the tinting about her, excepting the crimson of her lips and the velvety dark of her eyes and hair.

She was waiting for her lover, in light content. Her life had never been stirred to its deepest capabilities. She had lived always in the atmosphere of a kind fortune, and was what a thousand girls are, gentle, sweet-tempered, gay, and thoughtless. Her capabilities had never been put to task; no one knew less than herself what were the limits of her power. That night, as she sat at the window, she was ignorant of all that is worth living for. But time taught her marvels.

She did not hear the door-bell when it rang, so much noise drifted in from the street, so the start of surprise which she gave when Florian Egerton touched her shoulder was quite natural.

"Why, Florrie! how you frightened me. Now just sit down here and tell me about the oratorio; there's a dear boy!"

He was a slender, graceful, scholarly young man, dark eyed and dark haired—looking aristocratic and conservative. He sat down and described an entertainment of the evening before, at which Rose had not been present, in a very masterly manner. He was really as intellectual, as intelligent, as apt as he appeared. Rose found him a very nice companion, and for a long time they had been on the most familiar and happy terms. Both families recognized the mutual interest of these young scions with approval, and there was but one person who doubted that the young people would eventually sail happily and smoothly into the sea of matrimony. That one was John Etienne.

He knew that Rose's nature was not developed, and with a thorough understanding of what love should be, he appreciated all the danger of an understanding of herself coming after marriage. He alone had seen in her signs of great powers, and he had long acknowledged to himself the probability of a great and thorough alteration in her. If it came before marriage she must choose Florian Egerton anew as the love of her heart. If it

came after, she stood in danger of great suffering.

John Etienne was the half cousin of Rose, being the step-son of her father's brother. He was ten years her senior, and not in the least gallant or youthful in appearance. The face was plain, the figure mediocre, the manner unnoticeable for any peculiarity; one of those men the substance of whose life is inside them, and observers never see in them anything noteworthy.

Rose and Etienne had always been on tolerable terms, though, of late, they had seen little of each other. Since Rose had entered society, there was less congeniality between them than there had ever been. They had never sought each other for companionship, though they had lived in the same house for five years. As for Rose, she never thought of Etienne only when she came in collision with him. He was one of the unnoticed, neutral tints of her life, that, however, had its influence in the general effect.

All that summer Rose Whately was the gayest of girls. In July she went to Saratoga. Here her father's income enabled her to outdress everybody, and her beauty and youth made her the belle of the season. It was just as John Etienne expected it would be. When she came home, she was nearly spoiled. She ran through the winter's operas and soirees, and in the spring was so jaded that her good mother, justly alarmed, sent her into the country.

Rose was sent to Mrs. Potter's farmhouse. Finding herself settled there for the summer, her first conception took the form of a question—"What on earth am I to do here?" The question was unanswerable. There was a great, low, spacious house, full of sunshine, and the scent of curd, and roses, but there seemed nothing for her to do but to exist. As this is done naturally, and without the slightest volition, Rose began to feel as if she were drawing towards idiocy. She was really weak, the atmosphere of the place was grateful to her body, but deprived of the excitement of an active life, her mind was vacant, and she soon grew morbid and unhappy.

Florian Egerton, making flying trips out from the city every week, soon found her quite wretched. He could not understand it. He brought her all the new novels, but she soon said that she was tired reading stories; they did not interest her. He told her all the news of the city, carefully garnered for her pleasure; but she only regretted her se-

clusion from fashionable life, and was, generally, beyond his comfort. The spacious farmhouse, run over with roses and vines, and abounding in the comforts of life, seemed very pleasant to him. It was a mystery why Rose could not be contented. She complained that it was dull, but acknowledged that the city, dusty and heated, must be dull also; she did not seem to know what she wanted, yet was usually very miserable.

"Rose," said he, "you should have something to take up your mind. Why don't you sew?"

"I have," she answered. "I've a whole drawer full of new undersleeves and things which I have made since I have been here. I am tired sewing."

"And you don't care to read."

"No; I'm tired of stories."

"But you might read something else."

"Everything else is stupid to me."

This assertion coincided perfectly with Florian Egerton's ideas of women's tastes. He knew she could not go shopping, and had no occasion to dress, so he was as nonplussed on her account as she was in her own case.

"Do you wish you were at Saratoga?" he asked.

"No; I don't feel like dancing and flirting. I'm not able; and I don't think I should care for it as I did last summer if I were well. The beaux seem tiresome to me now."

"I hate to go off and leave you moping, Rose; but I don't see what I can do for you," Egerton said, finally. He was only two years older than herself, and very little wiser in vital matters.

Rose wrote home every week, but she made no complaints only that she was generally tired of the country and wished it was fall. By-and-by Etienne came out to see her.

"How is it, Rose?" Egerton says that you are moping," he said, looking at her, keenly.

She was particularly miserable that day.

"I am tired living!" said she, passionately.

A quick change went over the thin, dark face of Etienne. He knew that the crisis of her life had come.

"What are you living for?" he asked, quietly.

"I don't know," she answered.

"But you ought to know, Rose."

She sat silent and gloomy. He went to her and took her hands.

"Rose," said he "you must find the use of life and do your duty; there is nothing else worth living for."

"My duty?" she said, wonderingly.

"Yes. You were put into the world for some use, and you should try to be useful. You should have an object, an aim, to live for. Then you would be happy. Now you are only a weed tossed on the waters of circumstance. You have no root or hold. You are gay when tossed up in the sunshine, wretched when in the trough of the sea, or cast, as now, on a still shore. Here you are lying, helplessly, until another wave takes you off into tossing life. It is pitiful, it is miserable to do so, Rose."

She looked startled.

"What must I do, John?"

"That I can't answer. You can find out if you try. There is surely work for you in the world."

He went away. In a week he came again.

"What are you doing, Rose?" he asked, seeing that she looked happier.

"O," she said, laughing, "I am teaching Mrs. Potter's little daughter French. She is delighted with the advantage, and makes rapid progress. She is only twelve years old, but has uncommon tastes. She wishes to teach school when she grows up, and I find that I can be of a great deal of use to her. I can't but be pleased at her delight and absorbing interest, and it's a good thing for me, John. I feel that I am doing some good."

"You have begun very well," he said, smiling. Then a look of gravity settled upon his face. "Rose," he said, "I have some bad news for you."

"What is it?" she asked, paling.

"Your father has failed."

She uttered a cry of distress. He took her hands when she would have covered her face.

"Now, dear Rose, is your opportunity to prove yourself the noble woman you might be. Your father is utterly cast down, your mother ill, and the household in confusion. They all need help sadly. I have brought your work to you, Rose. Will you take it?"

"Can I do it?"

"You can."

"Then I will try."

As they rode homeward, Etienne talked to her with so much kindness and judgment that she began to value him for what he was.

"John," she said, "I never knew you were half so good."

"I am not good," he said, simply.

The house was filled with an atmosphere of disaster. Her father was dejectedly walking the parlors, her mother lay ill in her chamber,

the servants, left without orders, had become neglectful, and the children, escaped from the nursery, were making riot about the house. As Rose encountered all this she realized the magnitude of her work.

She commenced bravely. The servants were put under orders, Rose's resolution compensating for her lack of experience. The children were regulated, her mother made comfortable, supper ordered, and then she went to her father. Mr. Whatley looked at her sorrowfully. But she kissed him with a bright, hopeful face.

"Now, papa, this is a very bad matter, but I want you to think that we are not ruined, that we can make the best of it and be happy, yet. I'm not going to be a flower to grow in the parlor any more, but am going to be of some use to you. John has been talking to me, and he's so good and sensible! It's grand to be servicable; I used to think it was stupid. Now, papa, come to supper. I suppose it would be romantic to wither like a flower under this blast of misfortune, but I'm afraid I'm not romantic, for I've a very good appetite. Don't fret any more to-night, and to-morrow you shall make me your confidant and see how wise and strong I can be."

To do Rose justice her courage held out only until she went to her room. There she thought how hard it would be when the house and furniture was sold, and she cried herself to sleep. But the next morning she summoned up a stock of energy for the day in hand; and through the succeeding weeks of trial, when the house and all the familiar household furniture was sold, she stood firm and cheerful, displaying all the fortitude Etienne had anticipated for her.

A less expensive house was rented, two of the servants were dismissed, and Rose settled to the task of nursery governess. It was a great change, but she said earnestly to John Etienne:

"I am actually happier than I used to be. I feel earnest, and self-respectful, and good-natured. I do not fret as I used, now that I have treble the trials I once had. I am a thousand times better off than when my father was supposed to be worth a hundred thousand dollars."

Florian Egerton was evidently much shocked by Mr. Whatley's failure. It galled him to have Rose known as the daughter of a bankrupt. He used to come to the plainly-furnished, rented house, and politeness could hardly keep the distress from his face as he

looked around upon the plain furniture and cheap carpets. His fastidious taste was quite shocked at sight of Rose in a linen apron dusting the parlor chairs. At length he came less often, and at last weeks passed without his appearance. Six months from the time of her father's failure, Rose heard that he was

paying court to one of the beautiful heiresses of Beacon street.

Three years afterwards, Mr. Whately was again well established in business and prosperous, and then Rose married the dearest and truest friend of her life—John Etienne.

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## PRAYER.

~~~~~  
BY EVA ALICE.  
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In sadness I turned to my pillow,  
Weary with labor and care;  
I thought o'er my burden of sorrow,  
And breathed it to Heaven in prayer.

There came in the midnight silence  
A calm to my throbbing breast;  
And with peace that flows as a river,  
I sunk on my couch to rest.

There came o'er my quiet slumbers,  
A vision of angels fair;  
And the gates of heaven were open—  
And the Lamb of God was there.

And the peace from the holy fountain  
Came down in a golden stream,  
Till my soul, with love o'erflowing,  
Awoke from out its dream.

The sun through my cottage window  
Was shedding his cheerful ray;  
And I rose with a brighter spirit,  
For the toil of the coming day.

Ye hearts that are sad and weary,  
There's a sweet relief in prayer;  
Look up—for the light of Heaven,  
And find the rich blessing there.

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## THE NEW CHOIR LEADER.

~~~~~  
BY CATHERINE EARNshaw.  
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"*SHE* sings well, certainly," said one lady, rapidly turning down the hem of a gingham handkerchief.

There were a dozen ladies in the vestry of the new brown church. They were a detachment of the "Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society," and they were seasoning their work by a minute dissection of the girl who had last come into the village.

"Sings well!" cried another. "Well, what if she does? singing isn't the only qualification necessary for a young girl."

A sharp-eyed, unmarried lady looked up from her knitting. A flash of contemptuous sarcasm was on her face.

"It's quite an important item for the girl we have engaged to lead our choir," she said.

"Don't say *we* have engaged," cried Deacon Hughes's wife, snipping her cloth with a spiteful emphasis that did not become a deacon's wife. "I, for one, had no hand in getting that pale, Roman Catholic looking girl here. She looks as if she had just escaped from some

nunnery. She'll be chanting Latin some day, and all the choir will mumble along after her."

"In that case we shall not understand her, so it'll do us no harm," said she of the sharp eyes.

"*My* girls sha'n't associate with her," continued Mrs. Hughes, ignoring the last remark.

A murmurous assent from the mothers present greeted this expression. It was evident that the singer was not at present popular. There is one manner which, perhaps more than any other, exasperates the people of a small country town. It is, that a stranger should dare come among them, maintaining a somewhat reserved, self-contained manner,—the appearance that she possesses the power to be happy or miserable without the consent or even knowledge of the dozen women, girls and men who constitute "society."

"Mrs. Hughes," said the first speaker, "I thought it was your husband who was chosen to get our leader. Where did he find her? Isn't he satisfied with her?"

Mrs. Hughes looked anxious.

"Deacon Hughes is a peculiar man about some things. I don't pretend to understand him," she said. "He found this girl in New York. He seems to take her under his special protection. It aggravates him dreadfully to hear anything said against her. But I'm not going to humor him in such a freak."

"Do you know whether the minister likes her?" asked some one, with the air that the minister's idea would decide either for good or bad.

"Don't know as he has ever said anything about her."

"And I hope he wont, till he knows something about her," said a man's voice at the window.

The face that bowed good-humoredly to the dozen raised heads was a middle-aged one, browned by the sun, and the hands that leaned on the sill were roughened by holding plough and spade. He was such a man as ennobles labor,—whose smile was the radiating purity of his soul. A thoughtful observer in looking at him would instantly have wondered, "Why did he marry that woman?" and her still handsome face would not have furnished a satisfying answer. It was Deacon Hughes who looked in at the window.

"How long have you been listening to our chat?" asked his wife.

"I only heard the last two remarks, and supposed of course you were talking about Miss Leith. Did I guess right?"

A chorus of affirmatives replied.

"Well, what was the verdict?"

"Unfavorable, Deacon Hughes; and I wish you'd act accordingly. She may be the worst character in the world, for all we know," said Mrs. Hughes, folding up her work in the same manner that she spoke.

Deacon Hughes half turned from the window, and said:

"It's a pity you think so; for I saw her this afternoon, and invited her up to our house to spend the evening with our girls."

He looked back into the room, watching with an amused smile the astonishment there. His wife looked up, exasperated. Controlling herself slightly, she still exclaimed with some anger:

"Asked a girl whom you don't know anything about to come to see Ellen and Kate! Well!"

At the last word she closed her mouth expressively.

"I wont interrupt longer," he said. Then

to his wife: "I was riding by, and thought you might like to ride home as it's so warm."

Mrs. Hughes hurried to put on her bonnet and shawl. As she did so, her husband said:

"You'll be glad to hear that Miss Leith did not accept my invitation."

"Did not accept? Our girls are not good enough for her, then! Well, good afternoon, ladies."

The two rode slowly homeward. Unconsciously to herself, the beautiful calmness of the summer afternoon abated some of the strength of Mrs. Hughes's indignation. It might have been the influence of her husband's placid and deep delight in the beauty of the day. She had quite forgotten Miss Leith, and was calmly considering the propriety of strawberry shortcakes for supper, when she saw her husband slightly lift his hat and bow. She looked instantly to see to whom the salutation was given. She saw a slight, graceful figure, dressed in some thin dark fabric, walking down the path that led from a little tree-embowered cottage to the road. As she bowed in response she hastened her steps as if she wished to speak. Deacon Hughes dr̄w in his horse, and stopped. She came up, leaned slightly against the horse, softly stroking him as she said:

"It's a queer question for me to ask, Mr. Hughes, as I am leader of the choir, but I've heard rumors that there was to be a choir rehearsal this afternoon directly after the Aid Society. It is so indefinite that I don't know whether to go or not. Wouldn't they give me a regular notice?"

Deacon Hughes face grew red with indignation. He thought nothing more probable, than that a clique should meet for a sing, almost expressly to give the new singer an unmistakable slight; perhaps to cause her embarrassment on the next Sunday.

"I haven't heard," he said; "but you will certainly be informed."

"Thank you."

She stepped back.

"Miss Leith," Deacon Hughes said, "let me introduce you to my wife."

His wife leaned forward and answered the graceful bend that had acknowledged the introduction. Then they drove rapidly on. Mrs. Hughes was thinking of that high-bred face, with its mouth of exquisiteness and firmness, its gray eyes that looked so far away and still so humanly sympathetic. She remembered the well toned voice with its easy and correct utterances. She thought of all



this in a very vague way, but still with a sort of vague consciousness that illiterate people could not understand Miss Leith; and, to ignorant or egotistical people, that consciousness is most exasperating. Deacon Hughes at last broke the silence.

"Jane, do you know anything about a choir singing this afternoon?"

The tone in which he spoke was sterner and more decided than usual. She only answered, without comment:

"Yes. Sarah Leeds said there was going to be one, and that Miss Leith might find it out if she could."

"That is little and mean,—that is shameful; for church members, too!" exclaimed the deacon with energy.

His wife, secretly sympathetic with Sarah Leeds, and remembering how far above her Miss Leith had seemed, made no reply.

Deacon Hughes assisted his wife to alight at their home, then turned his horse into the road again, saying, in answer to her question, that he was "going to carry Miss Leith to the sing." Mrs. Hughes entered her house with a contemptuous, upward nose.

When Deacon Hughes reached the church with Miss Leith, he found the Aid Society dispersed, and the vestry deserted. Miss Leith stood on the steps that led up from the vestry into the body of the church. A confused murmur of voices came to her ear. She turned to her companion, and said:

"They are all there, I believe. I must hasten up."

She commenced ascending the steps. Some one came out of the side door and came up after her, paused at the last stair to pick up something, glanced at it in surprise, hastily put it in her pocket, and hurried rudely by Miss Leith up into the church. Deacon Hughes reached Miss Leith's side, and said:

"Did Sarah Leeds speak to you?"

Miss Leith smiled at what seemed his curiosity.

"No," she said; "was that Sarah Leeds? Her sister used to lead the choir, did she not?"

"Yes; and the family never'll forgive the congregation that she doesn't lead it now," answered Deacon Hughes.

"Or me for coming," said Miss Leith, with a smile something satirical in its curves.

The deacon bade her good-by and left her. She pushed open the heavy walnut doors and stood within the church. When here she could forget the insignificance of the town in

the fine temple it had erected. She always wondered how the unrefined, practical people around her had ever allowed the erection of an edifice so beautiful and artistic. That thought crossed her mind, and then was instantly driven from it, for she heard her name mentioned in sibilant whispers in the choir seats near which she stood.

"So that is Miss Leith's? Well, that's pretty well!"

"Yes; she just dropped it on the vestry stairs. I shall give it to her when she comes, and we'll see how she looks."

It was Sarah Leeds who spoke last. Miss Leith's cheeks grew flushed. She put her hand to her pocket, and withdrew it empty. Then she ascended into the choir with a peculiar step of grace and pride. She sat down on the organ seat to arrange her music. Since she had come to this town she had felt herself, for the first time in her life, entirely alone. That thought came upon her with more vivid force as she sat down with forced composure, took off her gloves, and unrolled her music. Her slender fingers trembled; she leaned her head for an instant on her hand. Some one touched her arm.

"I believe this is yours, Miss Leith."

Sarah Leeds extended a card photograph of a young man in the full uniform of a major in the rebel army. Miss Leith raised a face frozen into cold self-possession. She took the picture, saying:

"Thank you; it is mine." She looked round upon the company, and then said: "I do not see the organist here; if you have no objections, I will play for you and listen to your singing. I can remember the pieces, and practise at my boarding-place."

At that moment it seemed to Miss Leith an impossibility to sing a note. She was inexpressibly grateful for the fortunate absence of the organist. She waited an instant for some one to speak, then turning round as the silence continued, she said, coldly and indifferently:

"Is my arrangement agreeable to you?"

The answer came instantly, and respectfully:

"Certainly; do just as you please."

Miss Leith only bowed. Each moment she became more distant, more impenetrable. The coolness and injustice of those around her congealed the natural geniality of her nature. She turned to the organ and commenced playing a low, desultory piece, while the singers decided upon their music. With

the first responding note that swelled from the organ, Miss Leith almost forgot the envious, ill-humored circle around her. She played on softly to herself, letting the organ murmur and soothe the conflict within her.

In spite of herself, Sarah Leeds paused in her occupation of turning the leaves of a singing-book. She listened intently, her face expressive of surprise and wonder. As the last note died away, she whispered, "Beautiful!" She had never heard such playing before; it was the touch of a master hand—of a proficient and enthusiast.

Miss Leith waited till the glow of musical ardor had left her face; then she turned to receive the music, and commenced playing for the singing, endeavoring to shut out everything but mechanical correctness from her execution. After the first piece had been sung, a girl of fifteen or sixteen, the youngest among the singers, came to Miss Leith's side and begged her to play for her. She looked in the child's face; it was shining with her desire to listen again to that wonderful harmony. Unable to refuse,—Miss Leith did not like to play while the others were waiting to sing,—she whispered to the girl to wait till the rehearsal was over and the rest had gone.

It was with a sigh of relief and joy that little May Westerly watched the singers off the steps, and ran back to require Miss Leith to fulfil her promise. She hardly knew the lady who sat at the organ, and who welcomed her return. It was no longer the reserved face of hauteur. A soft smile dwelt in the softer eyes, and beautified the handsome mouth. With a gay, kind-hearted child, Miss Leith received back her natural self. With her first look at that changed face Mary felt her childish heart throb with enthusiastic love. She longed, but did not dare to take the fair, small hand that hung by Miss Leith's side. She sat down and contentedly waited for the playing.

Half in love with the beautiful child, Miss Leith turned toward her, drew the sunny head between her hands, looked for a moment into the clear blue eyes, then touched with her lips the mouth that smiled upon her.

"Now you shall have your music," she said.

It was not alone the perfectness of the playing, it was because the player lived in the sounds she summoned, because for her they were life to her soul, that made the choral from Bach like a revelation of Heaven to those who listened. It seemed to the child

that she no longer lived on the earth, that the realm of purity and sweetness had opened upon her, she had at last gained the country of brightness. Tears of happiness streamed over her cheeks—she wanted to thank God, but had no words, when suddenly the measure changed to one of exalted triumph and thanksgiving, she rose and stood with uplifted and resplendent face, forgetting the organist for an instant. The ascription ceased, slowly sighing into silence—a silence that lasted for several moments, when a voice of deep and musical resonance said, or rather chanted the words—"Gloria in excelsis!"

The voice was so peculiar and accorded so well with their mood, that the two girls were not startled by it. Miss Leith rose and saw a young man coming down the aisle toward them.

"Mr. Knight has been in his study and has heard you," said May Westerly, in an undertone, as the man drew near. Miss Leith now recognized the minister whom she had heard preach since her stay in the village. She drew back slightly as he came and spoke to May, but directly after, he advanced, and, holding out his hand, said:

"Miss Leith, I am glad of the opportunity of speaking with you. Now, while your music is yet warm within my soul I cannot talk like the stranger I may seem to you. In that case, you will pardon me."

It was with a sense of relief and gladness that Miss Leith let her fingers stay for an instant in the hand of Mr. Knight. That first touch of hands gave to each a vivid and strange sensation. It seemed the sudden realization of something each had unconsciously hoped and longed for. After such a hand meeting they could not be strangers.

"I was ignorant that I had any other listener than May," Miss Leith said, "or I might not have been so free in my use of the organ."

She raised her eyes to his face as she spoke. In the dusky depths of the eyes she met, was the splendor of enthusiasm, the impetuosity of a spirit that could never be tamed to indifference or coldness,—whose loves were to him the real things of life. The words and actions of a Christian like this, must be warmed and strengthened by a loving nearness to the God of love, which would, perhaps, have shocked the cool distance of some of the more Puritanic of his flock. Miss Leith turned and gathered up her music, feeling no longer despondent, forgetting the repelling

looks of the choir for which she had just been playing.

Mr. Knight left the church and walked homeward with the two girls. He did not speak much, and when he did, it was evident that he watched, with an interest that had something of eagerness in it, the expression of Miss Leith's face as she replied.

The three paused before the door of the house that was Miss Leith's temporary home. Mr. Knight stood leaning over the gate, evidently loth to go, still he had declined the invitation to go in.

"I ought not to detain you," he said, "but—" raising his gaze to her face, "I believe you have some hitherto unknown influence over me. Miss Leith, what is it that has made this scene, this sunset, more beautiful than all my memories? Believe me, I know not how to flatter. May I call and see you?" he extended his hand, this time to receive only a quickly withdrawn finger touch. "Good-night."

He walked away with May Westerley chatting gayly by his side. To her childlike rhapsodies concerning her new friend, he listened with a suffusion of interest on his countenance. The unaccustomed throbs of his heart made him fully understand how May could become so absorbed, even at a first interview.

If the frequent calls the minister made upon Miss Leith gave the village matter for profound gossip and consideration, the two subjects of it were either entirely ignorant, or did not choose to notice it.

"It was a pity for that New York girl to make a fool of our minister," was the universal verdict, delivered with especial spite by the unmarried ladies who had rejoiced at the coming of a minister still unfettered.

The story of the picture of the rebel officer, which had so discomposed Miss Leith, was told and believed with every sort of embellishment—till at last there was hardly a person in the village who did not think the new leader of the choir in some sort of a league with the rebels. Consequently, she was shut without the pale of all society, without knowing the reason.

Mr. Knight and Deacon Hughes alone greeted her with cordiality. Though he would not acknowledge it to himself, that rumor gave a different manner to Mr. Knight in his intercourse with her—only because it spoke of Miss Leith's connection with a man other than himself, and already did that

thought give him a feeling of keen despair.

It is not pleasant to feel one's self the object of dislike and distrust, and, despite her natural and acquired self-reliance, Miss Leith drooped under the life she was leading.

She had been riding with Mr. Knight. He stopped his horse with evident reluctance under the elms that shaded her home. The night was one of the perfections of the summer, warm with fragrance, smiled upon by stars of near splendor.

Intuitively, Miss Leith's glance had drooped before the eyes of Mr. Knight—eyes of fire and passion that shone upon her through the glimmering light of evening.

The horse stood still, but Mr. Knight made no motion to alight. He sat in silence a moment, at last Miss Leith said, smiling slightly:

"You are absent, Mr. Knight."

"No; it is only because I am too vividly present," then after a moment's pause. "It is hard to leave this night—and you."

He turned toward her, and exclaimed with energy:

"I can hardly express myself with sufficient force, but I must tell you how thoroughly I detest and condemn the manner in which my parishioners treat you. Your lonely condition, instead of fostering, should have precluded the possibility of any tattling gossip concerning your affairs. There are some people here who, if they had not listened with too ready ears to the stories afloat, would be to you kind and true friends; for they are women of noble hearts. I do not wish you to live here without some lady friends who may in some measure be worthy of you. Miss Leith, tell me that you do not think me officious, *that* I could not endure."

Miss Leith's head was bent to her hands; the tears were filling her eyes; she felt, with a flash of painful joy, that there was something more than kindness in the voice that addressed her, something different from mere good will in the glance she felt to her very soul. With an effort she lifted and averted her face, as she replied:

"Mr. Knight, I cannot tell you how grateful I am for this kindness—almost the first I have known in this village."

He bent and took one of her hands.

"Do not speak of gratitude to me," he said. "Miss Leith—" she withdrew her hand with the suddenness of alarm.

"Mr. Knight, I think I must go in; it is already late."

"I beg your pardon; I had not thought of the hour;" he sprang from the carriage, he only slightly touched her hand as he assisted her to alight. A veil of snow seemed fallen before his face.

"Miss Leith, be assured I shall endeavor not to offend thus again."

He gave an instant's glance at her face; the striving of sweet trouble he saw there almost deprived him of his imposed self-command. He lifted her hand to his lips, held it there for one blessed moment, then he rode away.

"It is true, then," he thought, "the stories they tell of an unknown lover of hers—of one who serves the rebellion, and whom, at present, she must not acknowledge. I am a fool to think she might have loved me—she, for whose love any man might be willing to offer best and dearest."

Then he remembered that the face of Miss Leith had not expressed dislike, only distress and sorrow.

"She pities me," he said, "and would not give me the pain of a refusal. I will try to spare her so disagreeable a duty."

He shut his mouth in determination—for the minister's pride was sensitive and powerful—for one moment, then he was ready to dare anything for the faint hope of an acceptance from Miss Leith's lips.

Several weeks passed, and Mr. Knight saw Miss Leith only from his pulpit as she sat in the choir. He heard her voice, only hers, through all the singing. As he leaned over his sermon in the solitude of his study, that proud, sensitive face rose up before him so vividly as to shut out all thoughts of application. He sat thus one night about a month after his last interview with Miss Leith. After fruitless efforts to concentrate his thoughts, he threw down his pen, took his hat, and wandered slowly through fields and meadows toward her home. He paused in a little piny wood back of the house, leaning against a tree and remonstrating with himself that he had come there. The sky was covered with light, thin clouds through which the stars shone palely—the air was filled with the balm of summer.

He stood still a moment, then as he was about to move forward to the house, the faint sound of voices stayed him. Along a path, through the columns of pine trees, he saw a man and woman moving slowly, their heads bent in earnest talk. Though it was night, and he could not see distinctly, yet he knew the lady was Miss Leith. They were coming

nearer, he could not go without being seen, so he did not stir from his position. In the dim light he saw that, though the man was not in uniform, there was something in his step, in the manner with which he held the light gray cloak about his shoulders, that indicated that he was a soldier—a handsome one, too, Mr. Knight thought. They drew slowly near.

"Do not dare this again, no matter how near the harbor you come," he heard Miss Leith say. "There may be people walking on the beach now—there is always some one there on these summer nights."

"I shall dare anything to see you," he said, with impetuosity in his low tones. "Did you think it possible for me to come thus near and not see you, little one? As for walking on the beach, I can walk on the beach, too, and push off in my boat under their very noses, and they be none the wiser."

"But the people here suspect all manner of things about me, and all because of some indefinite surmises about you. O, why did you enter that army?"

"Would you have me false to the faith of my fathers? When victory blesses the Confederate flag, then I shall claim you from this miserable Yankee drudgery."

The hand that rested on his arm was drawn nearer, pressed closer.

"Victory will not crown that flag," she said.

He laughed.

"You are a little traitor, Laure, but I can't discard you. It is time for me to go. Walk with me out of this grove; no prying gossip will see us."

They moved on faster, out of sight. Mr. Knight walked rapidly home. He entered his study and sat down to his writing; he finished his sermon almost without a pause, writing at such a white head of excitement, that he hardly felt the labor, or felt it only to be glad.

But the next night, when he essayed to write, neither words nor ideas would come, his mind seemed an irretrievable chaos. He dashed his paper from him, he rose to his feet with ill-controlled fury. He execrated himself for his folly. He, a minister of God, to be thus utterly wretched and despairing because this Laure Leith loved another. With that name came a softer mood—Laure Leith—he hoped God would always bless her; happy in her love, she might never know the misery of his.

He would go to his study in the church; in that utter and solemn silence he might calm the spirits that did not obey him now. He walked rapidly and absorbedly across the field-path to the church. Now the sky was no longer serene and calm. Heavy, mountainous clouds of purple-black gloomed in the west; sinuous streaks of lightning glided across them, and rumbling thunder responded. The night air was heated and still, not a breath of refreshing wind.

Mr. Knight unlocked a side door and entered the church—its vault-like stillness and coolness seemed to quiet him. He walked up the choir steps and sat down by the organ—he wondered that it was left open, for the key board was shining in dim whiteness. He sat still in the gloom, for he did not yet care to go to his study and light his lamp.

At last, however, he rose and descended the opposite side; on the last step he stooped to pick up a white handkerchief, carelessly at first, then, as it touched his fingers, and he detected the faint perfume about it, a tenderness came to his touch as though the handkerchief had been a living thing. He carried it to his study, and lighting his lamp he looked for the name. He found the letters "L. L." twined together in a corner of it. As he looked a crash of terrific thunder shook the building and reverberated in grand resonance. He walked to the far end of the church, threw open one of the windows and leaned out. In the east the round yellow moon had risen and was shining in unclouded blue. He could see enough of the south and west to know that it was black with tempest. He withdrew his head, feeling a sort of exultation in the coming storm.

He was standing close by the door that opened on the narrow flight of stairs that led to the tower. He turned to open it, and was surprised to find it already open. At the same instant a blinding flash quivered before his eyes, he heard a crash of splintered wood in some part of the building, and amid the roar of thunder and of bursting timbers, he heard the faint, inarticulate moan of a human voice. Then all was still, save the plash of the great drops of rain on the gravel outside, for the rain had just come.

Mr. Knight sprang up the stairs before him; the door at their head was swinging on its hinges. Before the narrow, gothic window that faced the west, Mr. Knight saw a figure kneeling, its head on the sill, its arms helpless by its side. It was Miss Leith, made insens-

ible by the tempest whose grandeur she had been watching.

Unutterable tenderness and love rose and mastered the heart of Mr. Knight. No one who had not loved her could have taken her with a care so exquisite and perfect. As he took her in his arms a tongue of flame reached in and lapped up the window frame, shattering the glass and almost singeing the hair of the minister as he bent forward for his burden. Then he knew what that splintering of wood had meant—the tower had been caressed by the lightning and was burning from its touch. A shudder of ungovernable terror shook the frame of Mr. Knight as he thought of the fate of Miss Leith had she been left alone and insensible in the burning building.

He hurried down the stairs and carried her to his study; he saw by the light that she did not appear dangerously hurt, only stunned by the nearness of the stroke. Leaning back in his arm-chair, pale, cold, and without power, Mr. Knight need not shut from his face the passion of love that swept over it as he looked at that face pressed against the velvet of his chair. He administered strong restoratives, he watched with the eagerness of love and alarm for the heavy eyelids to raise themselves, for the color to come to the still, white mouth.

Suspended life at last returned; she pressed her hands to her forehead and looked vaguely at Mr. Knight who stood before her. She seemed to remember with difficulty what had happened. Consciousness and memory came back—a suffusion of color came to her face.

"Mr. Knight!" she exclaimed, with something of inquiry in her voice. It was such happiness to have her speak once more to him that he forgot what he had seen only the night before.

"You were in the tower, Miss Leith, and the tower was struck by lightning and is burning at this moment. As soon as you are able I will take you away."

"I think I am ready," she said; "you will want to alarm the village so that they can make efforts to save the church."

She rose as she finished speaking and endeavored to take a step toward the door, but strength had not yet returned to her, and she staggered with weakness. Resting on Mr. Knight's arm, she sank back again upon her chair.

"You are very impatient to leave me," he said, bitterly.

She said nothing, only raised her eyes to the

electrical ones bent towards her. The man saw in those gray eyes something besides softness, something besides mere beauty; there seemed a flame in them which either the surcharged air or his own eyes had lighted.

He seized the weak hands that lay in her lap, he bent towards her with irresistible impulse; a dark memory of the night before came before him—he dropped her hands with the exclamation:

"Heaven pity me!" and walked away. He paced back and forth; presently he came again to her side.

"Miss Leith," he said, "it is useless for me to strive against this feeling—it is stronger than I am, stronger than life." He paused, looked full in her eyes, and said, with an ardor that made his lips tremble, "I cannot conquer it; I love you!"

He sank on a seat at her feet; his forehead bent to the arm of her chair; his abundant hair touched her hand. At first she could not speak; finally she said:

"Am I, then, so unworthy that you have thus striven to subdue your love? I should be grateful, indeed, that you have at last stooped to one you deemed so far below you."

She commenced with mocking scorn in her voice; the first words called his head erect, a questioning fire into his eyes, and her last accents faltered in their satire.

"For one moment have you thus mistaken me!" he cried. "You could not have thought that I fancied you unworthy any man's love? Unworthy!"

With hesitating voice he told her of the meeting he had unwillingly witnessed, and concluded by saying:

"It is that alone that prompted me to speak in that manner."

A little silence. The storm had abated; they hoped the fire had been extinguished by the rain, when suddenly the bell of the neighboring church rang out the fire clangor. People gathered in the streets.

Mr. Knight rose.

"Though the danger is not immediate, I ought to take you to a place of shelter."

She made no reply, but rose to do his bidding. He wrapped a shawl about her, and conducted her through the field path by which he had come. The flames, partially smothered while the rain fell, were now bursting from the roof of the tower, and spreading to the main roof. The moon was riding soft and still among fleecy little clouds, and there were

no signs of the tempest, save in that flaming building.

Mr. Knight turned to leave Miss Leith, as they reached her door. He felt as though turning from her forever.

She held out her hand. "I have something to say to you," she said.

He waited, something in her voice giving him a tremulous expectation. He felt the light of her eyes—a light which gave a thrilling hope.

"Mr. Knight," she began, in the irresistible cadence of tenderness; "Mr. Knight, it is you whom I love."

He pressed closer the fingers he held.

"And that man?" he said.

She smiled upon him—a smile for which his soul had longed.

"That man is Major Leith, my brother. We two were alone in the world. He is in the rebel army; I, in the North, still faithful to the Union. He was on a secret mission for the confederacy, and would come to me, in spite of the danger. Is it plain to you now, Mr. Knight?"

He lifted his hat, and looked up at her as she stood on the house-step above him. His face shone transparent and beautiful.

"I am happy," he said.

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### IMAGINATION.

A contented citizen of Milan, who had never passed beyond its walls during the course of sixty years, being ordered by the governor not to stir beyond its gates, became immediately miserable, and felt so powerful an inclination to do that which he had so long contentedly neglected to do, that, on his application for a release from this restraint being refused, he became quite melancholy, and at last died of grief. The pains of imprisonment, also, like those of servitude, are more in conception than in reality. We are all prisoners. What is life but the prison of the soul?

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### HABITS.

Habits are more easily formed than altered. It takes more time to abridge one book than it does to write half-a-dozen. The same remark will apply to letters. The only reason people write a three paged epistle, is because they have not time to condense it into one. It may seem like a paradox, still it's a fact, that almost every editor finds it easier to write a half column article, than he does to get up one that only contains two or three paragraphs.



## RETROSPECT.

~~~~~  
 BY LUCILLE HOWARD.  
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I sit on the pebbly shore of a stream,  
 That winds its way 'neath the emerald sheen  
 Of a thousand branches laced and crossed,  
 And a thousand leaves by the wild wind tossed.

It winds along through a meadow sweet,  
 Where the newmown hay the senses greet;  
 And the swallow skims, then darts away  
 From its polished surface, as if in play.

Did you ask what my thoughts were, Willie dear?  
 I was thinking of years ago, when fear  
 And doubt had not entered my head;  
 When my soul with loveliest visions was fed.

When my future was bright as a fairy land,  
 And pleasure was grasped by my outstretched hand;  
 When hearts were more pure, and faces more fair,  
 Than any I've found in my native air.

But then you know how it is, Willie dear,  
 When the heart has struggled 'twixt hope and fear;  
 When the years have seemed long in their lonely woe,  
 And the ones fondly loved are lying low.

Have I realized nothing? O yes, much more  
 Than my soul ever wrought in its richest store;  
 Else I could not sit here this sweet summer day,  
 And laugh with the waves as they sweep away.

Yes, my joy is much more intense than when  
 I wandered with you through the leafy glen,  
 With my satchel of books, and "Teacher's Reward;"  
 For I had left school that day—and Maud.

Two dear little sisters had loved me so well,  
 And you, dear Willie, I'm sure could tell  
 That my heart was a-glow in its unbounded joy;  
 Why am I happier to-day? because no cloy

Of pleasure has wrought its fanciful heat  
 In my brain, with its luring, false deceit.  
 Because I've locked within my breast  
 The words of one now long at rest.

The trout are flashing beneath the stream,  
 And the buttercups nod with the same golden beam;  
 And their life is filling my soul, as when  
 The summers I knew were scarcely ten.

I can hardly dream of the toil and pain  
 That have wearied my fingers and racked my brain;

I can hardly think at this moment of years  
That my soul has been struggling with mighty fears.

But the current that bore me through night's fearful gloom,  
Has landed me safe 'neath heaven's bright noon;  
And a tenfold faith, and a strengthened love,  
Have filled my soul from the fount above.

And to-day, dear Willie, my heart bounds free,  
And leaps as of old with a childish glee;  
And the sunshine that kisses my brow to-day  
Falls deep in my heart in its older way.

*East Abington, Summer, 1864.*

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## THE FORT OF ST. JOHN.

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BY RICHARD FAULKNER.  
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IN a handsome apartment in the fortress of the Spanish settlement on the Rio Bravo, commanded by Don Pedro de Villesca, two persons were talking earnestly together. One of these was a charming Spanish girl, the daughter of the commandant; possessing all the characteristics of Spanish beauty, in long and superbly black hair, eyes of deepest lustre, and a pale olive complexion that was only dashed with crimson when some strong emotion stirred her usually calm and serene temper. The other person was the Dame Margaritta, who had acted as nurse and duenna in Don Pedro's household ever since the birth of his only child, the Donna Catalini.

Evidently the little lady had been moved beyond her wont, for a fiery crimson spot stained her cheek, and she stood balancing herself on one small and perfectly shaped foot, which was so finely arched that a stream of water running beneath it would have left its hollow dry.

"But, my dear lady," the old woman was saying, "you know that in Spain you would be considered a child for five or six years to come. It is hardly fitting that you should see these strange gentlemen whom your father is entertaining; certainly not to pass the evening with them. I wonder Don Pedro allowed you to meet them at all."

"I tell you what, Dame Margaritta," said the little lady, with flashing eyes, "I have been cooped up in this dull fort long enough, without seeing company; and my father probably thinks as I do, that it is high time for me to see what few strangers may chance to come

here. I have been here almost two years, and have never seen any one but old Don Gaspar-do, and it seems he thought I was fit to be his wife, or he would not have asked me."

Old Margaritta clasped her withered hands in horrified astonishment.

"The first I have heard of it!"

"Ah!" said Donna Catalini, mischievously, "papa and I do contrive to keep some few secrets! But don't be angry, dame; it was nothing to boast of, or I would have told you. But O Margaritta, you should see this young Saint Denis, the Canadian officer whom Governor Cadillac has sent hither, papa told me, to establish some commercial relations between his State of Louisiana and our Mexican provinces."

The dame interrupted her.

"Bless the child! Talking of such things at her age! Why, no unmarried lady in Spain would be heard talking of business. It is so masculine!"

"Never mind, dame. I am to meet our guests at supper, and you are to lay out my purple satin, with the point lace ruffles at the elbow, and my highest heeled shoes, for I want to be as tall as possible."

The faintest sound of an oath murmured on Donna Margaritta's lip, as she trotted herself off to obey the order.

"They'll be getting that baby married before long," she muttered, "and then what becomes of me, I wonder?"

It had been the dame's policy to keep Catalini a child as long as possible. As the young lady was past seventeen, and could

not be expected to take an interest in the childish pursuits which the dame was constantly recommending, it was natural that her life should appear to her inexpressibly dull. Indeed, of late, she had lost her spirits altogether, and was so melancholy that her father had begun to see that she was literally starving for society.

"How stupid I have been," he said to himself, "to shut my darling up in this insufferably dull place, with only an old crone for company! She shall see people, and those, too, of her own age."

The first opportunity which Don Pedro had for putting his resolution into practice was on the arrival of Louis St. Denis; and he bethought himself in season to introduce her to him and his companion, Francois Jallot, a young surgeon who had accompanied the expedition.

The travellers had arrived at the fort just at twilight, and the brief moment in which Don Pedro had hastily introduced his daughter, had been too dark for them to see how beautiful she was. But when the great dining hall was lighted with wax candles in noble chandeliers, and Donna Catalini was seated at the head of the table, magnificently dressed, and her cheeks flushed with excitement, both thought that they had never before beheld her equal.

It was not merely her personal charms that attracted St. Denis. Catalini's stock of reading had made her acquainted with all the best of Spanish lore before she had left Spain. Mother's love she had never known, but Don Pedro had carefully directed her reading, and she was able to join in conversation sufficiently to excite the surprise of her father's guests at her varied powers.

Never before had she brought out her stores of poetry and romance, gathered so profusely ere she left Spain; and even her father seemed hardly conscious that she had acquired so much. He forgot that during these two lonely years at the fort of St. John, or Presidio del Norte, as it was called, she had lived mostly among beings of the mind, and too little upon realities. It was very beautiful, this knowledge of the ideal world, but it was high time she should dwell more in the actual. That was fast approaching, however; for that single evening had fulfilled the destiny of her heart. The manly bearing of St. Denis, his evident admiration of herself, and his generous praise of the courage and bravery of Francois Jallot, charmed her. To St. Denis it was no less

eventful, this first evening at the fort; he was enchanted—subdued.

When old Margaritta attended that night at what she called "putting her child to bed," she became suddenly conscious that it was no child but a woman she had to deal with now. Thenceforth, though occasionally uttering a disparaging word about the precocity of certain children, she treated her young lady with a degree of respectful obedience that Catalini had never hoped for in the obstinate old dame.

Don Gaspardo, to whom the young lady referred as the only one who had ever offered to treat her as marriageable, was the governor of Caonls; and Don Pedro sent the ambassador to him as being a proper person to consult in regard to the commercial interests between the provinces and Louisiana. The old governor had been deeply resentful of his dismissal from Donna Catalini. His pretension to the hand of so young a lady had excited the ridicule of those who had by chance heard of it; and some remarks had reached his ears that stung him to the very quick.

When Don Pedro's messenger arrived he questioned him very closely as to the appearance of the gentleman visiting at the fort. Unsuspicious of any trick, the young man described St. Denis, expatiated largely upon his fine figure, his handsome face, and his evident youthfulness.

On pretence of an escort for the ambassador, the governor sent immediately twenty-five men to the fort, who had instructions to take St. Denis to Caonls, and to throw him into prison. The ruse of sending an escort was very plausible, as the country was infested by the Camanche Indians; and, indeed, they had been very annoying to St. Denis on his way to Presidio del Norte.

It may be supposed that the sensations of St. Denis were far from agreeable. Altogether, it was a very mysterious affair. A peaceful ambassador, coming in behalf of interests of equal importance to both parties, and imprisoned before his embassy was explained! It was all a mystery which he could not fathom.

After some days of anxious waiting to know why he was incarcerated thus, the prison door was thrown open and a man entered. He was old and ugly, haughty in manner, and rude in address. His dress was magnificent, but unfitted for one of his advanced years. Approaching St. Denis, he demanded to know if he wished to be free.

"Certainly," was the answer. "I would like to know, too, by what authority I was imprisoned."

"You cannot know. But you can obtain your freedom by a very simple process."

"Very well. If it is anything that brings me no dishonor, I am ready to subscribe to almost any condition, to obtain my liberty."

A hideous attempt at a smile increased the ugliness it was intended to hide.

"I understand, young man, that you are pledged to the daughter of Villesca, the commandant of Presidio del Norte."

"I have that honor," returned St. Denis, completely mystified by this remark, and wondering what it could have to do with his imprisonment.

"Young man," said the visitor, "I am powerful to keep you here for years, or to restore you to liberty this very hour. Resign your claim upon the daughter of the commandant, and receive your freedom, or choose the only alternative that awaits you—a long imprisonment, not to end while I live."

St. Denis looked up into the face of him who thus talked to him of imprisonment. The scowl upon that face deepened to almost a demon's.

"Imprisonment for what? I have committed no crime. I came here on a peaceful errand from peaceful, well meaning men. Who are you, who dare abridge my freedom to prosecute that errand?"

"Who am I? A king—an emperor, in this my domain. Not only imprisonment but death shall follow this insolence."

"I do not recognize your power. God reigneth, and He will punish the guilty and make the captive free."

The calm, serene look that accompanied these words startled the visitor, and he retired without speaking.

Catalina sat in the balcony, wondering what had become of her lover. Old Dame Margaritta, who had grown more respectful since her young lady had been actually engaged to be married, brought her a letter. She hastily broke the seal, not doubting that it was from St. Denis, and read these words:

"**BEAUTIFUL CATALINA:**—Your low born lover lies in prison, awaiting his death. If you think it worth while to save his life, you can do so by marrying

"**GASPARDO ANAYA, Governor of Caonia.**"

All the proud Castilian blood in the girl's

heart was roused at this dastardly threat. Throwing down the letter and grinding it beneath the heel of her little Andalusian boot, she turned scornfully to the messenger, whom Dame Margaritta had left standing in the doorway.

"Tell your master," she cried, "that I love his noble prisoner, and that I wear a little Moorish dagger at my girdle, which will find its way to the heart of the Governor of Caonia, whenever he dares approach me again."

The man looked amazed. He feared to carry back such a message to his tyrannical master; but the calm, determined look of Catalina and her lofty words and bearing forbade the half remonstrance he meditated.

Returning to Don Gaspardo, he reported them with such force, that the latter, though irritated beyond endurance, was still unwilling to run the risk of the Spanish girl's hatred. He believed her capable of this vengeance upon one who should consign her lover to the fate he had threatened.

The viceroy sat alone in the council chamber. Wearied by the fatigues of the day, he had sank into a gentle slumber. He was startled from it, by a slight noise, as of shutting a door; and woke to behold a vision of beauty, such as he not deemed would inhabit his palace. It approached and knelt before him. The black silk mantilla had fallen away from the beautiful head over which it had been thrown, and the long black curls of the wearer touched his feet and trailed upon the tessellated floor. The speaking eyes were lifted to his face, and the small white hands were upraised in passionate entreaty.

He raised the slight, childlike figure to a seat by his side; and with a half paternal look, regarded it earnestly.

"What would you ask of me, dear child?" he said, when his scrutiny had satisfied him that her emotion was real.

"I want your excellenza to listen to me, in behalf of a prisoner at Caonia, confined on the charge of being a spy. He is a French gentleman, and incapable of what is charged upon him. The governor is keeping him there, secretly, because—"

"Because what, my dear young lady?"

She looked up again into that fatherly face, and its expression gave her courage to go on.

"Because the young Frenchman is betrothed to the daughter of the commandant of Presidio del Norte," she murmured, with her cheeks all a-glow.

"And you are that daughter?"

"I must tell you all, I see," she said, smiling. "I am Catalina de Villesca. My father referred this gentleman to the governor, in order to facilitate his affairs of business. How the governor learned his private affairs, I do not know, but, on learning them, he threw him into prison and wrote this letter to me."

She gave him the missive which had been crushed beneath her foot, but which still could be deciphered.

"You have used the old man's love letter shabbily," the viceroy said, laughing heartily. "This tells the tale, at any rate. What does he expect to gain by keeping him in prison, after the message you returned to it?"

"I have heard that he will demand a ransom."

"Ah! sets the wind in that quarter? He had better take care, or he may lose his office—or his head!"

Catalina had borne up bravely, but she nearly fainted now, with joy at the apparently successful turn affairs were taking.

She desired to have some one conduct her to her carriage, and the viceroy would permit no one but himself. Dame Margaritta sat within it, quaking with fear because her young lady had been absent so long. The viceroy held Catalina's hand a moment, and bade her be of good cheer, for she would see her friend again.

He did not forget her; for before an hour had passed, an order was on the way for Don Gaspardo to send back his prisoner to Mexico, or peril his own head.

Arrived at Mexico, St. Denis was closely guarded, and not knowing what Catalina had done for him, he feared the worst; but the viceroy sent his aide-de-camp almost immediately, to examine him. The officer proved to be a fellow-student with St. Denis, at the Royal College of France; and he had the inexpressible pleasure of identifying him to the viceroy, as a true and upright man. Nay, so pleased was the viceroy with St. Denis's appearance, that he strove to repay him for the indignities he had received by placing him in his confidence, trusting him as he had already trusted his fellow-student. At the viceroy's own festival, St. Denis was at the right hand of his patron, established fully in his friendship and favor.

He had offered him a high commission in the Spanish army; but St. Denis clung strongly to his native land and could not be tempted. The viceroy lamented that he could not

secure such an officer; but he could not but respect his patriotism. He presented him with a purse of gold and a highly valued horse, upon which the ambassador speeded his way triumphantly back to Caonls, where he anticipated seeing his now crest fallen enemy.

During his absence, his friend Jallot, the surgeon, had remained quietly pursuing his profession at Caonls. He met St. Denis with rapture, and informed him that the old governor had been very ill and sent for him.

"Did you care him or torment him?" asked St. Denis.

"I told him," said Jallot, "that there was but one chance for his life, and that was the performance of a painful operation which had never been performed, save in my own country. The old fellow demurred awhile; but finally screwed up his courage to have it done, and asked me to perform it. I remembered you, St. Denis, and told him I would see him die before I would do it. He threatened to hang me, but the people agreed to stand by me and to hang him if he threatened too much."

"Good! Now go and witness the affectionate meeting I shall have with him."

The governor was in bed when they entered. Rage, dismay and disappointment were pictured in the old, and now withered face, as he saw St. Denis, who calmly took out a paper, in which the viceroy had authorized him to inflict ~~any~~ punishment short of death upon Don Gaspardo. The abject entreaties of the latter for mercy were painful to the generous heart of St. Denis, and he tore the paper in pieces.

"Now, Jallot!" said the noble youth, "do your best for this poor man. You will oblige me by putting an end to his pain."

What did these words mean? To the sick man, they sounded very much like a death warrant; but he held his peace, for he felt that he was in their power. But St. Denis only meant that his friend should perform the required operation, which he did most admirably. The relief it afforded was intense, and he offered Jallot a princely fee. The excitable surgeon threw it back upon the bed, contemptuously saying that he had only saved his life from spite, that the hangman might not lose his due.

The next day was a joyous one at the Fort. St. Denis and Jallot rode up to the door, the former mounted on the viceroy's splendid gift. The little lady whom he sought there, was sitting behind her lattice, looking mournfully

forth, for no news had yet reached her of her lover's deliverance from his enemy. But, suddenly, she caught sight of the approaching steeds, and she knew that only St. Denis could ride so gracefully. She sprang from the room, overturning poor Dame Margaritta who was asleep in her chair and who fell forward, striking her nose against the floor. She uttered a dismal howl, but Catalina did not hear or heed her. In a moment she was

within her lover's arms, weeping like a child, for joy.

In August, 1716, after two years' absence, St. Denis, having successfully performed his mission, returned to Louisiana with his lovely bride. Jallot accompanied them, and both he and St. Denis received commissions in the French army that rewarded them fully for an absence that had threatened to be so disastrous to both.

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### TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

BY GEORGE H. SKYMOUR.

Little babe, that 'mong the flowers  
Now art sweetly sleeping;  
No rude dreams disturb thy rest,  
No wild passions tear thy breast;  
Round thee the spirits of the blest  
Are their vigils keeping.

Little babe, that 'mong the flowers  
Now art sweetly sleeping;  
Soon on Life's broad harvest plain,  
Thou'lt be standing midst the grain,  
And heavy sheaves of joy and pain  
Soon thou wilt be reaping.

Little babe, that 'mong the flowers  
Now art sweetly sleeping;  
Swift will fly the fleeting years,  
With their burden of hopes and fears,  
And in the garner the ripened ears  
Soon thou wilt be heaping.

Little babe, that 'mong the flowers  
Now art sweetly sleeping;  
When thy race on earth is run,  
And the gates of heaven thou'st won,  
When thou enter'st, may "Well done!"  
Be thy Master's greeting.

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### MR. LAURIE'S AMANUENSIS.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"Half a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred.  
'Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!' he said;  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred!"

roared Captain Charley Rowe, at a champagne supper of the Halcyon Club.

"Go ahead with your clarion," cried Dale Hudson. "Bravo, Charley!"

"Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them  
Volleyed and thundered!"

A great, crashing chorus of voices closed the refrain of the next verse:

"Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke;  
Cossack and Russian

Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
Shattered and sundered.  
Then they rode back—but not,  
Not the six hundred!"

In the clatter of voices and glasses which succeeded, Dale Hudson rose.

"I must leave you, boys. We camp at daylight; it's half past three now."

"Here's success to you, Dale!" cried Captain Charley Rowe, springing up, his uniform flashing in the gas light. "Drink, boys, to his promotion."

Click; flashing red wine; the gusto smacking of lips.

"Don't forget to write to us, old fellow," cried half a dozen, following him to the door.

"No. And remember a fellow when you drink the last of that champagne. Au revoir."

He was off, the young captain and going to camp; but home first. Down Tremont Row, and up the steps of the Revere.

"Hello, Jack!" to a sleepy waiter in the hall.



"Some letters left for you, sir."

Dale Hudson went up to his rooms, taking the flight of stairs in a few leaps.

"Home." It was all the home he knew—those elegant hotel rooms—parlor and bedroom, carpeted with Wilton, furnished in satin and rosewood. Dale Hudson flung himself into a fauteuil and drew to his side the little ebony table holding his letters. The jet of gas light threw down upon his face and hands a clear radiance. He tore open the first letter hastily. It was only an invitation to Mrs. Desmond's party. The second. A note from an old crony who wished the loan of fifty dollars. The third. It was a little perfumed, rose-scented missive, and held these words, written delicately:

"DEAR CAPTAIN HUDSON:—Please call on us before you go into camp. Otherwise, we shall be so disappointed!

"Your friend, ISABEL AMBER."

The handsome young captain smiled pleasantly, a little flush coming up to his face. He was flattered a little, and uncertain what to do. Bell Amber, the beauty of his set, was interested in him—he understood it very well. It was the third time she had given him a marked favor.

"And the third time I may bend  
From my pride and answer, 'pardon,  
If he comes to take my love!'"

he hummed to himself, getting up and thrusting aside the satin curtains to look out into the night. The sky was full of its "steadfast blue," the waning moon like a silver horn in the calm space. He stood there for a moment, then turned and commenced restlessly walking the floor.

The note had arrived that morning, and he had not been at his rooms since the evening before. He certainly had no possible time in which to see Isabel Amber, and he was not quite sure that he wished to do so. He was very much pleased and flattered by the young lady's preference, but a little shy of the consequences. The gay young captain didn't want a wife—or rather he "shouldn't know what to do with so expensive, exacting, and responsible a piece of furniture," he had once told Charley Rowe. A good fellow, full of faults, but with a good heart and some innate refinement. A favorite with the ladies, he had flirted with many a belle and beauty, yet had always escaped serious entanglement. Possibly his idea of a wife was something different from the flashing fairies or vulgar dowdies he

had met in society. Something rarer and choicer he may have had an idea of. Be that as it may, he walked the soft Wilton of his floors, a little bewildered by his position. For awhile the vision of yellow curls and azure eyes, and the floating flounces of the sea-green drapery Bell Amber had worn on the last party night they met, dazed him. Suddenly the clock struck five. It was almost daylight. Dale Hudson rang for a servant.

"Jim, pack my valise. There's a vest in the wardrobe you may have, and the rest of those cigars."

He sat down at the table and wrote a note to Bell Amber, explaining his apparent neglect, and using a few ambiguous terms in reference to his remembrance of her—hardly knowing himself why he did so—perhaps for the same reason that a coquettish woman gives her glove to the man whom she rejects.

"For Love or War," said Dale Hudson.  
"For the present it is war."

It was past five o'clock when he went down into the street, but there met an orderly from his colonel who informed him that orders from headquarters were changed, and they would not go into camp until sunset.

The man sprang upon his horse again, and galloped away, and Dale Hudson walked on under the still gray sky, a raw, chilly wind breaking in his face; but he did not mind. A sudden mood had made his handsome, young face grave and absent. He was remembering that he had no one to say good-by to.

"Somehow I can't think of Bell Amber crying for a fellow," he said, looking wistfully and absently forward as he walked. "A little more heart with a little less beauty would suit me better, I think. Heigho! I think there are no such women as I used to believe there were." /

He walked on with his quick, firm, military tread, thinking, behind his reserved eyes and closely shut lips, of his dead mother. O, holy, holy motherhood!

The streets were being filled; the stores began to be opened. He stepped into a picture store to look at the photographs displayed, finding, in the cases, all his favorite paintings photographed to a happy imitation. He held before his criticizing eyes the charming scene called "Overtasked," when a low voice behind him said:

"Will you look at some album flowers, sir?"

He turned his head, surprised at the form of the request in so important a place. But in an instant he saw that he was addressed by no

clerk, but by a young girl who had entered from the street, and held in her hands an open portfolio of flower-painted cards. She laid the portfolio down upon the counter, and as the clerks came forward offered them for sale.

"They are not well enough done for our trade, Mr. Norton says," observed one of the young men, carelessly handling the cards. "He isn't in, and I don't think it is of much use for you to wait for him. We haven't sold any that he has taken."

"Your cowslips look just like buttercups; and look here! who ever saw that shade of yellow in a pansy?" said another young fop, impertinently.

Hudson looked on in wonder. He saw that the girl was very pale.

"Shame!" he said, in a low voice, suddenly.

The clerks drew back. The young girl looked up at him with a sudden crimson flooding her face.

"They do not know any better," she said, in a low voice. Then, as Dale Hudson took up her cards and looked at them earnestly, she said, eagerly:

"They are badly done, I know. I had to hurry in finishing them."

Hudson, with a good artistic knowledge, could not praise them, but they were as good as three-fourths of the copied flowers exhibited for sale. He picked out a rose bud at his leisure, and bought it for no other reason than because he wanted an opportunity to draw the girl out. She had a very sweet face, grave and intelligent beyond her years, he thought, then. Afterwards he found that her innocent heart gave her that look of exceeding youth.

"Have you studied painting much?" he asked.

"I have had no teacher, but have learned my rules from books and observation," she replied. "And indeed I have accomplished better things than these, or I should never hope to make my living in this way."

"May I ask if you depend entirely on the income of such labors as these?"

"Entirely, within a year. When my father lived I kept school in the country. Since I have lost him it was too painful to go on in the old way. I had rather depend on the precarious support my painting brings, than to stay in the old place."

"May I ask your name?"

"Cassandra Trent."

"And mine is Dale Hudson. I have but a few hours to spend in the city, but I would

like to do you some service before I go. How can I serve you?"

She looked at him—down through his eyes into the motive which prompted the words.

"You are kind—you are very good and kind," she said. "I do not know how you can help me, but I thank you just as much for the wish and the offer."

That look of hers had put Dale Hudson upon true grounds with Cassandra Trent. He went on gravely and respectfully.

"It is not customary for a person to take favors from a stranger, I know; but, believe me, it would give me sincere pleasure to go away with the thought that I had done some good to one less fortunate than myself. I cannot help you to sell your paintings, but if I might obtain for you a more remunerative employment, would you have any hesitation in accepting it?"

"Certainly not, if it were honorable, and I were capable of performing it."

"It is honorable, and if you have taught school you are capable of fulfilling the position of amanuensis and reader to a gentleman of means."

"Such an opportunity seems too good news to be true. Can you be in earnest, Mr. Hudson?"

"Quite. Here is my card. Give me your address, and I will send you word from Mr. Laurie before I leave town to-night."

She gave him her address—a side street at the south end—and with a frank, friendly clasp of the hands, they separated. Hudson left the store. Miss Trent closed her portfolio and followed him, her brain in a maze at the good news, which indeed seemed too good to be true.

She walked quietly through the crowded streets to her home at the south end. Home? It was only a sparsely furnished attic chamber, with an easel under the skylight, and on a little table with her work-basket a box of mignonette and pansies, and a few rose buds in a glass, which she had used for copies. There was a fire in the grate, and before it an old leather-stuffed chair, with a kitten asleep on the cushion.

The girl drew a long breath as she shut the door, then looked about brightly. Her glance fell upon the kitten. In an instant she was on her knees before the chair, her cheek on its soft fur.

"Nannie, the good times are coming! I really think they are coming now, pet. Don't you know how I cried last night when we

went to bed? Well, things look ever so much brighter now, indeed they do!"

The kitten purred riotously. Its mistress showered a few warm kisses among its soft fur, then sprang up and threw off her bonnet and shawl. The early eastern sunshine fell upon her face and figure as she turned to the glass and commenced letting down her hair.

Abundant hair it was, with fine glints of red gold among its darkness. She looked almost beautiful, enveloped into its waves, a quick smile coming and going on her lips, and that ruddy glow spreading, changing and deepening on her cheeks with her hopeful thoughts.

In the next square, some twenty yards from the place where Cassandra Trent's sad young life warmed itself into this rare glow of hope, Isabel Amber, the petted beauty, sat pouting over a note which lay on her lap as she lounged in a velvet *tete-a-tete* before the grate of glowing anthracite in her father's parlors. The note dropped upon the soft folds of Miss Isabel's snowy cashmere morning robe, was bathing its fairness in a bath of purple light from the stained window glass, while velvet and rose-wood, bronze, marble, and silken hangings made one remember the Pavilion of of the Caliphat, "in the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid."

But it was evident that the pretty mistress of the place believed herself in no Arabian Night's drama, but was very much fretted and annoyed at some reality of life. In fact, Isabel Amber held upon her lap the note of Dale Hudson, and she was bitterly disappointed. In fact, she had shed a few tears, but suddenly remembering that she was to attend Mr. Courcey's soiree that evening, and crying would make her eyes red, she wiped them away and sat pouting disconsolately at the red glow of the fire. The heart beating under the fine linen and soft cashmere, was the heart of a young girl, fluttering warmly, flattered, and free from any still depths of experience; but as she sat there, surrounded by every luxury, she seriously believed that no other one on earth was so sincerely unhappy.

Suddenly the door opened softly, and a little fairy figure fitted in. Little Vivia Amber. She had the same deep azure eyes and yellow curls which made her sister the beauty of her set. In her delicate rose-pink merino, the dainty sacque of crimson velvet and ermine slipping from her snowy shoulders, she was a perfect petite miniature of Isabel as she appeared that night before Mrs. Courcey's

guests. And Vivia was to prove herself another Isabel, in the coming years. But then she was only a pretty child, tripping over the roses of the velvet carpet and crying:

"Bell, Uncle Leonard wants you to come in and read to him."

"O, dear! this cold morning? I can't, Vivia!" said Bell, pettishly, and turning her flushed face from her little sister's sharp eyes.

Vivia whirled upon one dainty foot, struck the piano keys sharply, and sprang to the door.

"Stop. I must go, of course. But Uncle Leonard is the plague of my life. If people must be sick, I don't see why they need plague all their relations. Vivia, bring me my cloak."

"Get it yourself," said the child, crashing the keys of the piano and showing no disposition to move.

"Be still! you naughty girl! Father would whip you if he heard you so impudent."

The little, restless figure fitted out the door while she was talking, and Isabel rang for a servant to fetch her wraps.

"Vivia is spoiled, and I'm bored to death by Uncle Leonard, and father scolds about my never being at home, and—and everything goes wrong. I am just as wretched as I can be," sobbed the weak, spoiled girl, in a sudden burst of weeping.

The step of the servant was heard upon the stairs, and she sprang up and scolded her sharply as soon as she entered, for being so tardy.

A square further on was a darkened chamber, in the upper part of a metropolitan mansion. Laurie was the name upon the door-plate of burnished silver, and Leonard Laurie was the sick master of the magnificent house.

In dressing-gown and slippers, he sat in a lounging-chair before the grate, that morning. A pale, sick, weary man, too haggard with pain to be handsome in spite of the handsome features and exquisite sweetness of the parted lips as he sat with his head thrown back among the cushions and the broad white lids of his eyes shut in utter repose. So terribly worn and weary he looked, in spite of the luxuries around him. He might have been thirty or forty—one could hardly tell. There was much experience in the still face, but one hesitated to judge whether it was the work of physical pain or mental suffering.

Suddenly the door opened softly.

"Mr. Laurie."

The cautious voice of the trained servant

did not break that heavy repose of exhaustion. She advanced a few steps, glanced at the sleeping face, then retreated softly.

"We never wake him when he's sleeping, sir; he gets so little sleep. But he'll wake soon. Will you go in and sit down, sir?—or go down to the parlors."

This to Dale Hudson.

"I'll leave a note," he said.

Tearing a leaf from his memorandum-book, he rapidly wrote a few words, gave the paper to the servant, and left the house.

When Mr. Laurie started suddenly from his sleep he found the note lying upon the table beside him. He had made no decision over it when Isabel Amber rapped and came in.

"What shall I read, Uncle Laurie?" she asked, tossing off her cloak and furs. The prompt manner, as if she had a duty before her which she was desirous to be rid of as soon as possible, was not agreeable to the independence of Mr. Laurie's character, nor soothing to the sad and weary state he was in. He put his thin hand against the rosewood reading-rack beside him, and pushed it back nervously.

"Nothing!" he said, testily. "Sit down here and get warm, then go home again."

"You sent for me to read to you, Uncle Laurie."

"Well, I don't want you. I've changed my mind."

"You're so odd, Uncle Laurie!" pouted Isabel.

"Well, I can pay for my oddity. Here's five dollars to buy a new ribbon, Isabel. Has Vivie gone to school?"

"Yes; do you want her?"

"No," said Mr. Laurie, dropping his aching head upon his hand.

"This will buy me some charming ribbons for my hair," said Isabel, smoothing the note across her knee. "Let me see; I'll get something to match my party dress to-night. Wont I have a gay time? You ought to see me dance, Uncle Laurie!"

Mr. Laurie looked absently into the fire.

"Well, I'll go if you don't want me," Isabel exclaimed, springing up. "O, if Miss Lane don't get my white silk done for to-night, I shall certainly cry my eyes out. I wonder if a pink gauze ribbon would look well with those tea roses for my hair. Captain Hudson said, the other night—O, dear!"

"What did you say about Dale Hudson, Isabel?"

"Nothing;—only he's gone in the army

again. He wont be at the soiree to-night. O, I know it will be *stupid*!" and Isabel flirted out with a hasty good-by.

Mr. Laurie sat thinking. Who was this young girl whom Dale Hudson proposed to have enter his service? He didn't fancy girls as companions. If they were only what they might be. He sighed drearily. It was just as well, perhaps. He could awake no emotion but pity in the heart of the sweetest woman who might be.

Little Vivie, in scarlet velvet and ermine, sparkled into the room that afternoon. She chatted and laughed, sang a gay, little comic song which made Mr. Laurie laugh weakly, and danced here and there about the room like a fairy elf. She was very good when with her uncle, more tractable than with any one else. But she flitted away at last, after a great many rosy good-by kisses; and the invalid sank back in his easy chair, a little wearied by the child's visit, yet rested in a certain way—relieved from the ennui which usually made the hours of his life so burdensome.

The twilight began to gather in the room. The rattling carriages dashed by in a half darkness. There was a steady tramp—tramp—tramp upon the sidewalks; inside the house all was very still. The corners of the room were merged in darkness—the firelight glowed redly upon the fair ceiling. Mr. Laurie's eyes were full of thought, his face restful in a cessation of pain—his figure reclining in a posture of ease, when a soft voice said:

"Will you hear me read?"

The voice harmonized so perfectly with the peace of the apartment that Mr. Laurie was not startled. He turned his head and saw the figure of Cassandra Trent, without bonnet or shawl, her face turned gently towards him, her hand on the rosewood reading-rack.

"You are—"

"Cassandra Trent."

"Yes. Sit down there and read."

He pointed to an ottoman with a book upon it—one he had laid there an hour before. The firelight glowed bright and red upon its pages as Cassandra took it up.

"Can you see?"

"Yes, sir."

The book was Jean Ingelow's charming poems. Cassandra read one, two, three, when the firelight died down, suddenly, and she stopped.

"Thank you," Mr. Laurie said, gently.

"That will do for to-night. You may come again to-morrow night and read to me."

And Cassandra put down the book and went out as quietly as she had entered.

In explanation of her abrupt entrance, let me say that the housekeeper had understood her to be already engaged as reader to Mr. Laurie, and had directed her to leave her wraps with her, and go directly up to the chamber. Her low rap was unheard in the noise from the street, and she had pushed open the door and stood gazing before her, until the influence of the place drew her to her quiet adaptation of herself to it. So Cassandra first appeared in Mr. Laurie's life, and she never went out of it.

The next evening she came again, Mr. Laurie hearing her light rap, and saying, "Come in." This time the gas was lighted under the shade by the table, and all the time that Cassandra's flexible voice wandered along the passages of Tennyson's "Maud," Mr. Laurie looked earnestly at the broad, bowed head, the glossy hair, the white forehead, the red lips, and the downdropt lids, fair as wax.

She looked up suddenly.

"Are you tired, Mr. Laurie?"

"No; but perhaps we had better talk a little while."

She closed the book, and met his gaze frankly.

"Will you tell me who you are?" he said.

She told him something of her life—enough to allow him to understand a great deal more.

"Captain Hudson?"

With a flush upon her cheek, she told him how she had met him.

"Dale is Quixotic," Mr. Laurie said, with a faint smile. He was silent for a while; then he asked, "How far do you live from here?"

"In the next street. Do I suit you as a reader, Mr. Laurie?"

"Perfectly. If you choose to stay, your salary is twenty-five dollars a month. This will ensure your support, for though I shall not need you continually, I may want you at any time of the day or evening. You will, I presume, find some time to practise your profession, and if I can do anything to aid you in it, I shall be very glad to do so."

Cassandra went home, happy, to her little room. She turned all her crude drawings into the fire, adopted fresh plans for her easel, and went to bed with Nannie, to wake in the morning, not turning wearily from the light which brought her no pleasure in its coming, but to rise eagerly to work and hope. It was five o'clock—the hour at which Isabel Amber fell heavily asleep, exhausted with dancing,

her chamber strewn with the dead roses and ribbons of her evening's toilet.

The winter went by. Cassandra found some time to paint—two hours at least every morning—but Mr. Laurie certainly demanded the greater part of her time. She read to him, she wrote his letters, she did great piles of copying from favorite authors of rare works. But, most of all, Mr. Laurie made her talk. She wondered sometimes how he did it, for she talked with a freeness which surprised herself, and as she talked to no one else. She drew upon resources she had never dreamed she possessed.

Mr. Laurie listened, debated her questions, sometimes routed her positions, but always parted from her with a smile.

A few weeks after her engagement in his service, she received a letter from Dale Hudson, in camp. It read as follows:

"DEAR MISS TRENT:—I have heard from my friend, Mr. Laurie, of the satisfaction your services have given him, and if I could be sure that you were equally pleased with your position, I should, as a generally useless member of society, take to myself great credit for really doing something of service to my fellow-creatures. Will you not write me a few lines, telling me of your welfare, and trusting me as your friend?"

"Very truly yours, DALE HUDSON."

Cassandra read the letter with a flush upon her cheek, and a fluttering of the heart. She dreamed all night of Dale Hudson's handsome face. The next day she wrote to him.

So commenced a correspondence which was closely followed all the winter. One day, while in Mr. Laurie's room, a letter of Captain Hudson's slipped from Cassandra's pocket and fell upon the floor. Mr. Laurie, supposing it to be his own, picked it up, and discovered the superscription to be his companion's name, written in Dale Hudson's hand. In an instant he was convinced of what Cassandra had never suspected—that the Quixotic idea of the young captain had developed into a scheme.

That afternoon, as Cassandra left Mr. Laurie's room, Isabel Amber entered.

"Uncle Laurie," she said, "you never have told me where you picked that girl up."

"She is a friend of Dale Hudson's," Mr. Laurie replied.

"Why, she must be poor?"

"She is. Don't you remember the story of the prince who married the ballad-singer for

her voice, Isabel? Better men than Dale Hudson might wish to marry Cassandra Trent for her heart."

Isabel's blue eyes dilated, and she turned pale. Cassandra turned paler as she stood in the hall. She turned and flew noiselessly down the stairs again. Returning to the room for her glove, she had overheard every word. Yet her cheeks were as red as fire, as she passed into the street, and her lightly-beating heart seemed to hold her feet clear of the ground as she walked. *Did* Dale Hudson think of her in that way? If Cassandra had been world-wise, she would not have believed it; but as she was not, that feverish flush staid upon her cheek for days and weeks, and more than half her life was spent in vague, happy dreams. If Mr. Laurie noticed the dreamy eyes and smiling lips, he made no verbal comments, and so the bright, windy March days came.

One day, it came to Cassandra's knowledge that Mr. Laurie had been ordered South for his health—indeed, that he had been assured a journey to France was his only chance for life. It was a crooked thought to her why he did not go. One night she broached the subject, casually.

"I do not think it would save my life," Mr. Laurie replied; "if it would, I am not sure that I would care to make it."

He looked up from the book he held, to make this reply, then went on searching for a certain passage, no ways moved.

"But, Mr. Laurie—"

"Well, Miss Trent?"

"Are you willing to die?"

"Quite willing!"

He gave her the book, leaned his head upon his hand, and sat waiting for her to read. She commenced, but read passage after passage, unconscious of the meaning of her words. She finished the poem at last. There was a silence. Mr. Laurie sat with his eyes fixed on the fire; Cassandra's gaze rested inquiringly upon him, but he seemed absorbed in thought; and a score of minutes drifted by, while there was no movement in the room. Suddenly looking at him with new eyes, Cassandra saw Mr. Laurie so superior as a man—observed as a man instead of as an invalid—that she grew more and more lost in wonder at his strange words. Young, wealthy and respected, why was he so indifferent to living?

Mr. Laurie, looking up suddenly, looked full into her wondering eyes.

"Life isn't as sweet to me as to you, Cassandra; yet perhaps it is cowardly to wish to desert it," he said. Then, taking the book from her lap, "Finish those letters now; then you may go home."

Only a week later, came a note from Dale Hudson to Cassandra, dated in town.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am home on furlough. May I come and see you, at your home? My furlough is short, but I beg to see as much as possible of you during the time I am here.

"Truly yours, DALE HUDSON."

Cassandra's room was one flight down, now—a neat apartment with two draped windows, a sofa-bedstead, pictures, and brackets of statuettes, and a lounging-chair for dreamy comfort before the fire, glowing clear and bright in an open grate. Cassandra looked around with happy satisfaction upon the pretty room, that evening, as she waited for Dale Hudson's coming.

He came, at last. His dashing figure, in its glittering uniform, sat in the lounging-chair; his handsome eyes rested eloquently on Cassandra's blushing face; his smiling lips praised her copies of Titian and Correggio, and the pretty Cupids and charming Clytes upon the brackets. He told his adventures, disasters, escapes and plans; finally, at ten o'clock, called the place a cosy little nest, and asked if he might come again. Of course Cassandra, very much more than half in love with him, said "Yes;" and Mr. Laurie could not but notice the abstraction with which she went through her tasks on the following day. But Dale Hudson did not come that evening, nor the next.

On the following day, Mr. Laurie said:

"Have you heard the rumor about Captain Dale, Miss Trent?"

"What, sir?"

"That his father has failed, and his prospects are, pecuniarily, nothing."

"I had not heard," Cassandra said, slowly.

Still she waited for his coming; still he did not come. Restless and unhappy, she dragged through the days—not quite understanding herself, yet utterly dissatisfied, and constantly hoping for Dale Hudson's presence. She did not see him; she never saw him again.

She was in that state, half-sorrowful, half-irritable, when the slightest cross or jar would have been unbearably irritable, but never was Mr. Laurie gentler or kinder. Once or twice



he brought the tears to her eyes by some little word or act which touched her heart.

One morning, having an unusual headache, he was unable to speak much to her, but gave her some letters to answer, while he lay back in his easy-chair, with closed eyes.

The first one she took up was addressed upon the envelope in the handwriting of his agent, but inside was a sheet covered with the peculiar chirography of Dale Hudson. She read on to the end, before she suspected that a mistake must have placed it in her hands:

"MR. LAURIE—DEAR FRIEND,—Your reference to the young lady is warranted. I acknowledge to having a pleasant fancy of the sort; but my position now utterly forbids further indulgence of such pleasant fancies, or of any thoughts which are not practical and practicable. To tell you the truth, I never saw a face which I really cared to look at so well. If I had remained wealthy, I should have married her, if she would have married me. Now I can only congratulate myself on the caution which forbid my committing myself, or arousing a serious interest on her part. She has never suspected my intentions, I believe, and I am free to renew the old attachment which I once felt for your niece Isabel, who loves me, I am sure, in spite of my misfortune. Very truly yours,

"DALE HUDSON."

In an instant Cassandra divined that the letter had not been intended for her reading. She glanced at Mr. Laurie; he was sleeping. Looking over the table, she saw another pile of letters, not intended for her perusal. Slipping the one she held among them, she bent her head over her task, and, in spite of her trembling, worked steadily. Mr. Laurie found the letter, that evening, but never dreamed that his amanuensis had read it. In reading several letters arriving by the same mail, he had changed envelopes with two, and laid the note of his agent carefully by, in Hudson's envelope, while he gave Cassandra Hudson's letter in the envelope of his agent. He discovered the mistake, but his aching head was not clear enough to wonder how it came among his private letters; and so the matter passed, while Cassandra suffered the bitterest experience of her life.

Spring came. Cassandra had completed a small but very charming oil painting, and she brought it for Mr. Laurie to see. It was sunny May weather, and he sat before the open

window. For two months he had grown paler and thinner, and the fragile hand stretched out to Cassandra, every morning, made her wonder, often, what she should do when Mr. Laurie was gone. She watched him, wistfully, that morning—her kindest friend—as he sat looking at her picture, smiling, and praising it. Suddenly his glance was turned upward, and met her own. Something struck to the heart of each.

Mr. Laurie passed his hand across his face; then pointed to the little footstool at his side.

"Sit down here a moment, please," he said.

Cassandra obeyed, and waited.

"I have wanted to say something to you for a long time," he said. "Listen now, and do not be pained or embarrassed. It is not probable that I shall live until another spring. I am worth a hundred thousand dollars—and more. You are young, alone, talented, homeless and poor. If you had my fortune, you would have the benefits of an artistic education, a relief from care, and the comforts and luxuries you want and deserve. I need not ask you if you desire these—but tell me if you think it worth the sacrifice of marrying me, and devoting yourself to me while I may live?"

Cassandra was silent.

"You need not answer me now. Of course you wish for time in which to decide. I do not need your services now, so go home, and come again in the evening."

"Mr. Laurie," said Cassandra, pale and trembling, yet with a certain pride, "if you loved me—"

Mr. Laurie looked pained.

"I do love you," he said, gravely. "If I did not, I should not ask this sweetness for myself before I die."

Cassandra looked up at him, a slow red coming into her face.

"Mr. Laurie," she said, "I will give you my answer now."

"What is it?"

"That I will marry you."

"Thank you," he answered, with a bend of his head.

"And I will give you a better reason for doing so than yours."

"What is that?" he asked, looking at her.

"That I love you."

He started, and clasped her. She leaned her head upon his shoulder, and cried heartily.

Isabel Amber was terribly shocked at the idea of her uncle marrying his amanuensis.

But of course she could not dispute his right, though she lost his property.

They were married, and Cassandra's life went on the same, with the great difference that she was happy. There was pleasure in being mistress of that great, beautiful house, to be sure, but there was the true heart-happiness, worth all else, in those evenings when she looked up from her reading aloud to meet Mr. Laurie's eyes, and catch his murmur of "My darling, my darling!" How eagerly she grew to watch those eyes and lips—not for love, but for health. She sought a private interview with the old physician.

"Can he live?" she questioned, throbbingly.

"It is possible," replied the doctor. "If he can be persuaded to go South, it is yet possible."

Circumstances make a great difference. Mr. Laurie went willingly to France—with his wife.

In two years they returned—Mr. Laurie restored to good health. During that time, Dale Hudson had married Isabel Amber. They removed to New York, Isabel's fortune being sufficient to enable them to live in good

style, and Dale is still the handsomest fellow of his club. He, only, knows that there might have been a better life for him; and he studiously avoids meeting Mrs. Leonard Laurie. A meeting is not often threatened, as the Lauries are not in society, but live all the year around at their luxurious and comfortable country-seat on the Merrimac; while the Hudsons support an exciting round of pleasures in New York. Both are happy, according to their tastes.

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#### THE GRATEFUL BONZE.

A mandarin, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old, aly bonze, or priest, who followed him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other, "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except you have the trouble of watching them, an employment I do not desire."

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### AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

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On the brown, flowerless meadow lies  
The wraith of summer; oat flowers bright  
Not heavy on her death-blind eyes,  
Smiling with melancholy light.

And Autumn, with his eyelids red,  
Drooped to her beauty, sits to-day,  
His sad heart sweetly comforted  
By storms upon their starless way.

Seasons continuous, mingling, thrill  
Our souls, as notes that sweetly blend,  
Until we cannot, if we will,  
Tell where they ever begin or end.

And while the blue fly sings so well,  
And while the cricket chirps so low;  
In the bright grass I scarce can tell  
If there be daisy-flakes, or snow.

But when along the slumberous blue,  
And dreamy, quiet atmosphere,  
I look to find the April dew,  
I know the autumn time is here.

The lampless hollow of the skies  
Is full of mists, or blank, or dun;

Where all day, soft and warm, there lies  
A shadow that should be the sun.

The winds go noiseless on their way,  
Scarcely the lightest twig is stirred;  
Not through the wild green boughs of May  
Slips the blue lizard so unheard.

Under the woolly mullen, flat  
Against the dust, together creep  
The shining beetles; and the bat  
Is drowsing to his winter's sleep.

The iron-weeds' red tops are down,  
Wilted from all their summer sheen;  
The fennel's golden buds are brown,  
And loneliest of all the scene:

Hither and thither lightly blows  
A white cloud o'er the darkening wood,  
Like some unpastured lamb that goes  
Climbing and wandering for food.

But plenty gladdens all the world,  
For corn is ripe, if flowers be o'er;  
Autumn, with yellow beard uncured  
In summer's grave-damps, sigh no more.

## SLANDER AND PISTOLS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Not a thousand miles from the place where I live once lived a man named — But never mind, I will call him Lapstone. His given name, however, was Jedediah. He was half farmer and half shoemaker. He owned quite a respectable farm, which he carried on after a fashion, and he also had a small apartment in one corner of his shed, where he used to mend shoes, and boots, and old harnesses, for his neighbors, generally taking his pay in work; so that he managed to get most of his farm work done in return for cobbling—a thing which suited him much, seeing that he was far from being fond of physical labor, and especially of the exposure and drudgery of the farm.

Next to absolute laziness stood Jed's slandering propensities. He knew the affairs of all his neighbors; but had he contented himself with merely recounting what he knew, people about him would have been better off; for he had a peculiar faculty of manufacturing "incidents in real life," and these he retailed, *ad lib.*, over his bench. And these affairs were not always innocent; but, on the contrary, much mischief often resulted from his false reports. No one supposed that Jed ever entertained any real malignant feelings, but he *did* take pleasure in knowing that he had set some old friends "by the ears," as he called it; and at length his slanders became so frequent and so utterly devoid of truth, that people began to think of devising ways and means for being rid of him.

One rainy afternoon, some half-dozen neighbors had collected in Jed's shop, and the conversation chanced to turn upon a new comer into the town—a Captain Joseph Atherton, who had spent the most of his life at sea, and had now come to settle down upon a farm, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and quiet.

"O, yes—*ya-as*—I s'pose so," growled Jed, as some remark was made touching the captain's wealth. "He's rich enough, I'll warrant ye; but that don't make any need that he should put on such airs. He needn't think that because he's got a few thousand dollars more'n the rest on us, that he ken lord it raround jest as he's a mind to."

"Why, Jed, you don't know the man if you think he'd try to lord it over anybody," said an old man by the name of Stewart, who was present. "I've knowed Joe Atherton ever since he was a boy, and he never showed any such disposition."

"Have ye knowed him for the last five-an'-twenty year?" asked Jed, with a wink.

"Well, can't say as I have during that time, for he's been off, ye know."

"Yes—*ya-as*," uttered Jed, bringing his hammer down upon a peg with sudden vehemence; "that's the thing. Let me tell ye as how'n't them last five-an'-twenty years have put a new kink into him. He's mighty stiff and crank now, but I reckon I could bring him down a peg or two."

"Stiff and crank, Jed?"

"Yes—*ya-as*. Didn't he fairly insult me last Saturday night, down to the store?" said Jed.

"How was it?" quickly asked all but old Stewart.

"Why, I'll tell ye," answered Jed, laying down his awl, and turning the old shoe he was pegging with a jerk. "Ye see, Joe Atherton was in the store, and he'd jest been buyin' some 'lasses, an' I merely made the remark 'at I s'posed he'd been where they made 'lasses. He said he had; but ye ought to 'ave seen what a mighty high look he gave me."

"And why shouldn't he?" interrupted Stewart. "He never saw ye afore, an' the store was half full of folks; an' the familiar sort of a way ye put on, an' the way ye put yer face close up to his, didn't please him."

"Didn't it?" cried Jed.

"No, it didn't, for he as much as told me so."

"Ah, a-ah! He did, did he?"

"Why, yes. He asked me who that boreish fellow was."

"He meant me, did he?"

"Yes; and I don't wonder at it. The fact is, he's been bored half to death since he settled down here, by just such foolish questions; and he don't like it, especially when there's a crowd around, to be drawn right about him the moment he opens his mouth."

"He said I was a bore, did he?" Jed snapped out, angrily.

"No, no, Jed," quickly responded Stewart, anxious that no misunderstanding should result from his words. "He simply asked me who that boreish fellow was."

"And isn't that enough, I'd like to know?"

"But just remember, Jed. You had that nasty black pipe in your mouth—you never spoke with the man before—you looked dirty and independent—and ye puffed a cloud of smoke right in his face when ye spoke to him. By the gracious, I don't wonder he spoke so! And mind ye, Jed, I only tell ye of this so 't you may know how to behave the next time you meet a gentleman."

"A gentleman ye call him, do ye?" uttered Jed, laying the lasted shoe down upon one side, and the hammer upon the other. "Now jest look here; I wouldn't 'ave told this, only I wout have such chaps quite so crank. Mark my words, an' ye'll know how much Joe Atherton deserves the respect of any decent man. He's rich, aren't he? But who'd want his riches, and have to carry about his conscience? How's he made his money? Jest tell me?"

"Why, he's not only had a regular pay as captain, but he's had chances to trade on his own hook," answered Stewart.

"Yes, ya-as, that's his story. But mark me, I can tell ye a different story. *Pirates* make money fast!"

"What d'ye mean, Jed Lapstone?"

"If Joe Atherton hasn't fitted a halter for his neck more'n once, then call me a liar—that's all!"

"But d'ye mean that Captain Atherton has been a pirate?" asked two of his auditors at a breath.

"He has been—*jest—that—thing*!" returned Jed, very slowly, and with sure emphasis.

"You're a fool," said Stewart.

"Am I?"

"You are—jest a fool. What d'ye want to tell such a silly thing as that for?"

"Silly, is it?" cried Jed, who never allowed himself to be driven from an assertion he had once made, no matter how wild and meaningless it might be, but was always on hand with ready proof. "Silly, is it?" he repeated; "p'raps 'tis; but I want ye all to understand that I happened to be in Boston not long since, an' I *happened* to git holt of a bit of secret there. I *jest happened* to find out, by the way of a slant, that Captain Joseph Atherton wasn't no capt'n at all, but just belong-

ed to a squad of pirates that had got all sold out and off afore the officers could get a holt on 'em."

Of course this led to a protracted conversation; but Jed never gave up when once he had made an assertion, and he now stuck to his text.

"Look ye, Bill," said Stewart, after they had left the shop; "Capt'n Atherton shall give Jed a lesson—now mark me."

"But if you tell him what Jed has said, he'll kill the poor reprobate, wont he?"

"No, no, never fear; he's too much of a man to harm such a snake; but I'll just give him an inkling of Jed's character, and you see if he don't give him a lesson."

As might be expected, the thing was soon whispered about that Captain Atherton had been a pirate, and Jed Lapstone had already begun to chuckle over the idea of what a pickle his victim would be in, when the current of his feelings was suddenly changed. He sat in his shop one cold, windy afternoon, towards sunset, when a man drove up on horseback. Jed was alone, and he had just time to clear his foot from the strap, and rise to his feet, when the door opened, and in walked Captain Joseph Atherton. The captain was in the prime of life, somewhere about five-and-forty years of age, of a herculean frame, and able to look very savage, when he chose so to do. An enormous pair of jet black whiskers nearly covered his face, and his eyes had the seeming power of looking directly through a person.

"Mr. Lapstone, I believe?" remarked the captain, in a tone so mild that the cobbler's fears were half blown away.

"Ah—yes—ya-as, sir."

"You have a grove of young ash trees in your pasture, I have heard."

"Yas—ya-as, sir."

"Some of them are very straight and handsome."

"Ya-as, sir."

"I should like to look at them. I have use for some such, and if you will slip down there with me, I think I can make you an advantageous offer. If you would be as spry as possible, for I am in somewhat of a hurry."

"Yee—ya-as, sir," responded Jed, throwing off his apron, preparatory to putting on his coat. He remembered full well the scandalous falsehood he had told concerning his visitor, but he felt assured it had not yet reached the victim's ears, so he was quite easy.

In a few moments the cobbler-farmer was ready, and he set out. The way was through the barn, down the lane, into the pasture, and over a gentle swell of land, being a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the house. The sun was nearly down when they reached the grove, and the wind was cold and searching. Jed shivered some, and as he noticed how comfortable his companion's great overcoat looked, he wished he had taken his own.

"There, this is the place," said the cobbler, stopping when he reached the copse of ash trees, the thick foliage of which had now turned yellow beneath the frost touch, and was beginning to bestrew the ground.

"Ay, so I was aware," uttered the captain, in a deep, deadly tone, at the same time turning short around upon his guide. "I told you I had use for some such, and I have, sir. I meant to use them as your place of sepulchre. Can you pray?"

Jedediah Lapstone stood aghast. Never before had he heard a voice so deep, nor had he ever before stood in the presence of so awful a man. His knees shook, and his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

Meanwhile, Captain Atherton deliberately unbuttoned his overcoat, and took from his bosom two huge pistols.

"Jedediah Lapstone," he pronounced, in a tone that seemed to accord perfectly with the mournful wind that sighed through the tree-tops, "you have slandered my character most cruelly, and past redemption, and *blood* is the only thing that can wash the crime away! But I will not murder you. Here, take this pistol, and at the given word you shall fire. Take it, I say!"

"O! Mercy! mer-r-ry!" gasped the terrified man, sinking upon his knees, and clasping his hands.

"*Mercy!*" repeated the gigantic avenger, in a tone of such bitter scorn that Jed's hair fairly started up on end. "How dare you profane that sacred word? What mercy had you when you murdered my character? when you deliberately asserted that I had been a pirate? Yes, sir, a *pirate*, you said! By all the powers on earth, no man can live who let such words drop from his lips! Come, take the pistol, for you must die!"

"O, don't, don't! O, dear captain, I didn't mean it! I wont never do so agin, I wont, I wont!"

"Take the pistol, I say!"

"O-h-h! I've got a wife, and—a-a-and three innocent children!"

"You did not think of my wife and children when you stabbed the very soul of their protector's honor. Take the pistol! There, now you have just five minutes to live! Mind, I never miss my man! In five minutes you die! Pray, if you have anything to pray for."

Poor Jed took the pistol by the muzzle, and thus held it until it dropped from his nerveless grasp. He was still upon his knees, and his hands were once more clasped. He shook like an aspen, his face was livid with terror, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Like all low slanderers, he was a perfect coward.

"O, for mercy's sake!" he gasped. "Salvation and Israel, Jerusalem and Pentecost, and the saints, have mercy on me! O, I wont never agin speak a word agin ye! I wont, so help me Heaven! O, spare me! noble man, spare me!"

"Four minutes of the five are gone!" calmly spoke Atherton, holding his watch in his hand, and at the same time deliberately cocking his pistol.

The terrified man gazed one moment into the avenger's face, and then he burst into tears. He cried like a great school-boy, and the words he tried to utter were lost amid sobs and groans. Atherton saw that his victim's face was becoming deathly, and that his reason was leaving him; and he feared that if he kept up the farce much longer, the man's brain might be turned forever.

"Jedediah Lapstone," he said, "for the sake of thy wife and children, I might spare thee if I thought you would commence a new life."

"Holy angels and Absalom!" cried Jed; "I'll do anything you say—anything, everything—I will!"

"I don't know how to trust you. If I could feel sure you would never, never speak one false word about a living thing again, I might spare you now."

"Salvation and Jerusalem! I wont never, never agin say one word about anybody. O, I wont, jest as true as Absalom, I wont!"

"Now mark me," said Atherton, slowly and solemnly. "If I let you off this time, remember that I only do so on condition that you remain true to your promise. I shall keep these two pistols loaded, and the moment I hear of one slanderous word from your lips touching the character of anybody, I shall come to you again, but never again will I spare you. I shall watch you narrowly, and others will watch you for me. Remember

now, your life is mine. I claim it, and only lend it to you while you remain true. Farewell. You can live, if you wish."

The dark man stooped and picked up the dropped pistol, and then walked quickly away from the place. The sun was already down, and the dew was falling fast. Pale, cold, and shivering, Jedediah Lapstone started for home, and when he was gone, some half dozen of his acquaintances came out from the ash trees, one of whom was old Stewart. They smiled as they saw Jed on his homeward way.

Mrs. Lapstone was frightened when she saw how pale and haggard her husband looked; and he had to drink a pint of herb tea, have his feet soaked in hot water, and toasted onions applied, ere he could pacify her.

On the following morning he went to work as usual in his shop, but he was thoughtful and taciturn. Towards noon some of his friends dropped in.

"I was in to Capt'n Atherton's house last night," said Stewart, "and he came home after I got there. My conscience! I never saw a man look so terrible as he did. He took two great pistols out of his bosom, and laid 'em away in his desk; and I heard him tell his wife not to touch 'em on any account, 'for,' said he, 'they're both loaded, and I may have to use 'em. At all events,' says he, 'I'm a goin' to protect our people agin a brute that does a good deal more mischief than a robber.' He wouldn't tell me what he meant, but he must have meant something dreadful."

Jed trembled, but he did not speak. And from that time forth his tongue spoke no more slander. If, at times, he caught himself with such words on his lips, they were quickly recalled. For a year or so he was held in check by fear; but at the end of that time he had begun to learn that there were higher and more noble inducements for a virtuous life, and he thus became a good neighbor. And just about this time, too, he was told that Atherton had fired off the two pistols, and that he said, when he did so, he "guessed there'd be no more need of 'em." Jed was easy now, but his tongue, once mastered, kept in the right track ever afterwards.

Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life, he will escape slander. There will be those even who hate them for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folks in the world who are unwilling others should be better than they.

### THE WORM AT THE CORE.

There was a rich man at the court of King Herod; he was high chamberlain, clothed in costly apparel, and living in state and magnificence. There came to him from distant lands a friend of his youth, he had not seen for many years. Anxious to do him honor, the high chamberlain made a great feast, and invited all his friends. The tables were laden with the most delicate viands, on dishes of gold and silver, and many costly vessels filled with wines of all kinds. The rich men sat at the head of his table, on his right hand sat the friend who had come from distant lands, and they ate and drank and were satisfied. Then said the stranger to the king's high chamberlain, "I have never seen such magnificence as this in my native land." And he praised all he saw, and esteemed his friend the happiest of men. But the rich man, the king's high chamberlain, took an apple from a golden dish. It was large and smooth, and rosy as the cheek of a sleeping infant, and as he handed it to his friend, he said, "Behold this apple; it lay on a golden dish, and it is lovely to look upon." And the stranger, the friend of his youth, took the apple, and cut it through; but, alas! at its core was a worm! Then the stranger gave a glance toward his host; but the high chamberlain looked down and sighed.

### EFFECTS OF INTER-MARRIAGES.

The attention of the French Academy has been recently called to the peculiar results of a remarkable marriage of this kind. The father and mother have always enjoyed excellent health; nevertheless, four of their children in succession were still-born, the fifth is deaf and dumb, the sixth is a dwarf, the seventh at present exhibits no peculiarity. It was found, when inquiries were instituted, that the mother, who was reared at a foundling hospital, is the sister of the father, though the circumstance had been unknown to both of them. This, indeed is an extreme case; but near relationship is often found to produce similar consequences. Even frequent inter-marriages between members of the same family are known to produce mischievous effects.

Moses says he wishes he could hear of some place where people never die; he would go and end his days there. Moses is the same eccentric individual who, attending divine service in a church where the people came very late to meeting, observed that it seemed to be the fashion there "for nobody to go to church until after everybody had got there."



## The Florist.

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### THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PLANT.

When we compare human life with plant life it is astonishing to what an extent their vital phenomena resemble each other. All the stages of human life, of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, are well defined in plant life. From the abundance which nature furnishes, we shall select an annual plant, one of those flowers which adorn the garden or the landscape for a few months or weeks, and then pass away for ever, to be replaced by other floral forms as the seasons change, equally graceful, beautiful, and perishable.

**THE STAGE OF INFANCY.**—This commences with the first movement of re-awakening life in the seed, and closes with the fall of the cotyledons or nursing leaves. If we plant the seed of such an annual in a suitable soil when spring and warm weather come it will begin to germinate, or its life-movement will re-commence. It first attracts the moisture from the soil to itself. This produces the softening and swelling of its outer covering, which is finally ruptured by the growth of the embryo in its interior, which sends downward through the torn seed-cover a little rootlet, and upwards a young stem, to which are attached the first pair of leaves. These leaves, which are thick and fleshy, form the great bulk of the seed, and are called by botanists cotyledons: they are, in reality, the nursing leaves of the young embryo. They are thick and fleshy because they contain a store of starch, provisions elaborated by the parent plant which produced the seed, and whose last vital movements were expended in making this food for its offspring! On this store of starch, the infant plant, with its little root, and its stem bearing towards its summit the first true aerial leaves, is at first wholly parasitic, until it is sufficiently grown to attract from the earth and atmosphere a sufficiency of food for its support, and can do without the nursing leaves.

During the first stages of its life, our little annual attracts oxygen from the air; this enters the nursing leaves, and through its influence, the starch which they contain is converted into a soluble sugary gum called dextrine, which the water absorbed during germination conveys to the rootlets in the soil, and to the young leaves forming in the atmosphere. Thus nourished, both grow, and the young leaves speedily expand and take the form peculiar to the plant.

With the progress of growth, the nursing leaves also undergo a great change in their appearance. Lifted above the ground and exposed to the light of the sun, they speedily expand and take a green, life-like color, becoming so much enlarged that they present quite a different appearance to that which they had when folded together and enveloped by the seed-skin. Now as the first rootlets

and aerial leaves are formed principally out of the nutritive matter with which the cotyledons are furnished, they become gradually atrophied, or waste away and shrivel up, as the nutritious store in them disappears, and finally fall off from the stem. With the full development of the aerial leaves and the fall of the nursing leaves, the first stage of vegetable life, **THE STAGE OF INFANCY**, is closed.

**THE STAGE OF YOUTH.**—This is the proper vegetable stage, throughout which the plant is wholly independent of the nursing leaves, and draws its nutritious material entirely from the earth and atmosphere. The commencement of this epoch is therefore marked by the atrophy and fall of the nursing leaves. See, how admirably the two extremities of our plant are organically adapted to the earth and atmosphere! A rootlet and a leaf, how different in form and color! yet both are absorbents beautifully adapted to the two media into which they develop themselves. Their functions are the same. The little rootlets descend into the soil, and put forth from their surface innumerable fine, white, hair-like fibres, the instruments by means of which the plant takes up its food; its young stem ascends into the air, and its bark and fibre, arranged cylindrically in separate beds or layers in the stem, are spread out horizontally at definite points along its stem, in the form of numerous flat, horizontal, green plates, or absorbent surfaces, called leaves. The bark or cellular tissue of these leaves is penetrated by the fibres of the wood in the shape of veins, veinlets and capillaries, which communicate directly with the fibres of the stem and roots, and thus act as conduits of the sap from one extremity of the plant to the other. In this manner the sap brought from all the other parts of the plant is conducted to all parts of the leaf by these veins, veinlets, and capillaries, to be thoroughly spread out and aerated in the leaves.

The leaves now contribute individually to each other's support, the lower leaves aiding in the growth of those above them, and contributing also to the development of that portion of the stem which is below them, and to the increase of the number of rootlets in the soil, and thus vegetative power gradually increases. As those leaves situated towards the middle of the stem are not only larger, but more wide apart, than the leaves above and below them, it is evident that the growth of the plant is first accelerated and then retarded, and that the vegetative force is greatest about the middle of the stem. It is here, therefore, that the wave of growth culminates. From this point upwards the vegetative force diminishes, the leaves decrease in size, their internodes shorten, until finally the vegetative force is reduced to zero, and the leaves are crowded into beautiful flowers.

Our plant has now entered upon that interesting period which has been emphatically called "the change of life." We notice a peculiar alteration in its habits and structure. Another force has come into play—that of reproduction—which gradually gains the ascendancy, checks the growth of the plant, brings the leaves together, and finally culminates in the production of flower-buds. These differ only from leaf-buds in having no power of extension, for as in the flower the vegetative powers of the leaves are reduced to zero, the axis of the floral leaves necessarily retains its rudimentary condition, and no intervals of stem whatever are formed between them. The vegetative stage of youth is passed away for ever, and the plant has now entered upon the reproductive period of its life, or the

**PERIOD OF PUBERTY.**—This epoch in plant life clearly corresponds to the same interesting and critical period in human life, when man attains his greatest strength, and woman is most gentle, graceful, beautiful.

In the flower the leaves are crowded together in order that they may communicate in a peculiar manner with each other, and in consequence of the gradual expiration of the vegetative force in that direction. Hence the change of structure or departure from the ordinary type of leaf increases as we pass from the outside to the inside of the flower; for the vegetative forces are gradually enfeebled in the flower, and reduced to zero in the centre, where the metamorphosis of the leaf is at a maximum, or the leaf attains its highest organic perfection.

We select for analysis one of the more highly organized flowers, where all the parts usually described are present. We must, however, say that these parts, though well defined in some flowers, are more or less blended together in others. Nature laughs at all such distinctions, and we seek in vain to confine her within the fetters of an artificial nomenclature. The following distinction of parts, is, however, very convenient for beginners. The flower, then, consists of four sets of progressively metamorphosed leaves. The two outer sets which are generally the most showy, are simply the envelopes which surround the truly botanical flower. They are called the calyx and corolla.

**The Calyx.**—This, when well-defined, constitutes the outermost cluster of the floral leaves. Although greatly diminished in size, the leaves of the calyx not unfrequently retain their green color. Individually they are called sepals, collectively the calyx, because they form a cup-like involucre around the next set of leaves, which are called collectively

**The Corolla,** and individually petals.—These are the most showy leaves in the cluster, constituting the part which is popularly considered as the flower. Thus the red petals of the rose, the yellow petals of the butter-cup, the white petals of the lily, constitute the corolla of those plants.

**The process of fertilization.**—This takes place when all the floral leaves have arrived at maturity, and is as follows: When the flower is fully expanded, at first the anthers of the stamens are unruptured, moist, and closed; but, as the stamens approach maturity, the anthers become dry, open their cells, and discharge their pollen on the stigmatic surface of the pistils, which about this time exudes a clammy fluid which serves to retain the pollen-grains. These grains absorb the exuded fluid, swell out, and finally emit delicate tubes, which penetrate the loose cellular tissue of the style, and convey the fertilizing fluid contents of the pollen-grains to the ovules in the ovary of the pistil. The ovules having received the impregnating matter, the embryos or miniature-plants begin to form in them, and the ovules are then gradually transformed into seed. With the discharge of the pollen, the act of fertilization is accomplished. The vital forces from this period begin to be enfeebled, and all the phenomena mark the gradual subsiding of all energetic life movements, which culminates in death and disorganization. Our plant therefore clearly enters upon

**THE PERIOD OF OLD AGE.**—In all the previous stages of its existence it was a beautiful subject for contemplation, but it is particularly interesting as a study when it approaches the close of its allotted period of life. What! when its leaves are withering and falling from its stem, when its flowers are losing their brilliant hues and inimitable coloring, and when the whole vegetable economy is languishing? Yes, even then it becomes, if possible, an object of deeper admiration! Why do the flowers lose their beauty, the petals detach themselves and fall, the stamens experience the same degradation, the stigmas and styles disappear equally with the other parts? It is because these parts have done the work which was assigned them by nature; and also, for this reason, a new vitality has now been established in the impregnated parts to their detriment.

The sap from the leaves now passes through what was formerly the peduncle or flower-stalk into the green walls of the ovary, which acts like a leaf on the atmosphere, and having been rendered there additionally nutritious, the currents finally meet and pour their contents together into the little cord of vessels, or seed-stalk, which attaches the ovule, or forming seed, to the maternal wall of the ovary, and which may be very properly called the umbilical cord, or vegetable navel-string. The currents of sap are all converging to those little seed-stalks, to those forming plant embryos contained in the seed, and the little store of starch is being prepared which is to support their infant-life. Nature carries on this process until the embryos, their food, and the wrappers, or seed-covers, are all perfected, the transformation of the ovule into the seed is then accomplished, and all the movements of life cease.

## The Housewife.

### A Fillet of Veal roasted.

The bone should be taken out; fill the cavity with a dressing made of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and sweet marjoram, a piece of butter the size of an egg, or a little fat pork chopped very fine, and one egg; mix this up well; skewer the veal tight, to keep the dressing in. It adds to the look and taste of a fillet of veal to lard it with pork; if this is not done, it should be basted often with butter. A piece weighing eight pounds requires four hours to roast.

### Mutton Pie.

Take cold roast mutton, cut in nice slices; lay them in a pie-dish; season them with pepper and salt; add the cold gravy and a spoonful of currant jelly; if not enough gravy, add a little water, a piece of butter, dredge in a little flour, and cover it with paste, or rice, or potato crust. Bake it three quarters of an hour.

### A Loaf of Veal

Is very nice, roasted plain. It is, however, very palatable cooked the same as a fillet of veal, by taking out the kidneys, and putting dressing in their place. It requires three hours if roasted plain, and three and a half hours with dressing.

### Roast Lamb.

The fore quarter is much the best piece to roast. It should be roasted about one hour and a half, and frequently basted. To make the gravy, take all the dripping from the tin roaster, add a very little water, a little salt and flour, and give one boil.

### Mint Sauce,

To serve with roast lamb. Take a bunch of green mint, and chop it very fine with a knife; add a teacup of fine brown sugar, and a teacup of sharp vinegar. Stir this up, and send it to the table in a sauce-boat.

### Imitation Apple Pie.

Six soda-biscuit soaked in three cups of cold water, the grated rind and juice of three lemons, and sugar to your taste. This will make three pies.

### Chocolate.

To a quarter of a pound of chocolate add two quarts of water, stirring it frequently until it is dissolved; give it one boil, then add one pint of cream or one quart of milk, and give it one more boil. Sweeten it to your taste.

### A boiled Leg of Lamb.

A common-sized one should be boiled about an hour and a half; drawn butter and parsley to be served with it.

### Chicken Pie.

Cut the chicken into four quarters; season them with pepper, salt, a little mace, and sweet marjoram; lay the chicken into the dish very close; dredge in some flour, a little butter in small bits, and a cupful of hot water (or veal stock), enough to fill the dish. Make a good paste crust; line the sides of the dish and rim; put in the chicken; cover it over with the crust; cut a hole in the top, and bake it half an hour. If the chickens are not very young, they should be boiled half an hour, after they are cut up, with some strips of pork.

### Salad Dressing.

Take the yolks of two hard-boiled and two raw eggs, put them into a flat dish, with a large spoonful of fresh mixed mustard, a little salt and Cayenne pepper; stir this well together with a large wooden spoon, or an egg-beater; turn in by degree half a bottle of sweet oil, half a cup of good, sharp vinegar, and the juice of a lemon, stirring all the time.

### Oyster Sauce.

Take a quart of good oysters; wash them clean from the liquor; let that stand until settled; turn it into a saucepan. Braid quarter of a pound of butter into one table-spoonful of flour; stir it into the liquor, with a little mace, pepper, salt, a glass of white wine, or a cup of cream; give it one boil, add the oyster, and let it boil up once. Serve in an oyster-dish.

### Celery Sauce.

Take two or three heads of celery, cut it up fine, put into a saucepan with about three pints of cold water, a little salt, and a few pepper-corns. Boil it two hours. Braid into a quarter of a pound of butter a table-spoonful of flour, stir it in with half a teacup of cream; add the seasoning, and let it boil up well.

### Apple Sauce.

Peel, quarter, and core the apples, and throw them into cold water; rinse them out; put them into a preserving-kettle with a very little water, and cover them up tightly; stew them until nearly done; then sprinkle in sugar enough to sweeten them to your taste. Cover it up tight again, and simmer them until done. Turn the kettle bottom upwards, so as not to stir the apples and break them, as the sauce looks much better with the apples whole as possible.

### Tomato Omelet.

Beat up six eggs; mix two table-spoonfuls of flour with a little butter, and add some salt and pepper; peel and chop very fine four tomatoes; stir all together, and fry quick.

## Curious Matters.

### A Bird-Catching Spider.

An English naturalist has lately published a narrative of his adventures in the region of the River Amazon. The following is his account of a bird-catching spider, which he saw at Cameta, in the province of Para: "The species was *M. avicularia*, or one very closely allied to it. The individual was nearly two inches in length of body, but the legs expanded seven inches, and the entire body and legs were covered with coarse gray and reddish hairs. I was attracted by a movement of the monster on a tree trunk; it was close beneath a deep crevice in the tree, across which was stretched a dense white web. The lower part of the web was broken, and two small birds, finches, were entangled in the pieces; they were about the size of the English siskin, and I judged the two to be male and female. One of them was quite dead; the other lay under the body of the spider not quite dead, and was smeared with the filthy liquor or saliva exuded by the monster. I drove away the spider and took the birds; but the second one soon died. The fact of species of mygale sallying forth at night, mounting trees and sucking the eggs and young of humming-birds, has been recorded long ago by Madame Merian and Palisot de Beauvois; but in the absence of any confirmation, it has come to be discredited. The mygales are quite common insects; some species make their cells under stones, others form artistic tunnels in the earth, and some build their dens in the thatch of houses. The natives call them *Aranhas curaquejeiras*, or crab-spiders. The hairs with which they are clothed come off when touched, and cause a peculiar and almost maddening irritation. The first specimen that I killed and prepared was handled incautiously, and I suffered terribly for three days afterwards. I think this is not owing to any poisonous quality residing in the hairs, but to their being short and hard, and thus getting into the fine creases of the skin. Some mygales are of immense size. One day I saw the children, belonging to an Indian family who collected for me, with one of these monsters secured by a cord round its waist, by which they were leading it about the house as they would a dog."

### A Female Freemason.

In the year 1798 Lord Doneraile allowed the Freemasons to hold their lodge, of which he was grand master, at his house. His daughter, the Honorable Lady St. Leger, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, concealed herself in the room where the Freemasons were; but after witnessing a portion of their ceremonies, became so alarmed that she attempted to glide from the room, which she did unperceived until she reached the door, when she encountered a man with a drawn sword, who seized and brought

her back to the room, where she was sentenced to death, and would, it is said, have undergone the penalty of her curiosity but for the interference of her brother. He pleaded on her behalf, and obtained her pardon on condition that she became a Freemason, which condition she cheerfully complied with, and ever afterwards appeared with the masons dressed in full costume.

### Extraordinary Mechanical Contrivances.

In the year 1578 a blacksmith of London, named Mark Scalliot, made for exhibition and trial of skill a lock of iron, steel, and brass, composed of eleven several pieces, and a pipe key, all clean wrought, which weighed but one grain of gold. He also made a chain of gold of forty-three links, to which was fastened the lock and key. All these being put about the neck of a flea, it drew the same with ease. The chain, lock, and key weighed but one grain and a half. In 1829 a man exhibited in London two fleas, one drawing a kind of car, and the other a lock and chain, with the greatest ease. In Nottingham, also in the same year, there were two fleas shown, which had gold chains placed round their necks; one of them drew a carved cherry-stone, and the other a silver cannon.

In 1711, a Mr. Penketham exhibited a wonderful invention called "The Pantheon; or, the Temple of the Gods," the work of several years and great expense. It consisted of five curious pictures, the painting and contrivances of which were equally admirable. The figures, about one hundred in number, moved their heads, legs, arms, and fingers, and set one foot before another like living creatures.

One of the most celebrated mechanics was James Sandy, who some years ago lived in the town of Alyth, in Scotland, and for genius and eccentricity of character was remarkable. Deprived at an early age of his limbs, he continued, by dint of ingenuity, not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself a useful member of society. He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived, as a workshop for his operations, a sort of circular bed, the sides of which being raised about eighteen inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning-lathes, tables, vices, and tools of all kinds. His genius for practical mechanics was universal. He was skilled in all sorts of turning, and constructed several very curious lathes, as well as clocks, and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone than the elegance of their execution. He excelled, too, in the construction of optical instruments, and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those finished by the most eminent London artists. He suggested some important improvements in the machinery for

spinning flax. To his other endowments he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both of these arts produced specimens of the highest excellence. In upwards of fifty years he quitted his bed only three times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. In consequence of a long confinement his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, particularly when surrounded by his country friends. This singular man acquired, by his ingenuity and industry, an honorable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. He married about three weeks before his death.

#### A Persevering Jurist.

Edward Livingston, after a labor of two years, had prepared for the legislature of Louisiana a complete code of criminal laws, in both the English and French languages. One night he retired, after sitting up late to give the last touch to his work. An alarm of fire awoke him, and he rushed into the study to find his work reduced to ashes. He was sixty years of age, but the next morning, nothing daunted, he sat down to begin again. In two years more the reproduction was complete—a phoenix of what had been destroyed.

#### A Polite Judge.

Some curious stories are told of the uniform politeness of Baron Graham, an English judge, while on the bench. In his day, it was usual to suspend judgment in the criminal cases till the conclusion of the assizes, and deliver all the sentences in a lump. A name had been accidentally omitted in the list of capital punishments, of which he was reminded on coming to the end of the list. "O, yes, I see, John Thomson—John Thomson, I beg your pardon, you are also to be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your miserable soul, too!"

#### Goodman Misery.

A curious book, of remote date, is entitled "The History of Goodman Misery." It contains a fable which we do not recollect to have met with before, and which is capable of being applied with considerable poetical effect. In a certain village, two travellers, Peter and Paul, are overtaken by a pouring rain. They apply for shelter and a night's lodging at several houses, but in vain. The rich man of the place bids his servants send them from his doors, and the poor people have no room. At length they find admission to a cottage. It is that of Goodman Misery, the poorest person in the place, a starving wretch, whose hovel contains nothing but a bundle of dirty straw, which serves its owner for a bed. The principal subsistence of poor Misery was derived from a pear-tree; but at that moment he was in great distress, a robber having despoiled him of a great part of his fruit. Misery's story excited the compassion of his guests. On their inter-

cession, and as a recompense for the wrong he had suffered, Goodman Misery obtained his wish, that no one who mounted the pear-tree should be able to descend without his consent. The first person who is thus entrapped is the former robber, who returns for some gleanings of the pears. Misery discovers him in the tree-prison, and after many taunts and jeers goes away to gather wood. Two neighbors, attracted by the robber's cries, endeavor to assist him to descend, and are themselves caught. On his return, Misery releases his neighbors without a word, and sets free the robber on his promise never to offend again. Shortly afterwards Death visits the old man. The king of terrors is astonished to find himself received without alarm.

"Why should I be afraid of you?" asked Misery; "what pleasure have I in this life? I possess nothing in the world save this hovel and a pear-tree. If anything could be a source of grief to me, it would be that I must leave that tree, which has for many years been my only subsistence."

He asks to be permitted to gather a pear from his tree, and then he will be ready to depart. Death consents. They go out together for the purpose. Misery fixes his longing eye on a pear which hangs upon one of the topmost boughs, and asks for the loan of Death's scythe to hook it down.

"A good soldier never allows himself to be disarmed," answered Death. "Climb up, and gather it."

"Alas!" said Misery, "do you not see that I am scarcely able to stand?"

"Well," replied Death, "I will do it for you."

He does so, and is unable to descend. Taunts and threats ensue.

"How dare you trifle with me, who make all mankind tremble?"

"You have the whole world for your dominion; why should you have thought of troubling a poor wretch like me?"

Death declares that he will kill the tree. Misery will not permit him to stir. At length the day is wearing away. Multitudes of miserable beings in all quarters of the earth are waiting for Death's dismissal. He makes a bargain with his detainer, that if he will permit him to descend, he will never disturb him again until the day of judgment. Thus, continues the fable, Misery became established upon the earth. Death passes his door, from time to time, without even inquiring after his health, and as long as the world lasts, there will still be the wretched hovel, and Goodman Misery, its miserable tenant.

#### Multiplying Coin.

To increase sixpence, apparently, to a shilling:—Get a glass of water and a plate. Put the sixpence into the tumbler, and then, covering it with the plate, turn it upside down on the table. The coin will seem as though on the plate, and appear a shilling; while the sixpence will seem to be floating on the top.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### WATER IN THE AIR.

For many weeks, during the present season, the North and the West suffered with a drought. From the first of June until the latter part of July, but an inch or two of rain fell; consequently, streams dried up, the grass looked white and lifeless, and all species of vegetation suffered. The wind seemed without a particle of moisture, yet there was a certain amount of water in the air, nevertheless. There is always in the atmosphere a greater or less degree of moisture. It is not part of the atmosphere, yet it is ever in it, in variable quantity. In fact, as a fish cannot live without air, so neither can we, without water in the air we breathe. The air is incessantly absorbing moisture, day and night, summer and winter—but more vigorously by day, and in summer. If we put some water in a saucer, it disappears; it has changed it into vapor, which mingles with the air. The hotter the air, the more moisture it can hold in the form of vapor. Each increase of cold condenses some of it into rain, or snow, or hail. In summer evenings we have dew, because the cold earth condenses some of the vapor held in the hot atmosphere.

But how is it that the air is so full of moisture? All the waters of all the rivers and lakes in the world have been up in the atmosphere. Yet water is 800 times heavier than the atmosphere. How is this weight lifted and suspended? whence does it all come? how does it reach different places to water all the earth? A glance at the map of the world will answer the question of whence comes it. See how large is the extent of water, especially in the southern hemisphere. Here is the great reservoir from which chiefly is drawn our water supplies.

The southern hemisphere is, we have seen, the great water reservoir for the supply of the land and large rivers of the north. How is the water raised? Here, again, the sun is the great laborer; he pumps up through the atmosphere our water supply. As fire turns water into steam, or invisible vapor, so the

sun vaporizes the water of the ocean until the atmosphere is saturated with it. As, the hotter the atmosphere, the more it can drink up, it is within the tropics that the largest part of our water supply is raised. The amount of work the sun does in water-lifting is wonderful. Arago calculated that the force required to lift the water that is raised in one year by the sun into the atmosphere, is greater than all the people of the earth could exert in 200,000 years. The amount of rain which falls in every year would cover all the earth five feet deep. Now, this must first be raised into the air, then suspended there for a time, and afterwards come down as rain.

But, when the water is thus raised into the atmosphere, how is it to be brought to the various places where it is required? It is, as it were, bound up in the clouds, and then carried on the wings of the wind. The winds in their circuits bear it in all directions; then, when a warm current of air is met by a colder, or is arrested by some bleak mountain-top, the vapor is condensed. Thus clouds are formed. These are sometimes again dissolved, by fresh heat, into vapor, and disappear. At other times the particles of vapor gradually unite, and rain, or snow, or hail, is the result. As the cold increases, more and more moisture is taken from the atmosphere, until there is little or none left, when the dry air hurries again to drink up the moisture from the ocean, and again to be carried on the viewless winds, again to fall as rain on the earth, causing it to bring forth fruit for the service of man.

All remember the wet weather which we experienced in April and May. The wind for forty days came from the east, and the clouds which it drove over the north were charged with rain, drawn up from the ocean in a warmer climate, in the vicinity of the Gulf-stream, probably, and discharged upon our heads in torrents. In June and July, we longed for some of this moisture, and longed in vain, because certain influences, explained above, prevented, and all the art of man was not able to overcome the workings of nature.



## INFLUENCE OF THE MOON.

It is generally supposed that the moon exercises more or less influence on the weather, for how often do we hear the remark that "we sha'n't have a change of weather until the moon quarters," consequently almanacs are consulted quite often when a pleasant "spell" is desired by some farmer who wishes to secure his grain, or some sailor who desires a pleasant voyage. Nearly everybody appears to take a lively interest in knowing what the weather will be a day, three days, or a week hence. It is, moreover, a weakness with almost every man to consider himself a judge of the weather.

With the majority of people, the influence of the moon on the weather is accepted as a fact, without their being able to give any reason for their faith. But there are those who argue that if the moon, with the aid of the sun, causes the ocean tides, it is far more easy for the moon to exercise a powerful influence on a fluid so mobile as the atmosphere. The sun, they say, raises vapors from the sea, lakes, rivers and swamps, into the atmosphere; clouds being thus formed, the influence of the moon intervenes and acts upon those clouds and upon the atmosphere in which they float, in the same way as some say it acts on the sea in raising the tides. The combined effects of these atmospheric tides and heat, produce winds, which drive the clouds; hence rain, snow, or hail.

It must be admitted that there is something plausible in this hypothesis, and, if it were supported by recorded observations even in a very slight degree, it would meet with ready attention from scientific men. Many persons who have read the arguments in support of the theory naturally say, "All this is perfectly clear. It explains the mode in which the moon exercises the influence attributed to her, in as simple a way as possible." Unfortunately for the makers of almanacs who venture on weather predictions, it is not sufficient to start a theory without supporting it by facts, when facts are obtainable; and observations have been recorded for a sufficient number of years, of the daily changes of the weather, to allow of the affirmative being proved if there were any real proof to be got. It cannot be denied that these observations fail to establish a very strong negative; but this is only what might be expected if the moon were altogether without influence one way or the other. The materials for making this calculation exist at various places—at Washington, Paris, Rome,

Vienna, Geneva, and several other cities; the observations extend over long periods; and yet no evidence in favor of the moon exerting the influence claimed for her, can be obtained from these records. Of course it suits the pockets of almanac-makers to maintain the contrary, and it is a curious circumstance, that, although they may be wrong in their predictions as to what the weather will be on a certain day, ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is sufficient to be strikingly right in the remaining instance to preserve the faith of the purchaser, in a robust condition.

The belief in the moon's influence as regards timber, extends to vegetables, but we believe the idea to be less generally entertained in this country than abroad, where they act upon the maxim that root crops should be planted when the moon is decreasing, and plants, such as peas, beans, and others, which bear their crops on their branches, between new and full moon. Some time ago, a body of sages had a long discussion, and wrote numerous treatises, to explain why it was that a lump of metal, if laid on water, would sink to the bottom, while, if it were beaten out into a sheet, it would float. The theories were very plausible, though they were opposed to one another. At last it occurred to one of the sages to suggest that it would be well to ascertain by actual experiment if it were really the fact that the metal would float under the circumstances stated. Accordingly a vessel of water was brought, a sheet of the metal was laid on it, and it very soon lay at the bottom. An example of the kind is furnished by Toaldo, the Italian meteorologist, who, to account for the belief current among wine-growers, that wine, the making of which is begun in the old moon and finished in the new, is never clear nor of good quality, attributes it to the circumstance that the absence of the lunar rays, by lowering the temperature of the air, checks the fermentation. Now, if it had occurred to him to expose the most delicate thermometer to the full light of the moon shining with its greatest lustre, he would have found that the mercury was not elevated a hair's breadth; neither would it have been, if he had exposed it in the focus of her rays, concentrated by the most powerful lenses. This has been proved by actual experiment.

The power of the moon's rays to produce blindness, when a man has slept with his face exposed to them, is firmly believed in by sailors, and numerous cases have been related in which this has happened. It may be admitted

that blindness has ensued where a sailor has foolishly laid himself down on the deck on his back to sleep, with his face exposed to the bright moon, in warm latitudes. But it does not follow that the blindness was caused by the moon's rays; for more probably it was owing to the rapid radiation of heat from the exposed portions of the body, or from some other physical cause. The moon is also supposed to exercise influence on the skin by darkening it. In this matter we have the aid of photography to assure us that the moon's rays must positively be incapable of affecting the color of the skin. Dr. Lardner, in his writings on the subject, says that the lunar rays, even when condensed by the most powerful lenses, do not darken paper which has been steeped in a solution of chloride of silver.

This would seem to be satisfactory, but we must confess that it is not proof positive to our mind, and we shall wait for further evidence before we believe the statement.

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#### RUSSIA AND POLAND.

We are receiving all our accounts of transactions in Poland through English sources, so not much reliance should be placed on them, John Bull being greatly given to exaggeration, especially when it suits his purpose to stretch matters and present them in an unfavorable light. We noticed this feeling in an English journal, recently publishing an account of affairs in Poland. For the purpose of showing how things are colored, we select a few extracts. The writer says:

"On the day after my arrival at Warsaw, I saw with horror to what height the fury of barbarian despotism can rise. I was in the eating-room of the Hotel de l'Europe, which lies about two hundred paces from the street in which the Zamoyski Palace stands. A report, reminding me of the Orsini shot which I heard at the opera in Paris in 1858, sent all the guests at once from the room. Three people in the street had made an attempt on the life of Berg. I rushed to the scene of action. A mounted Cossack flew past me at full speed to bring up a troop which were in the Saxon market, and a few minutes afterwards these came at a hand gallop. The street was closed, and a crowd of people collected behind the soldiers. On the street lay two dead horses. Steam and the smoke of gunpowder choked the air. An officer ordered the soldiers to force their way into one of the houses. Many female faces, pale as death, were seen at the windows, and cast bewildered

looks into the street below, where soldiers were driving back the spectators with the butt-ends of their muskets, shopmen were actively putting up the shutters to secure their places of business, of which there were twelve in this house.

"Within half an hour after the military entered the house, an officer from a window in the first story ordered the street to be cleared of people. Then down came panes of glass, then window-frames, and immediately afterwards a wardrobe from the third story; this was a sign for the work of destruction to begin. Furniture was hurled out from all the windows; five grand pianos among other articles, one belonging to the Polish composer, Chopin, and in the possession of his sister, who resided here. A nursemaid, who, on the outbreak of this disorder, seemed to lose her wits, ran away, leaving behind her the child committed to her care. The family was from home. Shortly afterwards recovering her senses, she returned to the house and endeavored to enter, but she was driven back by the muskets, and cried bitterly. A few minutes later a cradle was flung from the window, and, if I am not greatly mistaken, a child was in it; next followed a bookcase; and then all was burned in a confused heap.

"Within the house all the men were forcibly driven out of their dwellings in the various stories, to the halls on the ground floor but the women were prevented from following them, and then began horrors that cannot be described. Two women killed themselves, to escape outrage. I saw at the fourth window of the third story a young lady seized by two soldiers, her clothes torn and her neck bleeding; she was forced back into the room. The shrieks she sent forth, sound yet in my ears. An old gentleman was standing at my side; tears flowed from his eyes, and he stammered time after time, 'Jesus! Maria! help us!' The flames blazed up aloft, and with their fiery tongues licked the walls of the Church of the Cross. The fire brigade rushed to the spot, but were immediately dismissed by the colonel in command. Cossacks sprang hither and thither, and began to drive the people to the right and left with their whips. I could scarcely keep myself on my feet, and returned to the hotel. On my way, I met the troop of artillery hastening to the Zamoyski Palace, but its destruction was deferred, in consequence of a command from St. Petersburg.

"The day after this outrage, a dragon standing by the Church of the Cross sold one

string of pearls after another for two silver roubles each. From the Countess Branicka alone, jewels to the value of 300,000 roubles were taken. On the same day, however, the colonel who, during the plundering, permitted such horrors to take place, was condemned by the national tribunal, and the sentence was immediately executed. The following morning he was no longer among the living."

Which means that the colonel was assassinated during the night, by some one of the spies employed by the National Government. We give the account for what it is worth. Only remember that it comes through John Bull sources.

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**PROGRESS OF REFINEMENT.**

The other day, on looking over marriages in a Boston paper, we observed that the names of every bride in the list was made to end in *te*, and not one of said names was a proper one, according to old fashion notions, but were nicknames or baby names, in conformity with the "refined" tastes of the day. They were all Carrie, Maggie, Susie, Lizzie, and last of all, Mollie, which last we suppose is a corruption of the beautiful name Mary for which the anathema of the Virgin Mary, if she ever pronounces any, ought to fall on those who display such "refined" shallowness.

Judging from the progress in this line, which we have been forced to witness in the past, we may calculate in a few years at the longest, that all the pretty names of women which have stood prominent for centuries in English literature, will be banished entirely from the fashionable part of it. Nicknames are not applied to the male sex yet, to much extent, but if things progress the probabilities are that ere long we shall see the marriage of Mr. *Bubbie* Jones and Miss *Sissie* Smith.

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**ECHO-MEN.**

There is no greater bore than a human echo that repeats, assentingly, whatever one suggests or asserts. It is a nuisance to be always coincided with. A man of sense likes to argue his points and prove his positions. The whetstone of opposition sharpens his wits; but if met with a continual affirmative iteration of his own words, his game is blocked, and he is, so to speak, dumfounded. On the contrary, a sententious "No, I don't think so," puts a man on his mettle. If wrong, he has a chance of being set right, if right, of enjoying an honest triumph. If you ask an individual in the habit of agreeing with everybody the rea-

son of his complaisance, he may tell you, perhaps, that he hates controversy. Hates controversy! He might as well say he hates truth, for disputation is the crucible in which the gold of truth is separated from the alloy of error. How many things taken for granted in former ages modern argument has shown to be mere fallacies. The grand object of a man of mind is to acquire knowledge; but he can learn nothing from those who are always ready to pin their faith on his sleeve without taking the trouble to think for themselves. We detest the suavity that is too polite to doubt, and the indifference that is too phlegmatic to argue.

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**CANT PHRASES.**

Cant phrases are not wholly to be despised. Worthless as they are in themselves, they have their uses. They are the straws in the air—the chips in the stream, which serve to show the current of opinion. They are the crannies and chinks in the professions put forward by party, through which we may look and discover the hidden principles by which it is swayed. They express little, but they often indicate much. Like the stratum which lies over a seam of coal, they may be regarded as mere rubbish; but then it is rubbish we are delighted to find, inasmuch as it is in certain contact with a mine of wealth. What a vein of truth, for instance, lies buried beneath the "no popery" cry, in whatever region of history it is found to have prevailed! The philosopher when he meets with it, may close his books, and, without their aid, lay down with unerring accuracy, a general outline of the events to be met with in its neighborhood.

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**THE EXTREME OF IGNORANCE.**—It is said Sir John Germain was so ignorant that he left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker as the author of St. Matthew's Gospel.

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**TRUTH.**—Truth is a sure pledge not impaired, a shield never pierced, a flower that never dieth, a state that feareth no fortune, and a port that yields no danger.

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**GLORY.**—Glory is well enough for a rich man, but it is of very little consequence to a poor man with a large family.

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**A FELICITOUS DEFINITION.**—Mrs. Childs says that flowers are "the illuminated scripture of the prairies."

## Facts and Fancies.

### A WHIST STORY.

An English nobleman used to tell the following story about whist:

"I used to play a good deal with Rechberg," said he, "and took pleasure in worrying him, for he was a great purist in his play, and was outraged with anything that could not be sustained by an authority. In fact, each game was followed by a discussion of full half an hour, to the intense mortification of the other players, though very amusing to me, and offering me large opportunity to plague and torment the Austrian.

"One evening, after a number of these discussions, in which Rechberg had displayed an even unusual warmth and irritability, I found myself opposed to him in a game, the interest of which had drawn around us a large crowd of spectators—what the French designate as *la galerie*. Towards the conclusion of the game it was my turn to lead, and I played a card which so astounded the Austrian minister, that he laid down his cards on the table and stared fixedly at me.

"'In all my experience of whist,' said he, deliberately, 'I never saw the equal of that.'

"'Of what?' asked I.

"'Of the card you have just played,' rejoined he. 'It is not merely that such play violates every principle of the game, but it actually stultifies all your combinations.'

"'I think differently, count,' said I. 'I maintain that is good play, and I abide by it.'

"'Let me decide it by a wager,' said he.

"'In what way?'

"'Thus: We shall leave the question to the *galerie*. You shall allege what you deem to be the reasons for your play, and they shall decide if they accept them as valid.'

"'I agree. What will you bet?'

"'Ten Napoleons—twenty, fifty, five hundred if you like!' cried he, warmly.

"'I say ten. You don't like losing, and I don't want to punish you too heavily.'

"'There is the jury, sir,' said he, haughtily, 'make your case.'

"'The wager is this,' said I: 'that, to win, I shall satisfy these gentlemen that for the card I played I had a sufficient and good reason.'

"'Yes.'

"'My reason is this, then—I looked into your hand!'

"I pocketed his ten Napoleons, but they were the last I won of him. Indeed, it took a month before he got over the shock."

### AN IRISH BLUNDER.

Many years ago, an Irish officer returned to England from Malta, where he had been stationed, and according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military in Malta.

"But," said he, "as for anchovies, by the powers, there is nothing to be seen like them in the known world;" and he added—"I have seen the anchovies grow upon the trees, with my own eyes, many's the hundred times, and beautiful's the grove of them that the governor has in his garden on the esplanade."

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees, which the Irishman with much warmth reaffirmed. The lie passed, and the upshot of the matter was an agreement to exchange shots. The next day the parties met, attended by their seconds; they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay for a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels. This being observed by the Irishman's second, he said:

"You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is certain. I think not dangerously, however, for see what capers he cuts."

"Capers, capers!" exclaimed the Irishman. "O, by the powers, what have I done! what a dreadful mistake!" And running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him: "My dear friend, if you are kilt, I ax your pardon in this world and in the next, for I have made a bit of a mistake; and it was capers that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all."

The wounded man, smiling at his ludicrous explanation and apology, said:

"My good fellow, I wish you had thought of that a little sooner. I don't think you have quite killed me, but I hope you will remember the difference between anchovies and capers as long as you live."

## ARCHIEPISCOPAL WIT.

"Young Yorrick" reports some of the witty sayings for which Archbishop Whately was famous in Dublin:

"What is the difference," he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, "between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction." Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony.—"Morrow's Library," is the Mudie of Dublin, and the Rev. Mr. Day is a popular preacher. "How inconsistent," said the archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies here. They go to day for a sermon and to morrow for a novel!"—At a dinner party he called out suddenly to the host, "Mr. —." There was silence. "Mr. —, what is the proper female companion for this John Dory?" After the usual number of guesses an answer came, "Anne Chovy.—Dr. Gregg: The new bishop and he at dinner. Archbishop: "Come, though you are John Cork, you mustn't stop the bottle here." The answer was not inapt: "I see your lordship is determined to draw me out."—On Dr. K——'s promotion to the bishopric of Down, an appointment in some quarters unpopular: "The Irish Government will not be able to stand many more such Knocks Down as this!"

## A STRUGGLE FOR PASSENGERS.

In the days when high-pressure steamers were the fashion, opposition the rule, and racing the custom on the western lakes, we heard, felt and laughed at the following, did at Buffalo, by Jim Brundage, mate of the Columbus:

The General Wayne and Columbus were both up for Detroit, and steam up ready for a start. Captain, clerks, mates and engineers were on the wharf electioneering and telling all sorts of lies about their own and the rival boat. Brundage headed off Captain Pratt, of the Wayne, who had in tow a squad of twenty-nine passengers, whose leader, bargainer and oracle was a strong-minded woman of forty-five, who didn't quite like the "nasty, high-pressin'" steamboats, "what's allers blowin' up, besides scaldin' folks."

"But, my dear woman," said Brundage, "if you will just step this way a minute, I'll convince you that the Columbus can't blow up. It's impossible."

Brundage got the company to the gangway,

and then brought out from the kitchen a bucket of water, not warmer than milk just from a cow.

"There, madam!" cried the exultant and truthful officer. "We never heat our water hotter than that. So, you see, we can't blow up; and if we should, don't you see the water aint hot enough to hurt anybody! We carry low steam, we do."

The argument prevailed, and the Columbus got that lot of passengers.

Upon another occasion, Brundage was at the canal packet landing, as the boat came in from Rochester, on Saturday evening, exercising all his eloquence to induce a company of very piously inclined travellers to take the Columbus, which was to leave Sunday morning. They objected to going on a Sunday boat, but still didn't like the expense of laying over in Buffalo till Monday morning. Brundage's explanation satisfied and decided them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we don't do any Sunday work on the Columbus, only to get her out of Buffalo. You see, we get up steam enough Saturday night to last us all the way to Detroit, and then, just as soon as we get past the lighthouse, we lash the wheel and let her jog along herself. She's been through so often, she knows the way just as well as any of us."

They went with him.

## A STRONG DRINK.

Some years ago, before the innovations of the Maine Law and the stringency of public opinion had so seriously lessened the liberty of a certain class of individuals in every community, there lived in a certain rural district of Rhode Island, Newman Perkins, one of the greatest loafers and most inveterate tipplers in town. He spent nine-tenths of his time lounging about a country grocery, which, like all similar stores of that period, boasted of a well-stocked bar in one corner. If a customer stepped up to the counter to drink, Newman would leave his seat upon some box or barrel, and at once enter into conversation, cunningly insinuate himself into the confidence of the neighbor, and thereby get an invitation to drink. In this way his wits frequently enabled him to wet his whistle, which otherwise might have gone dry for long intervals for lack of funds.

One day Squire Bates had just purchased a jug of lamp oil, and as he went out to place it in his wagon, he saw Newman approach

ing; and knowing the toper's propensity, he deposited the jug, re-entered the store, took a position where he could command a view of the vehicle unobserved. Newman soon came up, and it was evident that he was pretty thirsty; for, without stopping to smell, he seized the jug, placed the nose to his lips, and took two long swallows before he tasted the contents.

This was too much for the 'squire; he opened the door and exclaimed, while several other witnesses roared with laughter:

"Drink again, Perkins, drink again—you are welcome!"

Perkins declined the invitation.

### GOOD SPELLING.

A pious, but illiterate deacon, in a certain town in Massachusetts, gave a stage driver a slip of paper, upon which, he said, was written the names of a couple of books, which he wished him to call for at a bookstore. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said:

"There's a couple of books which Deacon B. wished you to send to him."

The clerk, after a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make "head or tail" of it, and passed it to the book-keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was also "Greek." The proprietor was called, and he also gave up in despair; and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon waiting on the steps.

"Well, driver," said he, "did you get my books to-day?"

"Books! no; and a good reason why, for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your old hen tracks."

"Couldn't read 'ritin'? Let me see the paper."

The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon, who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arms' length, and exclaimed, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone:

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face!—To S-A-M B-U-X—two psalm books! I guess his clerks had better go to school a quarter."

And here the deacon made some reflections upon the "ignorance of the times," and the

want of attention to books by the "rising generation," which would have been all very well, if said by somebody else.

### A FRENCHMAN'S STORY.

A French gentleman, whose unostentatious but princely hospitality adds even a new charm and grace to the lovely banks of the St. Lawrence, along the most delightful reach of that resplendent stream, used to relate the following story:

"It ees twanty years," said he, "since I came over, and was in New York; and I got up one night in ze upper part cite ('t was mos' in ze contree) to see a frande. Ah! ouil! W'en I come by ze door yard, I see som'-sing—I know what he ess, bot I s'ought he was leetil rabeet; but he was *tame*. I got up s-of-ly to hem, an' I say, 'Ah, ha! I'av got you? So I strike him big strike by my ombrel on ze top of his necks. Ah, ah! sup'pos' what he do, eh? Bah!! He strike me back in ze face wiz his—Damn! I cannot tell! it was awful! DREADFUL! He s-m-e-l-l so you cannot touch him—and ze z m-e-l I s'row myself in ze pond up to my necks; but it make no use; I sm-e-l-l sees weeks! I not like to go in ze room wiz my frande. I dig big hole, to put my cloes in ze ground; it not cure zem. I dig zem up; it is the sa-a-me. I put zem back—and dey sm-e-l-l one year; till zey rot in ze ground. It ees fact. He was a d—d skunk!"

And so it was a fact; for no man born of woman could ever have counterfeited the fervor of disgust which distinguished the graphic delineation of that sad mishap.

### AN OBEDIENT BOY.

"How old are ye?" said Major Klipins to a dwarfish young man.

"Twenty."

"I wonder you aren't right down ashamed of being uo bigger; you look like a boy of ten."

"All comes of being a dutiful child."

"How so?"

"When I was ten, father put his hand on my head, and said, 'stop there,' and he then ran away; I've never seen him since, and didn't think it right in me to go on growing without his leave."

STUFFING.—Stuffing is a good way to preserve a dead bird, but a poor way to preserve a live person.



# Horse Car Scenes.



What would Charles think if he should see the feet which project from beneath Matilda's skirts?



Stale fish and foul linen are regarded as disagreeable objects by horse-car passengers.



Horse Car Conductor—"Hold on, Mr. Coroner; you can't have that man's body till you've paid his fare. He died afore he forked it over. The company can't afford to lose it."



# Nautical Scenes.



A RUSHING BREEZE.—“Polly, will you be spliced after we land?”



A SMACKING BREEZE.—Rich Jack—“I’ve got a whole locker full of shot, and wont we have a time!”

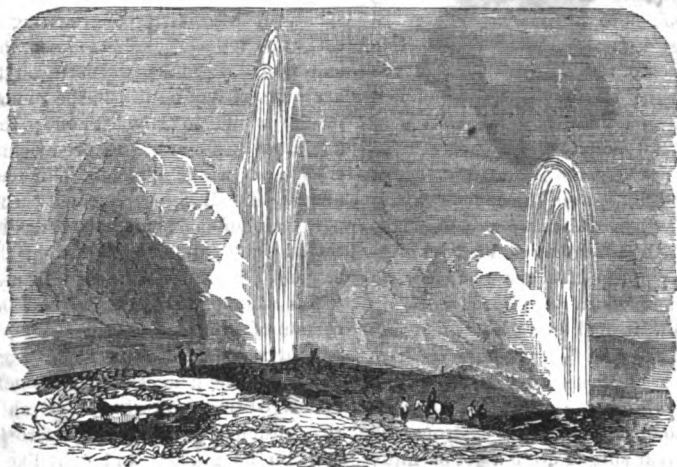


A DEAD CALM.—Poor Jack—“Not a shot in the locker, and Bess and Nance talking with a marine. Well, it’s time I shipped.”

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX—No. 5.....NOVEMBER, 1864.....WHOLE No. 119.

## ICELAND AND ITS INHABITANTS.



THE ICELAND GEYSERS.

COMPARATIVELY little is known of Iceland and its inhabitants. But few enterprising tourists have ventured within its boundaries during the summer months, and those were induced to undertake the task more for the purpose of gazing and wondering at the hot springs and the great geysers, than for hunting, or studying the characteristics of the natives of Iceland. We know that the people are honest, that they endure the rigors of their long winters with patience, that they have but few fires to keep them warm during the cold season, owing to the scarcity of wood and coal, that they are not over clean in their personal habits, and this is all that we do know; with the exception that a recent traveller informs us that he met remarkably intelligent

people in the best society of the country.—Thinking that the readers of the DOLLAR MONTHLY would be interested with an illustrated article on the subject of Iceland and its inhabitants, we have compiled, from authentic books of reference, stories of travellers, etc., some few facts which may be entertaining and reliable. In the first place, in respect to the geysers, an engraving of which is given on this page, a recent writer describes them as follows:

“Leaving my horses at a convenient distance, I walked with my guide into the midst of the steam. He warned me to be very cautious, as the rising vapors were blinding, and the sulphurous exhalations suffocating; the ground, moreover, was treacherous, the

feet sinking over ankles at each step, and the mud being so hot that I could feel it through my strong soles.

I first noticed several fizzing, slobbering holes, about six inches or a foot in diameter, out of which a gray slime flowed intermittently with jets of steam. The surface of the mud was everywhere cracked with the heat. Observing what I took to be a mud blister of considerable size, I ran up its side, and was startled to find myself at the mouth of a huge well, about twenty feet in diameter, and about fifteen feet deep, as far as I could judge. Clouds of steam rolled up from the roaring, furiously-boiling slime at the bottom, which eddied, seethed, rushed up the well, and spouted in hot splashes into the air. Nor far from this was a second caldron, in which the fluid was more liquid; in it the inky water danced and leaped, gave forth great hissing bursts of steam, and then subsided with a sob, again to break into a frenzy. There are twelve large caldrons, but I found it impossible to examine each of them, on account of the denseness of the steam which surrounded them, the irritating effect of sulphurous acid on the lungs, and the precarious nature of the soil. I made my way, however, to the edge of a pond of blue slime, from the edge of which steam broke with a deafening scream. This pond, I understood from my guide, had originally been a caldron like the rest, but its sides had crumbled in before the scalding waves, and now it had become a quivering slime pond. The mud is used by the Icelanders in cutaneous disorders, being applied in a plaster. As I returned to my horses, threading my way among the growling caldrons, one with a harsh roar surged up in a jet of filthy black slime about five feet above its mouth, and then sank, leaving the mud to trickle down the side of the low mound it had raised.

No doubt the sight is worth risking the danger and expense, but few travellers seem to think that such is the case. But we will leave the geysers and turn to the Icelanders, see how they live, and in what kind of houses. Almost every family possesses within itself the means of supplying its most necessary wants, and occasionally furnishing a surplus, chiefly of coarse woollens, mittens, stockings, etc., to be disposed of at the markets of the principal villages. The principal exports are wool, oil, fish, feathers, sulphur and Iceland moss. The inhabitants are of the Scandinavian origin, and speak the Scandinavian dialect—the original Norse, which is still the

vernacular here, though in Norway it has been supplanted by Danish. They have a tall, manly form, open countenance, florid complexion and flaxen hair. They are simple in their manners, having no distinctions of rank, pure in their morals, strongly attached to their homes and very hospitable. Their houses are low structures, chiefly composed of drift-wood and lava; butcher-meat and bread seldom appear at their tables—fish, some butter, milk and preparations of milk, constituting their staple food.

During the summer months provisions are prepared to last through the winter. They are hung to the rafters, stowed in spare apartments, and even placed under the beds. Of course the houses are built strong, and the walls thick, to keep out the cold. In one room, such as the engraving represents, sleep all the family, the servants and the least distinguished guests. In it, also, the winter is spent, the household congregating there to eat, work and sleep, so as to keep themselves and their neighbors warm through animal heat, there being no fire in the room, nor fuel in the island to support one; the scanty amount which can be procured being wholly consumed in the kitchen. Our readers can imagine the disagreeable smells which emanate from an apartment thus inhabited.

Game abounds in Iceland, and the hunter can turn his attention to walruses, seals, wild fowl, salmon and deer, and be always certain of finding excellent sport, although it is advisable to hunt with native guides, on account of the danger that is sometimes encountered through rashness. Even the walrus, although not naturally ferocious, will turn on its pursuer and fight like a grizzly bear in defence of its young. Last year a boat containing two or three Americans and several natives was attacked by a school of walruses, during the spring months, and only beaten off after much exertion and great peril. The female walruses exhibit a remarkable affection for their young, and often brave death in defending them. When they wish to avenge themselves on boats, or to defend themselves, they fling their young behind, and swim stoutly for the boat. The walruses yield an ivory harder, more compact and whiter than that of the elephant, excellent oil, while their flesh is much esteemed, the Icelanders eating it and using the blubber for fuel and their lamps. The sport is acknowledged to be exciting, but sometimes rather dangerous.



**THE POLICE FISH OF THE OCEAN.**

The shipworm, or teredo, says a writer in one of our quarterly reviews, is a bivalve shell-fish, which, as if in revenge for the unceasing war waged by mankind against its near relative, the oyster, seems to have resolved to extinguish the vitality of as many human beings as lies within his power. That power, though exercised by an insignificant shell-fish, is a prodigious one; for ever since mankind turned attention to nautical affairs, and went to sea in ships, the teredo, has unceasingly endeavored, unfortunately with too much success, to sink their marine conveyances. Nor have vessels alone been the object of its attacks; for many a goodly landing-pier has it riddled into shreds, not to speak of bolder

mollusks, the teredo, though fixed when adult is free in its young state, and consequently is enabled to migrate and attach itself wherever mischief can be done by it. Thus ships at sea are attacked, and no wood has yet been found capable of defying its efforts. Even teak and sissor woods, hard as they are, dissolve before it; and though the chemical process of kyanizing timber successfully defeats the ravages of time, it falls before the voracity of the teredo.

By a remarkable instinct, the shipworm tunnels in the direction of the grain of the wood, whatever be its position, and thus succeeds in its purpose with destructive rapidity. The tube with which it lines its bore is sometimes nearly two feet in length; it is not



ICELANDERS AT A COTTAGE DOOR.

attempts, such as the endeavor to swamp Holland, by destroying the piles of her embankments. The shipworm is the only mollusk that has ever succeeded in frightening politicians, and more than once it has alarmed them effectually. A century and a quarter ago, indeed all Europe believed that the United Provinces were doomed to destruction, and that the teredo was sent by God to pull down the growing arrogance of the Hollanders.

In England, although there is no danger of being suddenly submerged, as the Dutch might be, they have suffered seriously in their dockyards and harbors by the operations of the shipworm, to which the soundest and hardest oak offers no impediment. Like most

always straight, for if the creature meets an impediment sufficiently hard to defy its power, it takes a circuitous course, and thus gets round the obstacle. In like manner, it avoids any interference with its fellow shipworms, winding round them in such a way that at length, a piece of wood attacked by many teredos becomes transformed into a knot of calcareous tubes. The tube is not the true shell of this dreadful mollusk. That body is to be sought for at its innermost extremity. It consists of two very small curved valves, united at their beaks, and beautifully sculptured on their surfaces. The pipe, or tube, is a lime-walled shaft, intended to keep up a communication between the animal and the watery element necessary for its existence,

and to protect the soft body and long fleshy siphons of the creature. How the cavity in which it lives is excavated is still a matter of discussion among naturalists.

There are many shellfish endowed with the instinct to burrow into wood or clay, or even hard stone; and it is not yet certain whether they do so by mechanical or chemical agencies, or by combination of the action of an auger and a solvent. Many sea-snails, as well as bivalve shellfish, have the power to perforate solid substances; and some of the predaceous kind exercise this faculty to the detriment of their outer coverings, and extracting the juice of their bodies, by means of long, soft, and extensile trunks. There is reason to believe that this operation is effected by the aid of the silicious teeth, which stud their long, ribboned shaped tongues. These microscope teeth are beautiful objects, exhibiting regular and constant shapes; so constant, indeed, that, by mere inspection of the tongue of a sea or land snail, the naturalist can pronounce to a certainty upon the affinities of the creature to which it belonged. Even its particular genus may be verified; and in a few years (for this kind of research is as yet novel and only commenced), probably its very species may be thus determined. These teeth are arranged in transverse rows upon the tongue. From an ordinary individual of the common limpet, a tongue two inches in length may be extracted, armed with no fewer than one hundred and fifty or more bands of denticles, twelve in each row; so that in all it may possess nearly two thousand teeth. The limpet uses this elaborate organ as a rasp, with which to reduce to small particles the substance of the seaweed on which it feeds. In some of our common garden slugs, as many as twenty thousand teeth may be counted. Wonderful indeed is this complication of minute organism!

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#### LACE MAKERS OF BELGIUM.

Let us look, for a moment, at the Belgian lace-worker; for Belgium excels in its manufacture. The Flemish painters were exceedingly deficient in imagination. They could not represent the sufferings of the thorn-crowned head; the calm and holy beauty of the Virgin Mother, and the surpassing loveliness of her Divine child, were beyond their conceptions; but they could transfer to canvas the objects of every-day life, that demanded no idealty. The plump, blonde spelder-

websters often affording models to the great artists of the Low Countries; and no European gallery is complete without them. It is a strange fact, but nevertheless true, that although other branches of industry have languished in the great commercial towns of Flanders, lace-making still remains the same as in the time of Charles the Fifth. It is pursued exclusively by females, and in some instances a woman works in the same house and street where her great-great-grandmother wrought in the same avocation.

Each town in Belgium is known for its particular lace; hence, we have Point de Bruxelles, Point de Malines, etc. The word "point" signifies stitch, and sometimes also designates the pattern, and occasionally the ground of the lace. The word "point-lace," both in England and America, is applied to rich and curiously wrought lace, seldom worn except in court costumes. The Belgian laces have also separate uses. Mechlin Point is chiefly employed in trimming night-dresses, pillows, and coverlets. Another species is commonly worn as an edging, and mantillas, ball-dresses and *negliges* are commonly made of the costly Point de Bruxelles.

All these laces are made of the finest thread, woven by hand, and the cost of the article ranges from \$12 to \$360, and sometimes rates as high as \$2000 a yard. This is manufactured in cellars, and can only be kept in good condition in a moist atmosphere. Every thread is carefully examined, and placed upon a piece of dark blue paper to test its quality. If there be the slightest unevenness the wheel is stopped, and the thread removed. This is carefully laid aside and used again. No machines can ever supersede the work of these fine spinners. The bobbins, wheels and pillows used in the fabrication of this article are carried from place to place; and frequently a work-woman may be seen at her labors in the public squares, or at her own door, keeping her eyes on the children while her fingers execute their task.

There are also different classes of these workwomen, each having a distinct branch of the trade. Those who make the ground are styled *Drocheleuses*; the design or pattern is called "flowers." All of these are ancient, at least three centuries old. Frequent attempts have been made to alter the designs, but to no purpose. As real connoisseurs prefer the misshapen Chinese figures and monstrous trees on antique porcelain, so lovers of old lace select the curious arabesque patterns which



nave been in vogue for so many hundred years. "At Brussels, the ornaments and flowers are made separately, and afterwards worked into the lace ground. Elsewhere, the ground and the patterns are worked conjointly."

#### THE CLIMATE OF ENGLAND.

When we speak of the climate of England, we take in a very wide range of temperature. The air on the southwest coast of England is, at an average, seven degrees higher at night than it is in London, and ten degrees higher than in the midland and eastern counties.

nels have been known to be frozen to death at their posts; neither are they so severe as in Rome, and many other cities which enjoy a much higher temperature in the summer months. Moreover, we are free in this country from the malarias which prevail about everywhere else; so that, with all our disadvantages, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the favorable position we occupy on the globe. The uniform temperature of the Atlantic Ocean, which almost surrounds us, tends to preserve the moderation that so happily distinguishes even the changeable climate of England. If we may judge from the



INTERIOR OF AN ICELANDER'S HUT.

The harvest of the south is always a month, and sometimes nearly two months, in advance of the harvest of the north. The island of Great Britain is, on a small scale, a type of the world itself; and invalids, instead of travelling abroad for health, may easily find, within a few miles of home, the species of climate which their disease requires. The heat may be less than it is in continental places of resort, but the cold is less intense also. The extremes of climate are both reduced and moderated in England in a most remarkable manner. The frosts of London are not so severe as those of Madrid, where the senti-

physical, intellectual and moral character of the English, from the duration of life, and the progress of civilization, there is no country in the world that has more cause to be thankful. Yet many countries have long seasons of cloudless skies, which we do not enjoy; they have vineyards, and olive gardens, and orange groves, of which we know nothing; but they also have evils to counterbalance these blessings—evils of which we are ignorant. One thing is balanced with another in this world. Blessings and banes go always together, and the weight of the one seems generally to correspond to that of the other.





ATTACKED BY WALRUSSES.



## THE LOVERS' ECLIPSE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.



THE LOVERS' ECLIPSE.

Did you ever hear of a lucky eclipse?  
 You have heard the reverse from numerous lips;  
 Have heard the farmers grumble and scold  
 About the weather made dull and cold,  
 In planting, haying, or harvest days,  
 When the sun *ought* to be all a-blaze,  
 But forgot his family duties to earth,  
 Caring never a ray whether plenty or dearth  
 Spread over her soil, meanwhile he was seen  
 Tete-a-tete with the visitor planet between.

But I've a story of love to tell,  
 And of how an eclipse advanced it well.

Johnny a bashful wooer was,  
 Needing sun and moon to aid his cause;  
 For when Sue frowned, as sometimes she would,  
 He could not utter or bad or good;  
 And when she smiled—O, it was so sweet,  
 Could he risk again the frown to meet!  
 So of all the things he didn't dare,  
 Was to put the question plain and fair,  
 Though he strove to speak it with giant strife—  
 "Susan dear, will you be my wife?"

Till once in the noon of a summer day,  
 When the sky was fair and the breeze at play,  
 A black hand seemed to grasp at the sun,  
 Which yielded his bright beams one by one,  
 Till scarce the rim of his fount of light  
 Distinguished the day from utter night.

At the cottage door of the Widow Winn  
 Was heard a rap, and Johnny looked in,  
 Asking, with slightly stammering lips—  
 "Wouldn't you like to see the eclipse?  
 The villagers one and all are out,  
 It is best seen from the vale, no doubt."  
 Though why best there he didn't say,  
 And I could not should I try all day.  
 But this is true, that it came to pass,  
 Looking at him and his well-smoked glass,  
 Sue replied, smiling out of her eyes of blue—  
 "Kind of you, John, don't care if I do!"

She donned the pink scarf that was light as the breeze,  
 And walked by his side, 'neath some old, old trees,

Whose branches seemed woven with warp and  
with woof,

A spot from the villager crowd quite aloof:  
Though why choose that spot for a look at the  
sky,

Excuse me again, for I can't tell you why.  
They seated themselves on a root gnarled and  
gross,

There was space for but two, and that sitting  
close,

And then Susan sighed with her bright eyes  
downcast—

"What if an eclipse, John, forever should last?"

And John, like herself, looking down and not up,  
Replied, "I can think of a bitterer cup.

Can fancy a life all more cheerless and dark  
Than earth, should yon sun ne'er rekindle his  
spark."

Here Susan bent lower, and plucked at the sod,  
The grass-blades their silent assent seemed to  
nod;

She was doubtless surprised at his eloquent  
words,

And heard not the wondering twitter of birds,  
As they perched overhead in the strange dusky  
light,

Asking each of its mate, "Is it day, love, or  
night?"

And, Johnny, he could not tell how it was done,  
Told Susan she was his sweetness and sun,  
That sad would his life be, one long dreary day,  
Except she his love with her love could repay.

Then there fell on his senses somewhat like a  
swoon,

He knew of no midnight, he knew of no noon,  
But thought of the swarms of his father's bees;  
Not their stings, but their honey—while down  
through the trees.

Come the tone of a zephyr, like silver bell—  
"Joy to the lovers—all is well!"

And he knew that a heart beat near his own,  
An amulet, saving from all ills known.  
So easy!—he thought in his happiness' flow,  
Why had he not ventured this long time ago!

Then sudden spoke Sue, with her strawberry lips,  
"Dearest John, we haven't yet seen the eclipse."

And lo! it was over; the sun from the west  
More splendidly glowed for his noontide rest.

The villagers long had been gone from the lea,  
Widow Winn in her cottage was waiting her tea.  
Johnny saw as they rose from the gnarled old  
root,

He had ground the smoked glass into dust with  
his foot.

"So perish," he said—he was eloquent still—  
"The fears which my hope dimmed, which fet-  
tered my will."

And Sue frowned no more, only wishing to hear  
They must married be ere the end of the year.

## POPULAR ENLIGHTENMENT.

Perhaps the most debased and degraded  
portion of the human race is to be found on  
the shores of Australia. At least the Austral-  
lian negro has been generally pointed to as oc-  
cupying the lowest grade in the scale that  
measures human advancement from the almost  
commingling of humanity with the beasts of  
the field, till it touches the precincts of an all  
but angelic intelligence. The sooty, red,  
woolly-haired, protrusive lip and naked savage  
of the great Australian continent moves hither  
and thither, in quest of his precarious food,  
without a home or settled dwelling-place. He  
picks up the roots or fruits that chance or  
nature throws in his way, without forethought  
or a provident anticipation of the future; and  
when the stern necessities of hunger compel  
he devours even the putrid offal of the deep,  
or the nastiest vermin he is able to seize.

The past is to him only yesterday, and the  
future scarcely more than the morrow. An-  
cestral monuments he has none—written docu-  
ments, fraught with the cogitations of other  
times, he has none—and any instrumentality  
fitted to awaken, and widen the intellectual  
activity and comprehension of a present or  
approaching generation he has none. His con-  
dition is that of the wild *prunus malus*, on the  
side of the gloomy mountain. It vegetates, it  
blossoms, it bears fruit and propagates its  
kind, but never does it indicate a movement  
towards that gorgeous and diversified fruit-  
bearing fertility, which it assumes under the  
genial auspices of man. So he, in these Aus-  
tral regions, stunted, dwarfed, debased, touch-  
ing the zero of human nature in mind and  
body, lives and moves and continues his race;  
but upward movement toward a wider intelli-  
gence, a more comprehensive survey of life in  
its origin and end, never appears within a cir-  
cle of the most limited amount of thinking  
and the most sensual desires, amid which his  
physico-mental being passes from the hour  
that ushers him on the earth, till he returns  
whence he came. If we take up such a being  
and place him side by side with one of the  
most cultivated and enlightened of the Euro-  
pean nature—a Newton or a Humboldt—what  
an almost immeasurable chasm lies between!

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\* SOLITUDE.—That which happens to the  
soil when it ceases to be cultivated by the  
social man, happens to himself when he fool-  
ishly forsakes society for solitude; the bram-  
bles grow up in his desert heart.



**THE CITY OF CRACOW.**

This ancient city is one hundred and fifty miles from Warsaw, in a south-southwest direction. It has three suburbs, and is surrounded by promenades. It is irregularly built, but clean, and has a spacious square. The houses are in general large, but most of them are in a state of decay, as are also a great number of its churches. It contains many ancient and interesting edifices, the principal of which is the cathedral, where were formerly deposited the crown jewels and regalia, and where lie the remains of many of the ancient kings of Poland. It was also the place prescribed by the constitution for their coronation. It has fifty altars, and above twenty chapels. The castle, called the Konigsburg, founded about A. D. 700, is a spacious

house, arsenal, capuchin convent, and a nunnery. It is the residence of the principal magistrates of the canton, and the place in which the Landsgemeinde, or supreme council of the Inner Rhodes, annually meets. The inhabitants are partly employed in agriculture, but principally in weaving and bleaching, and have considerable trade in linen, cotton, saltpetre, whetstones, millstones, and timber. A few miles southeast, are the mineral springs and baths of Weisbad, and north, the village of Gais, both noted resorts of invalids.

**THE DAGOBAH OF THUPHARAMAYA.**

Anuradhapura, or Anarajapooru, the ancient capital of Ceylon, is now a mass of ruins. A few native huts contain all the in-



THE CATHEDRAL, CRACOW.

structure. The other remarkable edifices are the Episcopal palace, and the old town hall. The city contains a university, a college, a school of arts, an academy of painting, a public library, etc.—the latter having 30,000 printed volumes, and 4500 MSS. The city was founded in the thirteenth century, and is said to have been at one time very flourishing, having had an extensive commerce, and a large population. The wealthier classes in Cracow are Germans, those in the suburbs mostly Jews.

**APPENZELL, SWITZERLAND.**

Appenzell is a town in Switzerland, beautifully situated in a valley, yet still some 2500 feet above the sea. Its houses, chiefly of wood, are ill built, and it contains a town-

habitants of this once densely populated city; and it is questionable if even these would long remain in the place, were not Anuradhapura the seat of a district court, and a government agency. The country around is desolate, unhealthy, and naturally uninteresting; and the ruins are surrounded by dense masses of jungle. The walls of Anuradhapura were built about the year A. D. 60, and their remains still exist. They enclose a space of sixteen miles square, or an area of 256 square miles, and are built due north and south, east and west. In this vast space, besides the buildings of the city, there were of course included extensive gardens, water-courses, etc. The ruins are characterized by an immense number of stone pillars, generally square, which meet the eye on every side; carved

stones in great multitudes, some in the form of bullocks, and of lions' heads, and portions of sculptured columns lie scattered about in all directions, evidencing the state of refinement to which the inhabitants of this once populous city had attained. The main streets appear to have been as broad as the widest streets in New York at the present day. One of the earliest existing buildings, which is in an excellent state of preservation, is the Thupharamaya Dagobah, erected B. C. 307. It consists of a dome-shaped mass of brick-work, surmounted by a tapering spire, and standing on a square-flagged platform. The entire erection is about fifty feet high. It is surrounded by long, slender, well-proportioned columns, each consisting of two blocks of granite, the one forming a square base and octagonal shaft, both together about twenty-two feet long; the other forming the capital, richly decorated with small human figures standing round the lower part of the projecting ornament, and adding about two feet to the height of the pillars. There were originally one hundred and eight of these pillars, standing in four rows, on the platform round the dagobah. This dagobah, though by no means the largest, is the most elegant structure of the kind in the city, and is, besides, one of the finest extant remains of Singhalese art. Probably the most remarkable ruins in this ancient capital, are the remains of the numerous pillars which formerly supported the *Lowa Maha Paya*, or brazen palace of the priests; one of the largest buildings that ever existed in the East, and built one hundred and fifty years before our era, by Dutugamono. It was two hundred and twenty-five feet square, and of the same height, supported by 160 stone pillars, forming a square, with forty on each side. The pillars are nearly all standing, though in various states of preservation; time, and the wants of some of the later monarchs, having made great havoc among them. They are generally about twelve feet high, those in the centre being twice as thick as those outside. From the small interspaces, it is evident they were intended to be built upon; and history informs us that, when first erected, the *Lowa Maha Paya* consisted of nine stories in height, each containing one hundred apartments. In the centre of this palace stood an ivory throne. To particularize all the interesting remains of this city, would greatly exceed our limits. We cannot, however, pass over in silence the *Ruanwelle Dagobah*, originally two hundred

and seventy feet high, and standing on a platform paved with granite, five hundred feet square; nor the granite trough, said to have been made for Dutugamoni, for the purpose of holding his elephants' food, and at which six of these animals might feed without incommoding each other, composed of a single block of stone, and having an excavation nine feet long by four broad, and two and a half deep. It is to be remarked, that in all these interesting remains of Singhalese art, and evidences of Singhalese refinement and power, the more ancient structures are decidedly superior to those of a more modern date. Anuradhapura appears to have been founded about B. C. 540, by Anuradha, a follower of Wijeya, who had shortly before invaded the island. It was greatly enlarged and improved by the usurper Pandukabhayo, who, in B. C. 437, made it the capital of the island. He appointed five hundred chandalas, or people of low caste, to be scavengers in the city; two hundred to be night men, one hundred and fifty to be carriers of corpses, and an equal number to be engaged at the cemetery. In the year B. C. 307, in the reign of Tisso, the sacred Bo-tree of Gotamo was transported from the banks of the Ganges to this place. From this period to the Christian era, and for three centuries thereafter, the city seems to have been in its most flourishing condition. The first blow to its prosperity appears to have come from the wavering monarch Mahasen, who reigned in the third century. He became attached to the heterodox Buddhist sect, and employed his power in the destruction of the great buildings occupied by the more numerous and more orthodox community. Subsequently his opinion changed, and he endeavored to restore what he had formerly destroyed. Its prosperity received a further check in the fifth century, from a twenty-four years' struggle between several Malabar invaders and the royal race. It was finally deserted by the royal line in the year A. D. 769. An unsuccessful attempt was made to restore it by a Singhalese monarch, in the eleventh century.

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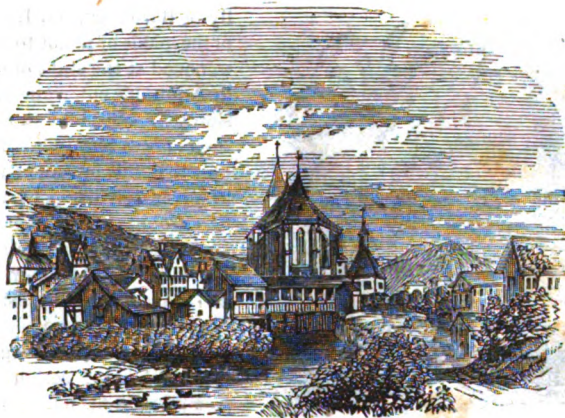
Riches oftentimes, if nobody takes them away, make to themselves wings and fly away; and truly, many a time the undue sparing of them is but letting their wings grow, which makes them ready to fly away; and the contributing a part of them to do good only clips their wings a little, and makes them stay the longer with their owner.



## NATHAN ROTHSCHILD.

Notwithstanding his avarice in ordinary life, Nathan Rothschild was fond of showing his wealth in luxurious entertainments and sumptuous banquets, to which he invited the aristocracy of rank and birth—though not that of talent. Peers and princes of the blood sat at his table; bishops and archbishops bowed before him; and those who preached loudest against Mammon were foremost in worshipping the successful representative of the golden guinea. At his grand entertainments, Nathan, who was really a very uneducated man, and scarcely able to write, covered his ignorance by an affected *brusquerie* of speech and manner which, though it imposed on some, made him extremely ludicrous in the eyes of others. Thus he was a constant mark

bered that this was the anti-moustached period—were shown into his private parlor at St. Swithin's lane counting-house. Nathan bowed; the visitors bowed. Nathan arose; and his bearded visitors moved close up to him, their hands fumbling about in the pockets of their greatcoats. Nathan saw it at a glance—the moustached fellows had come to shoot him, their hands searching for deadly weapons in their pockets. Quick as lightning, Nathan took up his brass-bound ledger and hurled it at the heads of the strangers, at the same time screaming "Murder!" in a paroxysm of fright. The screams brought all the clerks and porters of the house into the sanctum of the millionaire. Explanations took place, when it was found that the two moustached strangers were rich bankers from



APPENZELL, SWITZERLAND.

for the satirists of the day. His huge and slovenly appearance; the lounging attitude he assumed when leaning against his pillar at the Royal Exchange; his rugged speech, with strongly marked Jewish accent and idiom, made caricature easy, and gave him up a helpless victim to his enemies. Of these he had many—some of them created, no doubt, by envy—but also a large number of others whom he had ruined, or who fancied themselves ruined by him. Few weeks passed in the latter part of his career without his receiving threatening letters, informing him that unless he should deposit a certain sum of money at a certain place he would be shot, or poisoned, or, more liberally, blown up in his house at Piccadilly. These threats sometimes took such an effect upon Nathan Rothschild as to haunt him like a nightmare. One day two tall, moustached men—it must be remem-

abroad, who, with a little nervous anxiety in the presence of the Cæsar of the Stock Exchange, had fumbled in their pockets for letters of introduction and other necessary credentials. "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild," said once a gentleman sitting at Nathan's banquetting table, and glancing around at the superb appointments of his host. "Happy!—me happy?" was the reply. "What! happy, when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying: 'If you don't send me £500, I will blow your brains out?' Happy! me happy!" Instead of with his wife, Nathan frequently slept with a pair of loaded pistols by his side. Poor Nathan!

A western hunter who has always been victor in his grizzly fights,\* thinks there is nothing like an overbearing disposition.



**CALIFORNIA ANTS.**

That enemy of the hoarded sweets of the California housekeeper, the ant, is beyond counting in his annoyances this year. In the warmer districts of the State nothing eatable can be stored without attracting myriads of them, and the destruction they cause is really an important item. They have never within memory of the oldest settlers been so numerous in the lower levels of the Sacramento and San Joaquin as in 1864, and in the mines, residents inform us they invade in armies every pantry, kitchen and closet. If a piece of meat, cheese, sugar, bread or what not is laid down, in half an hour it will be completely covered over with these devouring little wretches and burrowed, tunneled and perforated with marvellous expedition. The

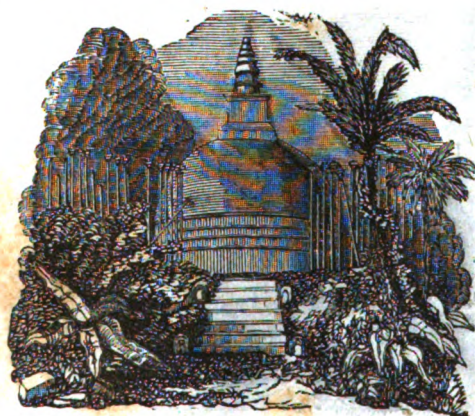
babies and kittens to a terrible concert of squalls and tears in the quiet hours of the night.

**ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.**

It is difficult to account for the dislikes some persons have been known to entertain. Many instances are on record of unaccountable antipathies, so deeply rooted that no exertion of the mind was capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, who, though undaunted in the field of battle, could never help trembling and turning pale at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were unable to overcome this involuntary terror. Cardinals Cordona and

Caraffa, a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbarazi, and Lady Heneage, one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth, swooned at the sight of a rose. A family in Aquitaine entertained so great an aversion to apples, that the sight of one set their noses bleeding. The least particle of olive oil introduced into any dish, however well disguised, was so obnoxious to a Count of Darmstadt, that he was immediately seized with fainting fits.—Bartholus says he knew a man, of a bold and courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, no matter how small, without immediately shaking with apprehension, and being seized with convulsive trembling in his left arm and in his hand. Weinzithius says a person, of a noble family, was not able to bear the gaze of

an old woman: and being once drawn out by force from his supper, into the presence of one, what was only intended as merriment for his friends ended in death to him, for he fell down and died on the spot. The terrors felt by some persons at the various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Augustus was so alarmed at meteors that he carried about him the skin of a calf—then thought to be an excellent guard against lightning; and during a thunderstorm according to Suetonius, sought refuge in vaults or cellars. Caligula, who labored under similar fears, whenever it thundered wrapped his head up in some covering—or, if in bed, leaped out of it, and hid himself underneath. A bishop of Laneres, Charles d'Escars, always fainted at the beginning of a lunar eclipse, and remained insensible as long as it lasted. This weakness proved fatal to him, for, when old and infirm, having fainted,



DAGOBAH OF THUPHARAMAYA.

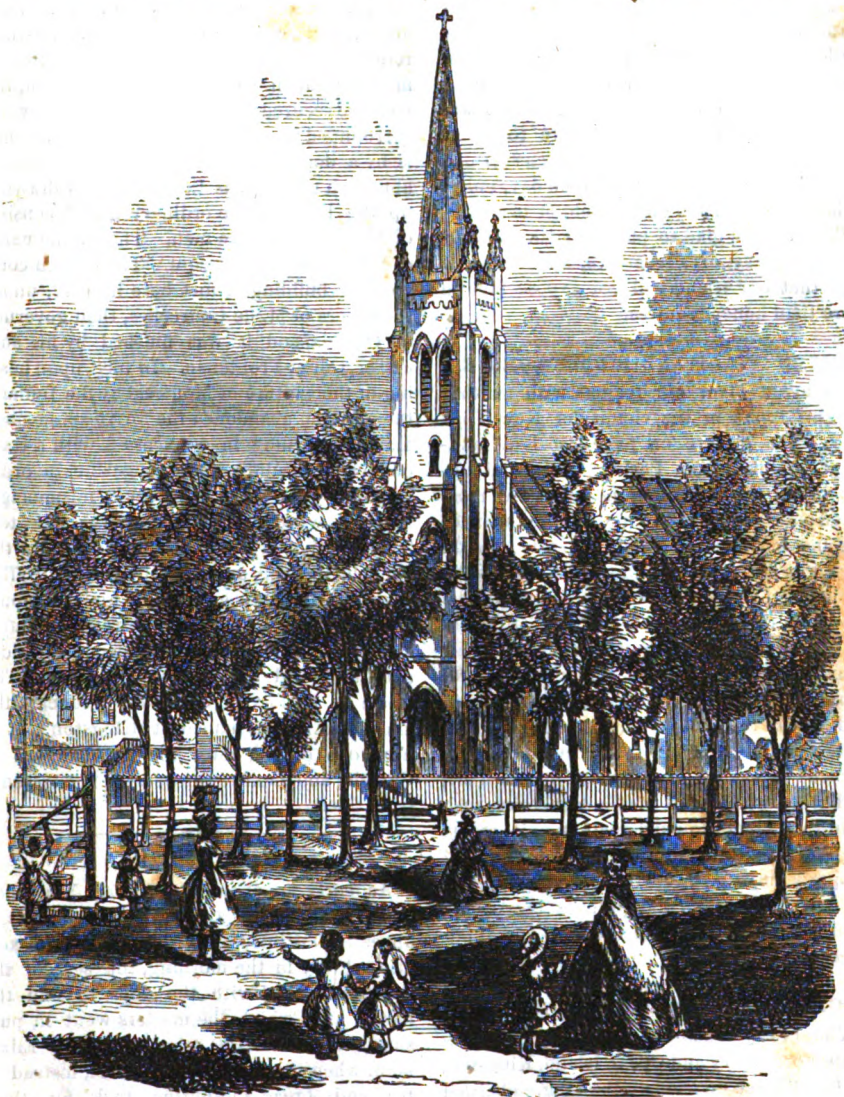
miners say they are laying up an early stock of comestibles to pass a long and heavy winter! In the vineyards and gardens as the fruit ripens, the ants spoil what the rascally birds and squirrels leave, and figs and soft fruits are their special delight. The ripening grapes around Los Angeles are a great attraction to them, and the vineyard men run in distraction over their raids, and it is likely they will spoil the making of much good wine and brandy, as each of their wretched little bodies contains a concentrated quantity of a peculiar acid, sour as vinegar. Here indeed is a new and strange plague, and there is not only the common little go-to-the-ant-thou-sluggard species of California, but several others, some with wings and some without. One of these, twice as big as a flea, bites like a fish-hook, while another of his fellows, of blood color, stings as he bites, rousing up the



as usual, at the time of an eclipse, he was too weak to recover, and expired. In 1844 a French soldier was obliged to quit the service because he could not overcome his repugnance to animal food. Dr. Prout knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison. He could not eat

## ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GA.

An officer, who has recently been released from a Southern prison, having been captured by the Confederates while operations were going on against Fort Pulaski, near Savannah, favored us with the drawing that is delineated



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

it in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the mutton was repeatedly disguised, always producing the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhoea. Hahn relates of himself that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions.

on this page. It represents St. John's Episcopal Church, located in the city of Savannah, on Ball street, just above Harris street. Our friend writes us in relation to the subject: "I send you the drawing because the church possesses great interest in my eyes. It was

here that I was confined for three months while recovering from my wound. It was in that building that I learned that there were Union men in the city, and that they were disposed to help a Federal prisoner, even if the Confederates, who were ever near, did frown upon the kindness bestowed; but better than all, from the stone steps of the church, while I was taking the air, I saw, for the first time, the lady who is now my wife, for like a brave girl, she crossed the lines, when I was exchanged, and united her fate to mine. Have I not cause to like that church? But I will tell you the whole story some day, unless I should lose my life on the field of battle."

We shall be glad to publish such an interesting history of adventures, and sincerely hope that our friend will not expose himself more than honor requires.

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#### STATEN ISLAND AND BIDDLE'S GROVE.

We again favor our readers with another delightful view in the vicinity of New York City. The picture on page 355 is a landscape, sketched from Perth Amboy, and taking in all the varied scenes that are most noted and agreeable. On the left are the landing and entrance to Biddle's Grove, and on the right of the picture, in the distance, is the profile of the south-end of Staten Island. The islands in the vicinity of New York are many of them remarkable for the beauty of their scenery, and they furnish many a delightful retreat in the summer season, from the din and heat of the crowded city, to the seeker of pleasure and recuperation of vital energy. Crowds of eager beings, thirsty for fresh air, and green woods, and pleasant exercise, rush from their homes to participate in enjoyments at once healthful and refining. These, if properly employed, give a delightful tone to the physical system, and prepare one to lay hold with fresh energy of the tools and appliances of working life.

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#### FORT HENRY AND CEDAR ISLAND.

The pretty landscape on page 356 represents Fort Henry and Cedar Island, Kingston, U. C. We see on the left, the long, embattled lines of Fort Henry, on a point overlooking the town of Kingston, while on the island in front, Cedar, is a picturesque Martello tower. The harbor is defended by several other Martello towers. The name of this kind of tower is a corruption from Mortella, in Comica, where a certain strong tower maintained a

determined resistance to a superior English force, in 1794. In consequence of the great strength exhibited by this fort, the British government erected twenty-seven similar towers on the coast of Kent, at intervals of about a quarter of a mile, as a defence against the threatened invasion from France. They are circular, with walls of great thickness, and roof bomb-proof. One traversing gun is mounted upon each, in working which, the men are secured by a high parapet. They are surrounded by a deep, dry ditch; the entrance is by a door several feet from the ground, approach to which is then cut off by drawing up the latter. The ordinary guard consists of from six to twelve men. The Indian name of Kingston is Cadaracqui. The French commenced building a fort here in 1672, under the orders of M. de Courcelles, then governor of Canada, and it was finished by his successor, Count Frontenac. In 1688, upon hearing of the capture of Montreal by the Indians, the garrison abandoned the fort, leaving alow-matches burning in connection with a train of powder leading to the magazine, in order to destroy the work. By some mismanagement, however, this purpose was defeated. The position was again garrisoned by the French, in 1689, and held by them till 1758, at which time an expedition under Colonel Bradstreet embarked from Oswego, and after two days' hard fighting, obtained possession, and destroyed the fort and vessels. The peace of 1762 extinguished the French title, and the English named it Kingston. It is now one of the most important towns in Canada, and, next to Quebec, the most strongly fortified.

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#### COURSING.

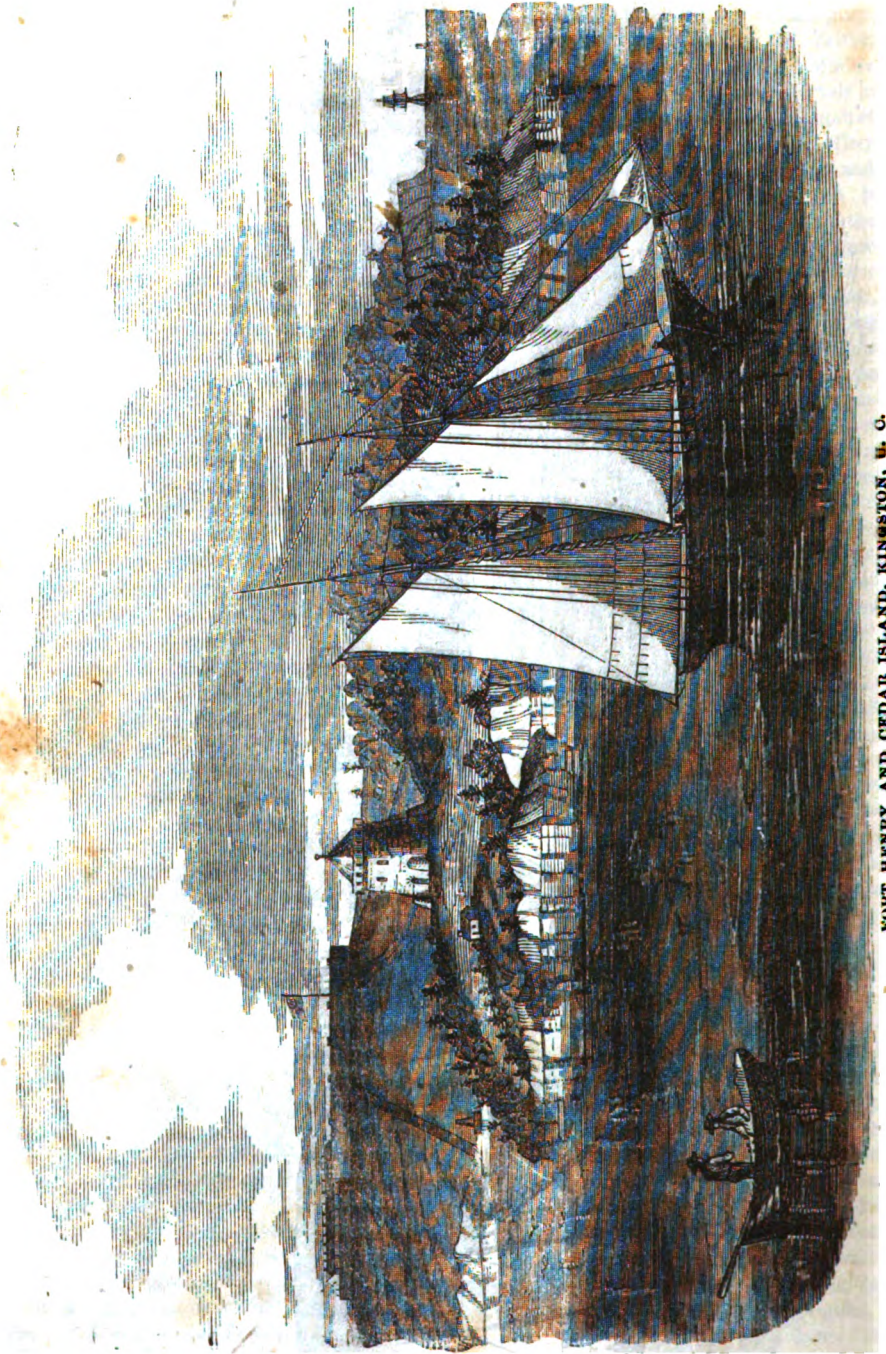
As early as about B. C. 400, Xenophon wrote a treatise on coursing. The Gauls, it appears, first introduced this healthful exercise. Early in the morning, the serfs of the nobles went out with the dogs to find the hares; after which the masters went in pursuit of them. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the ladies of the court, instead of tea and bread-and-butter, took for their breakfast good roast beef, washed down by stout brown ale, and then spent a whole day on horseback, coursing was so popular a recreation that her majesty ordered the Duke of Norfolk, to draw up a code of laws for its regulation, which even now is held in great respect by sportsmen.



STATEN ISLAND AND BIDDLE'S GROVE.







FORT HENRY AND CEDAR ISLAND, KINGSTON, N. C.



## LEAVES FROM A BLOCKADER'S LOG.

## MYSTERIES OF THE MIDDLE WATCH.

~~~~~  
 BY CLEW GARNET.  
 ~~~~~

"THERE! By hemp! There goes that lee fore-topsail sheet again. Mr. Garnet, there's more than accident, taut strain, or bad iron, in those sheets going that way. Always the lee sheet, and in the middle watch, too. How many times does this make in the two weeks we have been dodging about these confounded breakers?"

"Nine, since we began to log the thing, sir; and some four or five, I think, before we thought it so singular as to merit a notice in the journal. Indeed nearly every night, and just about this hour, too—since Jack Dalton went overboard from the lee foreyard, those sheets have parted in the same manner, and always near the sheeve-hole. The opinion is becoming popular among the men forward, that it is Jack's spirit does the mischief for spite."

"For spite, Mr. Garnet? What spite could Jack Dalton, or Jack's spirit—if the rascal ever had such an article—have against the ship, or any one on board of her, think you?"

"I have no definite idea upon the subject, Captain Oswald; but among the crew, the report is current that Dalton had seen a good deal of service in a 'black-bird catcher,' and not long since was second in command of a craft whose avocation was a shade or two blacker than that of the slave thief. Besides, you will please recollect, sir, that the fellow had only been liberated from the 'brig,' and a set of double irons, an hour before he was ordered aloft to clear that stun'-sail downhaul from the sheeve-hole of the lee fore-topsail sheet."

"Ah, yes; he was ironed and sent to the brig for disobedience of orders, and insolence to Mr. Martingale, the officer of the deck; and I am informed he threatened to have revenge for the indignity, as the rascal termed it; upon the ship and her officers. Do you believe the fellow *accidentally* fell overboard, Mr. Garnet?"

"Why, yes, sir, I should think so, certainly; surely he could not have been so foolhardy as to have jumped intentionally from the yard, off outside here, and in a stiff breeze, at night."

"Possibly he might. Do you happen to remember how the fellow swam for three hours in rough water, at the time our boat swamped inside the Rattlesnake Shoals, when we first came on the station here? I have an idea that when Jack Dalton went overboard from that starboard fore-yardarm, we were within a few cables' length of the outer buoy of the Maffit Channel, though it was so dark one could not have seen a frigate three handspikes' lengths from our rail. And then, though the breeze was so stiff that the old barkie was lying low down to it, yet the water, you will remember, was as smooth as a fish pond. Jack could have swam all night in such water; besides, he never once cried out for help—that tells against the dive being an accidental one."

"Yes, sir, it does argue that Jack Dalton didn't care particularly to come back aboard the Brazillero again that night. Otherwise, if he had been afloat, he would have answered some of our hails, and got picked up by some one of our boats. I remember I had a tedious two hours' pull that night; first looking for the man, and then seeking the ship again; for it came on so thick within ten minutes after our boats were afloat, that we couldn't see her signal lights half a cable's length. I shall always believe that the indistinct, black-looking objects I reported to have passed that night, close in with the southern point of the shoal, were rebel barges, lying on their oars off there, watching for somebody or something."

"So shall I, Mr. Garnet; and I shall also always believe that we came within the toss of a marline-spike of piling the ship up on the Rattlesnake, during the confusion that followed that fellow's going overboard. We were actually within the line of breakers when we got her head round off shore. Had we gone on the shoal that night, I think we should have had a whole swarm of these sneaking pirates on our decks in a quarter less-no-time, and then good-night to our blockade service."

"But, sir, allowing that Dalton did actually leap intentionally from the yard, and escaped

drowning, in what possible way could, or can he affect these topsail sheets?"

"Ay—or if drowned either—that's what puzzles me. Why, the ghosts of all the rebels in Dixie couldn't part one of those sheets. They ought to bear a fifteen horse-power strain. The mystery of their going as they do, is ahead of my navigation. But I think we are quite close enough in, sir. How's her head there, Mr. Azimuth?"

"Northwest by west, sir."

"Very well. What water have we?"

"Deep four, sir."

"Ay, we're near enough, and will tack ship."

In twenty minutes we were on the opposite tack, with braces hauled taut, sails trimmed, ropes coiled down, the watch piped below, everything snug and shipshape, and the blockading barque *Brazillero* was stretching away to the southward, jogging leisurely along under single-reefed topsails and main course hanging in brails.

It is probable enough, and quite natural, too, that some unprofessional, fresh-water readers may make the inquiry, "What are these topsail sheets you are telling us of, and making the burden of your middle-watch mystery?"

Well, my dear sir, madam, miss, or master; if you will but listen quietly a few moments just here, while our ship is standing off on her port tack, I'll endeavor to educate you.

A topsail sheet is not, as all the unnautical world very naturally suppose, a great expanse of woven and sewed-together canvas, fashioned into a sail. Nothing like it. On the contrary, a topsail sheet is an iron fabric—a chain, proportionate in size and strength to the magnitude of the sail to which it is attached. The sheet is secured by a shackle to the lower corners or clews of the topsails, and then being passed through a sheeve-hole at the ends of the lower yards, is led in along underneath the yard, rove through iron quarter blocks close to the mast, and thence down to the deck; so that hauling on the sheet from below brings the clew of the sail down, and out to the sheeve-holes, thus distending the foot of the topsail from end to end of the yard. By letting go the sheet on deck, and hauling on the clew and buntlines, the sail is drawn up in festoons to the topsail yards, preparatory to furling.

There you have the definition and office of a topsail sheet; and it may be just as well to add, that ours, of the blockading barque *Bra-*

*zillero*, were of three eighth iron, faithfully made and thoroughly tested; as all nautical chains are, and competent to a fair strain that would have taken our new No. 2 Russia duck fore-topsail in lint from the bolt ropes, without budging a link. So it was small wonder that when our stout fore-topsail sheets went as they did, with a *whit-wang!* always the lee one, and always about the same hour in the middle watch—that we should marvel, and whisper to each other, that ghosts, or witches, or Lucifer, were wrenching the links out of that chain.

As our orders were positive, and explicit to keep the sharpest possible watch on the Maffit Channel leading into Charleston, and as at that early period of the war our blockaders were few and scattering, it behoved us to be always vigilant, active, and on the lookout for blockade runners—much more numerous then, than of late—and always on the alert to guard against a surprise from some of the infernal machines, marine nondescripts, and boat flotillas, with which the ever active rebs up inside were continually menacing us.

Our practice from the first day of our coming on the station, had been, to hug close in to the chops of the channel during the night; often standing along up it a mile or two, backing and filling, veering and hauling; crew at quarters, batteries scaled, magazine open, guns shotted, gunners stationed, and every soul, fore and aft, with both eyes wide open on a bright lookout for any attempted surprise, or to detect any sneaking inward, or outward bound blockade runner who might seek to slide past us under the friendly cover of darkness.

Then always towards the end of the middle watch, we stretched out seaward, until having gained an offing of ten miles or so, we furled top-gallant sails, brailed in our spanker, hauled up fore-topsail and courses, and lay by there comfortably and quietly through the day, giving the crew plenty of time to eat, rest, sleep, or dispose themselves as they saw proper. About sunset always, we were standing in again to play Paul Pry through another night.

The *Brazillero* had been built for the Rio trade—was a full clipper, a beautiful craft, light draught, sailed like a witch, worked like a pilot boat, and we, having learned all her fine points, knew how to handle her to a charm, and as besides having two first class Charleston pilots on board, there were three of us quarter-deck gentlemen, who knew

every crook and turn, in and out, swash and sand spit, about the Maffit Channel and Rattlesnake Shoals; so that there was little danger of our getting entangled among the intricacies of the passage, or being caught up by the keel on any of the treacherous knobs and sand spits, plenty enough within the outer line of breakers.

Ever since the night when Dalton so unceremoniously left us, our nocturnal tactics had undergone a radical change. Indeed such a change was essential to our safety; for whenever we happened to be picking our night path in among those intricate, winding perplexities—*bang*—would go that inevitable lee fore-topsail sheet, setting the huge sail to slatting and walloping like mad, everybody on deck in absolute confusion for a few moments; often bringing the ship head to wind, catching her flat aback and sending her crabbing off backwards; often with a shoal, or sand spit not half a cable's length astern of her. Twice, she was within very nearly nothing of going slap ashore on the lee bank, before we could get her filled away on the right tack so as to clew off into the channel again.

So our practice of late had been, never to venture within the shoals, or far up the Maffit Channel, during the middle watch, but to hover off outside the point of breakers—now and then making a sweep down to the outer buoy of the channel, always careful, whenever the wind was anywise on shore, to have plenty of working room between us and any danger to leeward; so that when our topsail sheet parted—which we at last learned to look for in every middle watch; we should have ample time and space to repair damage, and either tack or wear ship, without confusion, or danger of drifting on a lee sand bank.

Upon that particular night, when the usual recurrence of the mysterious mid watch event induced the discourse logged down at the commencement of this sketch, we had quietly shackled up the sheet, hauled home again, tacked ship, and under easy sail had been standing off shore, heading about south-south-east for an hour or so, going along by log six knots, and I had just passed my "Thank you, sir," to Captain Oswald, who had a moment before invited me to step below with him, and have a taste or two of some remarkably fine old "South Side," which by an unfortunate accident to an inward-bound Anglo rebel blockade runner, had found its way into the captain's locker, instead of the cellar of some

Southern "chivalry" for whom it was intended. My foot was on the second step, following my commander's lead, when our progress was arrested by the clear, distinct cry of the forecastle lookout:

"S-a-l-l—O!"

"Where away?"

"A point or so on the lee bow, sir."

In ten seconds I was on the top-gallant forecastle, scanning every fathom of visible space down ahead and to leeward, with my night glass. The night, besides being naturally dark, was obscure from a sort of tenacious, elastic vapor, common along the Southern coast during summer nights. Upon this occasion, the misty veil was more provoking and deceptive than usual, hanging as it did suspended a few fathoms above the surface of the ocean, and floating there, a vast, intangible slab of fog, under and over which one could see a respectable distance through it, not a fathom. There was no sail in sight, ahead, or to leeward.

"You'll have to give your eyes a holystoning, Jim. You've been sighting flying Dutchmen and Cape Fly-a-way this time. There's no sail ahead," I snarled, slightly soured by the recollections of the deferred "South Side," and preparing to slide down from the forecastle.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Garnet; but I think you were looking over that fog-field. If you'll only take a look under it, sir, I think you can see the craft."

"Ah, I think you're right, Jim. Sure enough; there she is now. A—a—why, what the deuce is it? Looks like a Mackinaw birch bark canoe scudding under close-reefed umbrellas."

"I think, sir, it's a chebacco boat with her two lug sails. You see, the peaks go up into this fog blanket, so we can't see all the shape of 'em."

"You are ahead of me, and right again, Jim. It is a chebacco boat, and standing this way. I can see her plainly enough now."

Hurrying aft to report, I found the captain hugging the lee main top-gallant backstay, and poking his long marine telescope about in search of the reported sail, much in the manner an indecisive elephant swings his trunk about in search of he don't know what. He had fallen into the same error that I had done, and was searching for the sail over the fog or through it, never once thinking of looking under it for a sail.

"What is it, Mr. Garnet—a false report?"

"No, sir, a sail. A small one certainly; but there she is—one of those Vineyard Sound craft they call chebacco boats—something like the old-fashioned New London pinkies; craft that never drown themselves or any one else. Just drop your glass below the fog, sir, here away, just clear of the leech of the foresail."

"Ah, yes. I have her now. Whew! what a cockle shell to be off here in, in rough weather. She's heading this way too, I think, sir. Wants to speak us, it seems; so she can't be a blockade runner. How's her head there, quarter-master?"

"South-southeast, sir."

"Very well. Keep her off southeast by south."

"Ay, ay, sir—southeast by south."

"Forecastle there!"

"Ay a-y-e-e, sir."

"How does the boat bear now?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"All right. Steady as you go, quarter-master. Mr. Garnet, will you go forward if you please, and cun the ship so as to bring her down clear of the boat to wind'ard? Whoever is in her, wishes to speak us, I think; at all events, we must find out who they are, and what they want; cruising as they are in blockaded water in that eggshell of a craft."

I went forward, according to orders, and so cunned the ship that within twenty minutes we had the little pinkey lugger dancing merrily off our port cat-head, and so close aboard that she nodded and jerked spitefully in the swash ripple of our lee bow. "Boat ahoy!" I hailed. There was no response; but on the instant the lively little craft wore round and came gracefully sweeping up on the same tack with the barque, just in time to avoid falling becalmed under the lee of our vessel.

I could distinctly make out five individual forms in the boat. But they were stowed down in the bottom of the craft, and all bundled up with something, so that they looked just as much like a farmer's "shock" of buckwheat as anything else. Whether they were males, females, white, black, or parti-colored, was more than I could even guess at. I could only make out that there were two pair and an odd one—indeed they were all odd enough, so far as looks went; but one pair was scuttled in snug, close to the foremast, two more were fixed just abaft the mainmast, while the fifth one was planted in the stern sheets, and had the management of the boat. It had only required a few seconds to bring the boat on the

same tack as ourselves, and as she gathered way my hail was responded to in a low but uncommonly clear, distinct, silvery voice—

"Ay—a-y—*Fleet*."

"Halloa, Mr. Admiral. What squadron do you command?"

I heard a clatter aft like that of a spy-glass flung down upon deck, and turning my head I saw Mr. Azimuth, our handsome young quartermaster, leap from his perch on the weather horse block, dash across the deck towards Captain Oswald, and heard him exclaim:

"My God! captain. There's—that boat. Please—sir—Charleston—sir—sir—heave to!"

"What is it, Mr. Azimuth?" inquired Captain Oswald, half taken aback by the man's impetuous manner. But instead of enlightening the captain in any way, Paul Azimuth came forward like a shot, and laying himself out on the lee cat-head, peered down at the boat as if he would read her through to the keel. Captain Oswald followed rapidly, and for a few moments our curiosity was about equally divided between the odd acting quarter-master and the queer little craft dancing along there under our lee bow. At length the captain directed his whole attention to the boat.

"Halloa—the pinkey there."

"Ay, ay, sir," promptly responded the same boyish, musical voice that had replied to my hail.

Paul Azimuth surged out a foot on the cat-head as if he would have launched himself headlong overboard.

"What do you want?" next queried Captain Oswald, in a tone and manner as if he were puzzled to decide just in what manner he should continue communications with the nondescript craft.

"To board your ship, sir. That's what we are cruising off here for."

At every word of this deliberately spoken reply Paul Azimuth had stretched his neck out a line longer, and jerked out along the cat-head, until he seemed in danger of pitching overboard; whereupon laying violent hands upon the tail of his peajacket, I dragged him bodily in from his equivocal position; upon which he seized the captain by his shirt bosom, at the same time grabbing myself by the coat collar as a policeman would a thief, and dividing himself between the two, thus bewilderingly enlightened us:

"O, Mr. Oswald—Captain Garn—I beg pardon—Captain Oswald—it's her. Please heave

to—Mr. Garnet—sir—please let 'em—I tell ye it's *her*!"

"There, there; my dear fellow, go aft and be quiet. Try and get over your excitement, and we'll take care of the boat and those in it," the captain said soothingly to the excited quarter-master, who quietly followed the advice given, leaving us free again to direct our attention to the boat.

It was evident that Paul Azimuth's positive declaration was correct. There was a "*her*" in the boat, but who, or what particular one, was more than we could even guess at. During Paul's antics, the buckwheat looking cone in the stern sheets of the boat had uncovered itself of its shaggy sheathing, and stood up there, grasping with one hand the tiller of the little craft, displaying in graceful outlines a woman's form.

There was an awkward pause, broken finally by Captain Oswald, who apologetically addressed the female commander of the boat.

"I beg pardon—I was not expecting to meet with ladies off here. I'll have the ship hove to directly, and accommodations prepared for you to come on board."

"No occasion for heaving to, captain, or making any extraordinary preparations," replied the dimity commander of the chebacco boat. "Just haul the lee clew of your mainsail up, and hang your everyday ladder over the side—that's all the accommodation I require."

"Ay, ay, capt'n; your commands shall be obeyed," replied Captain Oswald, bowing and politely raising his cap to the petticoat admiral.

In ten minutes the lee clew of the mainsail was hauled up, side ladder slung, staunchions slipped, fancy man ropes rove off, and a signal made to the boat to come alongside.

The four questionable shaped cones in the boat directly developed themselves into stalwart Africans, several shades darker than mid-night. To these their commander gave a brief order, and instantly one sprang upon the bit of a fore-castle deck ready to take a line from us. Another drew forth and dexterously poised a boat-hook, while the other two started the boat's sheets just so that the luff of the sails lighted; the captain put her helm slightly to port, and the tiny craft dropped in to our gangway as gracefully as a swan drifts alongside its mate. The two midship darkies seized and steadied the man ropes, and the little dimity captain came up the side ladder with that careless, rolling swing peculiar to long sea service.

Just one moment's detention of the visitor as she steps in on deck, for a brief inspection.

She is young, graceful, and very beautiful. That is apparent enough, even in the night. There is a savor of Byronic corsairism about her costume, becoming and proper enough—considering the times—though it be. A low-crowned, jet black, broad-brimmed beaver, turned jauntily up over the right eye, and under the turn-up secured the delicate wing-tip from the snow-white sea-gull, the plume inclining at several degrees angle to the left. Underneath the beaver's brim a mass of black, glossy curls that in a better light would whisper softly of warmer blood than that of purely Anglo Saxon veins. Then there is a blue frock of silk velvet, close fitting in chest, back and sleeves, very full in the skirt, extending only to the knees, buttoning like a navy regulation coat, and ornamented all down the front from throat to knee, with black silk and silver thread embroidery. A pair of light buff trowsers, wide in the leg and laced with silver on the outer seam, and high-heeled, long-legged, elastic, kid boots, complete the visible costume of our visitor of the middle watch. And now, madam, or miss, as the case may be, we are ready for any communication you may have to make.

"I would see the commander of this vessel," the lady said, after having paused at the gangway a few moments, and cast a most inquisitorial glance around her and upon the half dozen or so peajacketed gentlemen of the quarter-deck present.

"You do, lady? I am the captain of the ship," replied Captain Oswald.

"Ah, Captain Oswald, your most obedient."

The lady made a step forward, paid the customary salute, bowed gracefully, and cordially held out her hand. Captain Oswald returned the salute, politely lifted his cap, made his lowest bow, and laid hold sailor fashion of the little white, soft hand so frankly tendered him.

"May I be permitted to inquire who it is I have the honor of welcoming on board the *Brazillero*?" somewhat hesitatingly asked our modest, good looking young commander.

"Undoubtedly, captain. There is no need of any concealment in that respect. I am Miss Landsver—Helena Landsver—daughter of the Netherlands consul at Charleston."

"I knew it—knew it at the very first word she spoke in the boat," soliloquized Paul Azimuth, loud enough to attract the attention of every one on the quarter-deck. But Miss

Landsver proceeded, without apparently heeding the interruption:

"Captain Oswald, you have had, I think, some rather mysterious incidents or accidents on board your ship of late."

"We have had a nightly recurrence of an event, Miss Landsver—whether it be incident, accident, or witchcraft, is more than we are able to discover, or even imagine."

"Yes, the parting of your lee foretopsail sheet every night in the middle watch, and always when you were in the tortuous windings of the Maffit Channel, or close in with the breakers."

"Yes, Miss Landsver; and at least three times we have been within an ace of getting the ship hopelessly ashore on account of that sheet going as it does. Of late we have not dared to venture inside the outer channel buoys at night."

"Has the accident occurred to-night, sir?"

"Yes, within these two hours. We had just got all shipshape again, when we made your boat. It is a mystery I would give a great deal to have unravelled."

"Then, perhaps, Captain Oswald, you would give me permission to remain on board your ship for forty-eight hours or so, in exchange for the knowledge you require?"

"Ay, Miss Landsver, for life, if the option was solely with myself. But seriously, lady, what is it you would propose?"

"Simply to furnish you with the information you seek, captain. But firstly, which watch is on duty at present?"

"The starboard one, miss."

"And the larboard watch are all below, think you, captain?"

"Yes—that is, I think so—I'll ascertain. Mr. Cringle, do me the favor to pass forward and see if any of the larboard watch are on deck."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the boy ensign on duty, and within three minutes he reported:

"Not a man on the larboard watch been on deck, sir, since they were piped below."

"Thank you, Mr. Cringle. Miss Landsver, you hear the officer's report."

"Yes, and—one Jack or John Dalton, whom you somehow lost overboard a few weeks since was in the larboard watch?"

"He was, certainly; but my dear Miss—"

"No, sir; I am not *your* dear miss. But that is foreign. This mission of mine is serious. That which I have to communicate concerns the safety of your ship and yourselves.

These gentlemen present are all discreet, reliable and loyal, I presume?"

"Most certainly, Miss Landsver. I can answer for every officer in this ship as I can for myself. Allow me to present to you Mr. Garnet, executive officer of the U. S. ship *Braziliero*."

"Ah, Mr. Garnet, I am delighted to meet you again. I have a grateful recollection of a brief acquaintance with you once, away up among the Peaks of Otter. But really, gentlemen, we have other and more important duties in hand now, than ceremonious introductions. At another time I shall be very happy to know you all. I think I may rely on you that not a thought of anything I have thus far communicated shall find its way among the crew."

Every one of us, with the exception of Paul Azimuth, cheerfully gave his word of honor that nothing that had transpired should reach the berth deck. Paul, poor fellow, though vivacious as a magpie, was so overwhelmed and dumbfounded with something, that he was as mute as a stock fish. But Paul was safe for silence.

"Thank you, gentlemen. And now, Captain Oswald, there are in my boat four faithful black fellows, who were my father's property. But he offered them their freedom on condition of their bringing me safely through rebel and Federal guardships and blockaders alongside your ship. The shrewd, brave boys have performed all their duty faithfully, and are now free. I shall give to each one of them, by my father's orders, five hundred dollars, and what I ask of you, captain, is that you will receive them on board and make them comfortable until I shall leave your ship, when I shall present them with my little fairy alongside there, that they may go whither they please. They are all capital sailors, and if they can be induced to enter the service, you would find them a valuable acquisition, especially off Charleston here. Should you care to have them, captain, I shall advise them to join your ship."

"Thank you, Miss Landsver, the services of those boys would be invaluable to us, and I shall be most happy to receive and have them rated as able seamen."

"Very well, captain; we will settle all that to-morrow. At present I would advise you to have the boys quartered aft here, where they can have no possible communication with your people; for though unusually intelligent, they might forget their prudence and suffer some-



thing to escape them which ought not to. My boat may be dropped astern. You will be too far off shore during the day for any inshore rebels to see her with the best glass in Carolina."

"Your suggestions shall be faithfully attended to, Miss Landsver, and now—"

"Ah, yes. And now, Captain Oswald, here is the information that concerns yourself, your ship, her officers and crew. My advice is that you first peruse the contents of this packet by yourself. After you shall have reflected sufficiently upon the subject, confide in whom you please."

Miss Landsver drew from an inner pocket of her red rover-fashioned frock, a small paper parcel, which she handed to Captain Oswald.

"I shall follow your advice, lady; but will you be pleased to walk down into the cabin? My steward shall—"

"No, I thank you, captain—not at present. I am not in the least weary, and not so delicate as to fear a puff or two of salt water breeze—night though it is. Go down, Captain Oswald, don't stand on ceremony with me. I shall make myself entirely at home here, and find my way to the cabin readily enough, when I am weary of the deck."

For a brief space of time after Captain Oswald passed out of sight, the beautiful girl stood there silent, thoughtful, motionless. Then as if moved by some sudden impulse, she turned towards the quarter-master who was leaning on the capstan head, with his cap dangling negligently in his left hand, and his face quite hidden in the hollow of his right arm. The girl walked quietly over, and stood there close by the young officer's side for a few moments; and then passing her arm tenderly around his neck, she drew his handsome face up from its hiding place, and murmuring low and musically, "*Dear Paul*," she put back with her hand the brown curls from his forehead, bent and kissed him on the lips just as honestly and innocently, as if he had been her brother, or five years her husband.

That loving caress was a talisman that restored all Paul Azimuth's natural hilarity instantaneously; but he could not quite pass into oblivion Miss Landsver's apparent indifference towards himself during her conversation with Captain Oswald; and so he took occasion to remind her of it—though very delicately, however.

"Now, my dear, brave Paul, you are not jealous an atom I know, only a trifle sensitive. But you are unjust, Paul. Don't you remem-

ber when Sumter was attacked, and all your hatred of secession, all your loyalty to the Union was aroused, when you were cursing traitors, and preparing to hurry North and enter the navy; how, when I, as your affianced wife, though approving your devotion, plead with, and besought you to remain passive, and not leave us—how almost spurning me, you bade me bear in mind that love must yield to duty, that a thousand affianced wives with the wealth of the universe, could not tempt you to remain inactive while traitors were insulting our glorious flag, and seeking to overthrow our Union. I loved you the more for your loyalty, Paul, and bade you go, though it broke my heart almost. And now you chide me because I could not put by the information I have risked so much to obtain, and bring safely hither; for the sake of gratifying our own selfish desires—O, Paul!"

"Forgive me, dear Helena, I was a selfish fool."

"Only a trifle selfish, my brave, generous Paul. Not a mite foolish. But you are forgiven on promise of future good behaviour."

Paul readily gave the required parole and escorted his affianced wife to the cabin just as Captain Oswald re-appeared on deck.

"Well, Mr. Garnet, I am master of our mystery of the middle watch."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Yes; but as it is scarcely prudent to communicate it publicly here on deck, I think it best that you take these papers brought off by Miss Landsver, read them at your leisure, and then communicate the contents to whom you will of the officers to-morrow, while the crew are mostly out of hearing."

So down I went to my state-room, and into a perusal of the papers; but as I was off into a five fathom sleep before I had waded through the second paragraph, I learned nothing much of the mystery that night, and considering the whole matter over during my morning watch on deck, I came to the conclusion that the captain was enough to know all about the affair, until it should become gradually developed by the directed course of events, which I knew well enough it would, under his administration. Paul Azimuth, however, was better educated, and less disposed to sleep; and as he passed that watch below in close proximity to the ex-commander of the chebacco boat, I think he had the whole contents of the despatches with verbal compound addition. So, as Paul was an officer of my side of the ship, I had from him during

watch, all the important points, and many of the details.

We were lying as usual during the daytime in fine weather, under our main-topsail and jib, with all light sails furled, and fore-topsail hauled up by the clew and buntlines, and the bell had just struck one (half past eight) in the forenoon watch.

Captain Oswald came on deck, and carelessly invited me to a seat under the awning, from whence a conversation carried on in an ordinary tone would not be very likely to be overheard by any one:

"Well, what do you think of the mystery now, Mr. Garnet?"

"Why, now that I know it all, it seems so ridiculously simple, that I think we ought to have discovered it ourselves long ago."

"How could we? You will recollect the sheet always went at the sheeve hole, when the sail was sheeted chock home; so that the broken link invariably dropped overboard and was lost.

"True enough, sir. I didn't think of that. Why, we might have watched forty years, and then failed of discovering the mystery."

"Exactly, Mr. Garnet. But we have it now, and if we don't turn it to our own advantage, it's our own fault."

"In what manner, Captain Oswald?"

"O, I'll enlighten you after a while. By-the-by, what do you think of our little Carolina Corsair?"

"She's an angel!"

"Tut, man. Where's Mrs. Garnet?"

"Ashore somewhere."

"It's well for you that she's not here."

"How's that, captain?"

"Why there'd be war declared between Carolina and Alabama in the twinkling of a handspike."

"Thunder! can't there be several dimity angels in this world without war?"

"Yes, I suppose there might be; but women won't believe it—I vow though, that little Charlestonian Netherlander is a rare beauty. I have never seen another woman so wonderfully beautiful."

"Where's Mrs. Oswald, sir?"

"O psha! Mrs. Oswald belongs to me."

"And Miss Landsver belongs to Paul Azimuth, quarter-master of the Brazillero."

"Very nearly I think, and two hundred thousand dollars in prospective. Lucky chap Paul is, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is, and deserves all his luck."

"So he does. Wonder if he'll resign?"

"No, sir. Not while there's a rebel fighting against that flag."

"I don't think he will; but I have sent for the boy Willie Ennislly to come aft. He's the purser's boy, so my ruse won't excite suspicion. Ah, here he is now. Come here, Willie."

The boy, a handsome, intelligent-looking lad, walked up in front of us, paid the usual salute, took off his sennit hat, and stood there swinging it by the lanyard.

"How old are you, Willie?" the captain inquired.

"In my fourteenth year, sir."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are your father and mother living?"

"Mother is alive, sir. My father is buried at the foot of the flagstaff in Fort Sumter."

"Indeed! how was that, my lad?"

"Why, sir, he was one of the four killed by the bursting of the gun, while they were saluting the flag that Sunday morning when Major Anderson was about to evacuate the fort; and they buried them where they died."

"A glorious grave, my lad! But, Willie, why did you come to sea?"

The boy slowly raised his right arm, and pointed steadily up at the flag floating lazily at the mizzen peak. Two great tears welled up in his dark eyes, glided half way down his bronzed cheeks, and hung glistening there like liquid diamonds. The clean cut nostrils expanded like those of the veteran war horse when he scents the battle, and the full, pouting lips quivered with nervous excitement. It was a sublime exhibition of patriotism, most eloquently mute.

"There, Mr. Garnet! There's a sample of loyalty that ought to put us all to the blush."

"And does shame me for one. 'Tis a brave, glorious boy."

"You are right, sir. Willie, my lad, will you do me a favor?"

"With pleasure, sir, if I can."

"Do you know the foretop-men in both watches?"

"By sight, yes, sir. But I don't have any talk with 'em. I think they're rebels mostly, sir."

"And I endorse your opinion, Willie; and now for the favor. There's a book, my lad—a very interesting book; and here in it is a folded sheet of paper, just the size of the leaves of the book. Here is a pencil also; and now, Willie, I wish you to take this book

and go up into the maintop for a whole holiday. Peruse your book attentively, my lad; but mind and make a note of every single thing that occurs in the foretop during the day."

"Ay, ay, sir, I understand," replied the boy, and thrusting the book into the bosom of his sea frock, he sauntered leisuredly along to the main rigging, and trotted nimbly up the ratlines to his station in the maintop.

The watch passed off as our outside, off-shore fair weather watches usually did—officers lounging under the quarter-deck awning, reading, writing, smoking, or speculating upon the probable course or duration of the rebellion, or in a general desultory conversation; and crew amusing themselves on the berth deck, in mending or making jumpers and duck trowsers; playing draughts, backgammon or chuck-penny, reading soiled, half worn out, tattered novelettes, or stretched out on deck between the guns, snoozing away the watch, and bottling up a supply of sleep to last them through the inshore, wide-awake, lookout duties of the succeeding night. Not a feature out of the dull, daily routine of daylight duty on blockade service manifested itself, except that all the foretopmen, including those who had the watch below, remained the greater part of the forenoon aloft; but as they were all apparently busy in sailor's ordinary, off-duty avocations, and as we had full confidence in Willie's sagacity, we paid no heed whatever to the circumstance.

Willie did not come down when eight bells were struck and dinner piped, as forty-nine of every fifty boys of his age, so situated, would have done; but remained there aloft, lying flat down on the flooring of the top, apparently so wholly absorbed in his book, that he had neither heard bell nor bo'son's pipe to dinner. At four bells, however, the boy came down, and walked aft to where Captain Oswald was standing in conversation with Miss Landsver. Bowing politely to the lady, Willie saluted his commander, returned him the book, thanked him for the loan of it, and then doffing his hat he bowed again to both the lady and captain, and went off down the ward-room companion-way in quest of his dinner.

"That is an unusually handsome, intelligent-looking boy," half mused Miss Landsver.

"Beautiful as a woman,—ay, as a very lovely woman, Miss Landsver, and as intelligent as he is handsome. We've had him stationed in the maintop on lookout service, for several hours past. Let's see the result of

his observations. Come this way and be seated, Miss Landsver. Mr. Garnet, come and sit down here with us. Doctor, draw that stool this way. Mr. Azimuth, be seated here next Miss Landsver. Mr. Vangs, haul that camp chair into the ring here. So, there we are. Now let's see what Willie has done for us."

The boy's skillful handiwork elicited from Miss Landsver, who was herself an accomplished artist, an exclamation of admiration. There were two or three copies from engravings in the book, a fancy head, a naval engagement between two ships, and a sea piece; all so exquisitely wrought and finished, that considering they were done with an ordinary lead pencil, they were a very miracle of art. Then there was a memoranda in a clear, bold, beautiful handwriting, which I transcribe *verbatim* :

"First two hours aloft—nothing unusual observed in foretop. Four topmen there—one sewing—one reading, and two engaged in playing draughts. At six bells, two other topmen, Harry Ackers and George Witham, came into the top. Ackers took two or three folded papers that looked like letters from his bosom, and read them to the others. Then they all gathered close together and talked till eight bells. Too far off to hear anything. When the ship's company was piped to dinner, saw Ackers and Witham go up on the foot ropes, close in the bunt of the topsail yard, and pretend to examine the quarter-blocks and shackles of the topsail sheets. Ackers was on the starboard, and Witham on the port side of the masthead. After about ten minutes, Ackers and Witham began doing something that looked like sawing, as near as I could make out, the fourth or fifth link from the shackle. After sawing about fifteen minutes, the men rubbed the links over with something that I think was shoe blacking; then they came down into the top where they whispered together till two bells struck, when they were relieved by the starboard topmen and went below."

"Clear as daylight, gentlemen, and clinches the truth of your intelligence, Miss Landsver, beyond all question," quietly observed Captain Oswald.

"Willie is a treasure—a real diamond!" enthusiastically exclaimed Miss Landsver. "And the boy a purser's drudge of all work, too. It's a shame, Captain Oswald. You must give Willie to me, sir."

"Indeed, I will do no such thing, my dear

Miss Landsver, for several reasons. The first is, I'll wager my commission against that fan of yours, that Willie would not leave the service for all the women on earth, though they were each a Miss Landsver. My second reason is, I can't spare Willie. I want him myself. I shall transfer him from the purser's department to my own, making him my clerk in place of the idle, insolent, rum-loving son of a rich army contractor, whom I dismissed and sent ashore last week. Willie's father was a private soldier, killed and buried in Fort Sumter, and as his widowed mother cannot be in affluent circumstances, the natural inference is, that she will need all the pecuniary aid her brave, patriotic boy can render her. His pay as captain's clerk, and the prize money that may fall to him, will insure his mother a comfortable support. My third and last objection is this: By your own confession, Miss Landsver, you have no intention of returning to Charleston during the existence of this rebellion. Hence you are a waif, a vagabond; and surely, you are too generous to wish to induce the boy to abandon his first love, and pursue such an avocation."

The lovely Netherlander blushed to the temples, as she looked lovingly at Paul Azimuth, and then, with a comical expression, and mischievous twinkle in her bright black eyes, the beautiful little "vagabond" fairly looked Captain Oswald down, her pantomime telling him, just as plainly as her tongue could have done:

"Never you mind, Mr. Slanderer—I shall very soon have a home of my own, and—some one who would resent your calling me a vagabond in earnest."

"But, about this boy Willie," broke in just here our bluff, handsome, hard-weather surgeon—who had, it seemed, just got awake. "It's all very well, his pay and prize-money—when it comes. His mother might starve to death in the waiting for it, though. Who knows but the poor woman is feasting on parched corn and potato parings at this moment? Pshaw! Here are a dozen of us quarter-deckers, who can very well spare a trifle each towards keeping the widow's craft on an even keel, until Willie can comfortably ballast her. There's my mite, Miss Landsver, and I nominate you as treasurer of *The Willie's Widowed Mother's Aid Society.*"

The doctor chucked a twenty dollar gold piece into the lady's lap.

"Bravo, doctor!" exclaimed our generous commander. "You always think and act to-

gether, and always to the purpose. I'll see your twenty, and go ten better, doctor;" and the captain tossed over to the treasurer three eagles. "The stuff is of no use to me off here."

Paul Azimuth went quietly off below, and in a few moments returned with a fifty-dollar bank note, which he modestly placed in Miss Landsver's hands.

"Halloa, quarter-master! Playing 'bluff,' are you?" said the surgeon. "All right, though. You can afford it, as you've got the biggest pile of any man in this ship, except Miss Lands— Beg pardon, miss, for making a man of you—I—ah—" and the jolly surgeon broke down just here, amid a general quarter-deck "Ha—ha—haw—O!"

The remainder of us belonging to the quarter-deck department, contributed as we could afford to the fund, and Miss Helena Landsver outbid us all in generosity, by covering the sum total with a crisp, new one hundred dollar bank note; and at the same time assured us that she should obtain from Willie his mother's address, directly, and remit the funds to her by the first opportunity. Within an hour, we saw Willie installed as captain's clerk, and, immediately after, our attention was called to other and rather unusual duties.

At six bells (three o'clock P. M.), rattling drums and shrill-piping fifes summoned officers and crew of the U. S. Blockading Ship *Brazilero* to quarters. Out came from cabin, ward and gun-rooms, captain, lieutenants, masters, ensigns—everybody holding commission or warrant, in full-dress uniform. Out from their especial quarters, tramped our jaunty marines, in white linen pants, navy-blue frock-coats, neat morocco-bound regulation hats, snow-white cross belts and spotless gloves—the handsomest uniform in the world—and were drawn up in double file across the deck abaft the mainmast. Up the ladders, from the berth-deck, tumbled our ready tars, in light duck trousers, white frocks and senilit hats, all ranged along the spar-deck on either side, and everybody, fore and aft, wondering what was to come next.

Not long were we permitted to wonder; for as soon as all hands were mustered on deck, Captain Oswald ordered the roll called. The call went on as usual, until it came to Harry Ackers, captain of the foretop. "Come aft to the main capstan, Harry Ackers," called the ensign on duty. The double line of marines opened for the man to pass, and closed again in his rear. "George Witham," and aft

came George, as Ackers had done. Thus the roll went on, and thus the men were called aft, until we had the eight foretopmen shut off from the ship's company, and confronted there on the quarter-deck by the officers of the ship.

"Do your duty, sir!"

It was Captain Oswald's sharp, stern command to the master at arms, and in less than five minutes the eight topmen were hampered with double irons, and marched off, under guard, for close confinement in the "brig." This having been accomplished, orders were given for the whole ship's company, officers and men, to go below, and stand by for a call in half an hour, in fatigue dress.

At the end of the half hour, out we came, fore and aft, at the first tap of the drum, and at it we went with a will, executing orders issued by the captain to the ward-room officers several hours previously.

Shot and shell lockers were opened, temporary, rough shot racks were constructed between the guns on either side, and filled with sixty-four pound shot. Several extra gun-tackle purchases were rove off, and placed conveniently at hand; the charges were drawn from all the guns, and replaced with fresh ones, and four spare kedge anchors were roused up from the lower hold, and laid amidships, two on each side the vessel.

The carpenter and sail-maker paid a visit to the fore-topsail yard, and, returning to the quarter-deck, reported the fifth link from the shackle of each topsail sheet sawed half way through, and then filled and blacked over with shoe-blackening, so cleverly that one not posted might have searched a month without detecting the rascality.

That was the mystery of our sheets going as they had done. The links being cut half through, still had sufficient strength to bear any ordinary steady strain. But in a taut breeze, the sudden slacking off of a few inches where the sheet was belayed on deck, would cause a surge that would inevitably part the cut link, which, from necessity of position, would drop overboard. In the night watches, it was always an easy matter for some one of the rebel topmen to surge the sheet, without being detected.

By five o'clock P. M., we had all sail on the ship, and were standing in shore. But as the breeze was so very light that we had little better than steerage way, and the distance in to the bar being fully ten miles, it was in no wise probable that we should fetch the

outer buoy before it was quite dark. When the ship was fairly underweigh, and decks cleared, crew and officers were mustered aft, and Captain Oswald read to us a note which had been obtained by Miss Landsver, by the merest chance in the world, of which the following is an exact copy:

"Charleston Harbor, July 9, 18—.

"Com. Tatnall, com'dg C. S. N., Charleston:

SIR:—According to your directions, I have supplied Harry Ackers, captain of the fore-top, and George Witham, topman of the Yankee blockading barque *Brazillero*, with the requisite instruments for cutting the links of the fore-topsail sheets, and also instructed them how to surge the sheet so as to part it whenever they wish.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"J. DALTON, *Lieut. C. S. N.*"

Besides the above note, Miss Landsver had secured several other very important documents, which she had given to Captain Oswald; but as none of them concerned us especially, it is not necessary to reproduce them here. That brief note, however, had been the master key to unlock the whole mystery. In searching the clothes-bags of the imprisoned topmen, there was found a package of letters, two of which completed the chain, of which the one just read to us was the middle link. They were directed to Harry Ackers, and found in his bag. The first, dated some three weeks back, ran thus:

"Maffit Channel, 17th June.

"DEAR HARRY:—I got off safe. Swam to the buoy, where I held on till picked up by one of our boats, within twenty minutes after I jumped from the yard. I send you the saws, acids, and all the materials needed for cutting the topsail sheets according to instructions. Try and have them go adrift always when the ship is cramped on a lee shoal, and we will be on hand with boats and armed crews sufficient to take care of the Yanks and their cruiser. Should you fail ten, twenty times—don't despair. We shall get her yet, as sure as I am

"JACK DALTON, *Lieut. C. S. N.*"

The other note was but three days old, and read as follows:

"July 13th.

"DEAR HARRY:—Stand by to-night for my last bulletin. Be prepared for Thursday night. Saw both sheets that day. Try every artifice to induce your sexy commander to run well up the channel. We have six boats

ready to nab him, and during the tussle a cotton-loaded steamer, bound for Europe, will slip out by us. Be wide awake, and we shall win.

J. DALTON, *Lieut. C. S. N.*"

"Yes, you'll win—a halter, in my opinion, Mr. jumping Jack Lieutenant C. S. N.," contemptuously remarked our commander, when he had concluded reading the last note to us. "And now, my men, as I think I have weeded out all the rebels from among you, I expect every man will perform his duty faithfully, as I shall endeavor to do mine. Gentlemen, officers, I think we will carry out this rebel programme, all except getting captured, and permitting that European-bound steamer to 'slip out.'"

Three hearty cheers were given for the captain, and the ship's company were dismissed to supper, and we quarter-deckers also went down to ours.

As the sun went down, the breeze freshened, and held steadily at about south-southeast, just the exact point to permit us to lay our course either up or down the channel, into which it was decided to run during the middle watch.

By eight bells, at the end of the second dog-watch, it had set in unusually dark for a clear night, and by half-past eight we passed in by the outer buoy, with crew all at quarters, gunners at stations, marines posted at vulnerable points where an attempt at boarding might be made, and with signal lanterns aloft, and under easy sail, we jogged along up channel.

Having passed the inner red buoy, the channel became narrow and intricate, so that it was scarcely prudent to stand further in. The experiment with the topsail sheets was made just here, and successfully. At the first surge, away they both went, crack; and there was our huge fore-topsail, lathering and slatting like mad. The result had been judiciously forelayed for, as, the instant the sheets went, the helm was put down, and round came the ship head to wind. As the topsail caught aback, and remained passive, the four black sailors supplied by Miss Landsver, now acting as volunteer topmen, lay out on the foreyard two of a side, like monkeys, and hooking on the jig tackles, all ready for the occasion, the clews were dragged chock down again in no time, and when the order to "let go and haul," was given, round swung the head yards, with the fore-topsail all a-taunto.

The trap had been sprung at the exact time

and place; for in half a minute after our topsail sheets went, the quick dash of oars from either side of the channel was heard, and by the time we were fairly in stays, six rebel boats, crowded with men, were close upon us. Captain Oswald gave his orders just as coolly as if he had been wearing ship in a whole topsail breeze.

"Forecastle there! Mr. Denny, take care of that boat on the port bow, with that gun of yours. Sterritt, you speak to that chap coming down on the starboard bow. Chuck in a stand of grape, and depress your piece well. Mr. Ottley, look out for those two fellows yonder, pulling for our starboard gangway. Mr. Garnet, will you do me the favor to sight those two midship port guns, and see that that launch and whale-boat there don't get too uncomfortably near us? Mr. Corbett, see that your muskets are properly disposed to pink the rascals, if they happen to get—"

Bang—went Mr. Denny's forecask gun, interrupting the captain, and down went the rebel boat with all hands, like a deep-sea lead. Sterritt's murderous grist of grape tore away heads and limbs and oar-blades, leaving the rebel boat a helpless, drifting wreck. My first shot went clear over the whale-boat, and she went off like a race-horse. My second, better aimed, sent its sixty-four pounds of iron crashing right through the barge, splitting her open like a reed, and— Well, I remember having muttered a sort of prayer—"God have mercy on those infernal rebels!" Mr. Ottley lost one of his boats, which turned tail at the first shot fired, and escaped. But the other he cut into kindling-wood, and her crew into mincemeat, with his second gun loaded with musket-balls in cases. So the attack was repulsed, without our having recourse to our extra sixty-four pound shot and kedge anchors, which were intended to be hove down into the boats in case they should succeed in getting alongside.

We succeeded in rescuing some twenty of the miserable wretches, and among them was our ex-foretopman, the commander of the expedition, Lieut. John Dalton, C. S. N. But we were not quite through with our work; for simultaneous with the dash upon us of the boats, down channel came the rebel, cotton-loaded steamer, and by the time she made the discovery that we were not captured "Yanks," she was fairly under our guns, and the fifth shot induced the captain of her to sing out most lustily that he had surrendered. We had the pleasure of seeing that European-



bound steamer "slip out" of Charleston a prize; and before noon the next day, we sent her off Philadelphiaward, with Paul Azimuth as her prize-master, and Miss Helena Landsver as his *prize-mistress* and passenger—special messenger, and bearer of private despatches and pecuniary comfort to our Willie's widowed mother.

Our traitor foretopmen—Mr. John Dalton, Lieut. C. S. N., included—were sent on board the flagship; but our gallant, high-minded admiral was too much a Christian to inflict upon us the disgusting spectacle of dangling even such vile wretches at the yardarm, and the

scoundrels were therefore turned over to the justice of a naval court-martial convened at Beaufort, which, finding the villanous cut-throats worthy of death, they were ignominiously swung from the felon's gallows at Hill-ton Head.

There is little of fiction in the foregoing sketch. The incidents and characters are real, only fictitious names being substituted; the whole, very nearly a true transcript from a blockader's log-book. There are thousands of startling incidents in blockading annals, that, if interestingly told, would be better than fiction.

## RETROSPECTION.

~~~~~  
BY HELEN ADAIR.  
~~~~~

Damp is the gathering mist,  
Heavy, and damp, and chill,  
And a breath from the east in fitful gusts  
Clangs and sobs through the leafless trees,  
And then again is still.

Brains are busy to-night;  
Hearts unquiet and sad;  
And a fearful dread creeps up to the soul,  
As the darkness grows, and the clouds sweep low,  
And the winds and waves grow mad.

On just such a night as this,  
Our souls go forth with the storm,  
To the deeps disturbed, to the tossing ships,  
To the tents of sorrow, want and care,  
And abodes of sin and wrong.

We think, when the skies are clear,  
When the sun shines bright o'er all,  
When we know it is well with us and ours,  
And peace and plenty, and joy and love,  
Along our life-lines fall:

We think but seldom of those  
Who toil, and suffer, and pray;  
And up from the secret depths of our souls,  
Comes a bitter scorn for the fallen of earth,  
And we cast them wholly away.

But when in terrible might,  
Tempest sweeps over the lands;  
We are startled back from our selfish pride,  
And an anxious fear goes quickly forth,  
For shelterless feet and hands.

And a pity, large and whole,  
 For the hardened in guilt and sin,  
 Throbs up with the pulse, and we think, perhaps,  
 If we had been tried beyond our strength,  
 And tempted as they have been;

Our lives would bear a blot,  
 Our foreheads the mark of Cain;  
 And the cruel finger of hard contempt,  
 And the hand of justice, unjust in strength,  
 Be heavily on us lain.

Closer around the fire,  
 We gather in warmth and ease;  
 And pray, but not as the Pharisee prayed,  
 Thanking aloud, with fervent voice,  
 That we are better than these.

But humbly, in earnest truth,  
 Our praises upward roll,  
 That our lot was cast in purer scenes,  
 That truer hearts and firmer hands  
 Moulded our growth of soul.

## THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT.

~~~~~  
 BY SIDNEY GREY.  
 ~~~~~

"By my troth, De Esterville, England welcomes us with a sun as warm as that of Palestine."

"True, my lord; but after an absence of three years, it is pleasant to arrive on English soil upon a day so bright."

The above words were spoken by the leaders of a band of about fifty men-at-arms, on the road between Canterbury and London. The former of the speakers was a man apparently some fifty years of age; his form was large and muscular, well adapted to support the weight of the armor he bore; his sunburnt face showed plainly the powerful effects of an eastern sun. His companion was a much younger man, and differed greatly from him in appearance; his countenance, less sunburnt, wore a far less stern expression; and his slight form compared with the athletic proportions of the former, completed a striking contrast. Their equipments were much alike; both wore armor of the best Milan steel, and the gilded spurs of knighthood, and from the saddle-bow of each hung the massive battle-axe used by the Crusaders. Their casques and lances were borne by their squires, who rode directly behind their lords.

"Remember, De Esterville," said the first speaker, "that I wish my return to England to remain unknown, and for that reason shall assume the name of my deceased friend, Sir Guy Courtney; the tidings of his death have not yet reached here, and I can well support the character I have chosen. Since our lion-hearted King Richard has been imprisoned, I suspect England has undergone a change, and my mind has strange misgivings as to the manner in which my matters have been conducted during my absence. Think you I shall be recognized?"

"No, Sir Guy," answered his companion, addressing him by the name he had assumed. "Three years sojourn in the East, undergoing the hardships that we have, has so altered your appearance, that it is impossible your nearest friends should recognize you. I hope your fears in regard to the change England has undergone may prove incorrect. I heard it rumored this morning before we left Canterbury, that our king will soon return to his country."

"May Heaven grant it! and also that he may not return too late! I dread the dark, scheming minds of Prince John and the wily

king of France. Richard is himself too noble and generous to suspect deceit in others; but I have great fears that all is not as it should be."

At this moment their conversation was interrupted by the sound of clashing steel a little distance in advance of them. A turn in the road prevented them from seeing anything, but as they quickened their pace the sounds became more distinct, and directly they heard the shrill scream of a woman's voice. This was enough to arouse the chivalric spirit of De Esterville; and without waiting to take his casque or lance from his squire, he drove his armed heel in the flank of his horse, and was gone before Sir Guy Courtney was aware of his intention.

"By St. George!" said Sir Guy, "the mad boy will be killed! quick! my casque!" And snatching that and his lance from the hands of his squire, he hastily adjusted it to his head, and shouting to his men to follow him, he dashed along the road and was soon in the melee. It was time—for aid was sorely needed. A band of about a dozen men were fighting desperately in defence of a lady, against at least ten times their number. De Esterville was engaged in the hottest of it, wielding his weighty battle-axe with a power and skill, of which his slight frame appeared incapable.

The charge of Sir Guy and his men for an instant drove back the opposers, but seeing that they still far outnumbered their foes, their leader again led them to the attack. Notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts of Sir Guy Courtney and De Esterville, the enemy evidently gained ground. At this time, however, a new reinforcement was received, in the person of a knight of gigantic stature, who dashed into the centre of the enemy, swinging with one hand a mace, which a man of ordinary strength would have found some difficulty in raising, with an ease and celerity truly miraculous; horse and rider fell beneath his blows, and being stoutly seconded by the parties first on the field, they soon found themselves the victors. The leader of the assailants had been struck from his horse by the mace of the knight, but had succeeded in effecting his escape with the rest of his followers. Sir Guy Courtney and De Esterville had both witnessed the feat of arms performed by the unknown knight with undisguised wonder.

"I never but once before beheld such blows struck," said Sir Guy to his companion.

"Where, and by whom were they struck,

sir knight?" asked a deep voice behind them; and turning, they beheld the knight who had approached them unnoticed. Sir Guy scanned the proportions of the warrior through his visor, and then answered:

"Before the walls of Acre, did I behold Richard of England perform feats I never again expected to see equalled; but to-day, sir knight, I have been disappointed."

"There were many good blows struck upon that day," answered the knight: "but, come, sir knights," he added, "in talking of those days we are forgetting her for whom we have been striving."

"True," answered De Esterville. "Let us hasten to retrieve our error in so long absenting ourselves." And turning their chargers, the three rode towards the lady. As De Esterville looked at her, he thought he had never before seen so beautiful a face, and doffing his casque he respectfully approached her. She rode forward to meet them, and in a soft, sweet voice, said:

"Sir knights, receive the heartfelt thanks of Emille de Wilberton, for the valor you have displayed in her cause. But for your opportune assistance I should have now been the captive of the man I most fear on earth, Edward, Earl St. Vincent." Sir Guy Courtney making no answer, De Esterville said:

"Lady, we are bound by the laws of knight-hood to succor the oppressed, and the arms of Sir Guy Courtney and Henry de Esterville are the last that would remain idle when one like yourself is in need of them."

"There is one yet with whose name I am unacquainted," continued the lady; "but to whom I am also grateful for his timely aid." This she said, addressing the knight who had arrived last upon the field.

"Lady," he answered, "my only title for the present is that of the Unknown. I am happy if my arms have rendered you any assistance."

"Sir knights," she replied, "if it is not taxing your kindness too far, I will ask you to escort me to the castle of my uncle, the Earl de Villiers, who I am sure will be happy to welcome you."

"Has the brave earl then returned from Palestine?" asked the unknown knight.

"You mistake me, sir knight," answered Emille de Wilberton, sadly. "He to whom you refer was my father, who lost his life while fighting against the Infidels. The present earl is my uncle."

De Esterville who had been conversing apart

for a few minutes with Sir Guy Courtney, now approached, and addressing Lady Emille, said:

"It will give my friend and myself sincere pleasure, lady, to place you safely under the care of your uncle; as soon as it is your pleasure, we are ready."

"Let us hasten forward, then, Sir Henry de Esterville," she said, "or we shall arrive late at the castle."

"My duty calls me in another direction, lady," said the unknown, "else it would give me much pleasure to accompany you; but I leave you with those who will protect you. We may meet again at a time I may have a name. Until then, adieu."

"Adieu, sir knight. Take with you the warmest feelings of gratitude from the heart of one to whom you have rendered a signal service." She extended her gloved hand to him. He took it, and raising the lower portion of his visor, for the first time, respectfully kissed it; then wheeling his charger to the side of Sir Guy Courtney, he spoke to him, and the two rode off together a short distance, where they remained for some time in earnest conversation; Sir Guy then returned to the party, while the unknown, waving an adieu, rode rapidly off in an opposite direction; those whom he had left were soon on their way to Villiers Castle.

Villiers Castle, as Lady Emille Wilberton said, was now in possession of a younger brother of the house of De Villiers. The elder, having become imbued with the chivalrous spirit of the Crusaders, had joined the force raised by Richard for the eastern expedition, entrusting to his brother the guardianship of his only child, a girl of about sixteen years of age, and also the management of his large estates. From time to time, for two years, news was regularly received in England from the earl, but suddenly all traces of him disappeared, until a returned crusader informed his brother that he beheld him perish by the sword of an Infidel. William de Wilberton immediately took possession of the estates and title of his brother; continuing the guardianship of his niece, who was now ripening to womanhood. The fame of Emille de Wilberton's beauty had spread far and wide through the country, and brought many suitors to her feet; among the rest, Edward, Earl St. Vincent. Her uncle was peculiarly anxious to forward a match with the latter, whose wealth and influence at least, rendered the

object desirable. But the proud baron was far from pleasing, to the mind of Lady Emille, and he shared the fate of his predecessors. The Earl de Villiers dissembled as much as possible the anger he felt at this action of his niece; but, although he did not suffer his passion to display itself outwardly, his mind was immovably fixed upon the accomplishment of the purpose he had undertaken.

When the two Crusaders, Sir Guy Courtney and Henry de Esterville, were first introduced into his presence, and he was informed of the service they had rendered his niece, a deep frown for a moment settled upon his brow, which did not pass unnoticed by Sir Guy; but quickly recovering himself, he received his guests courteously, saying:

"Sir knights, you are welcome. Your persons, but not your names, are strangers to me. Often have I heard the prowess of Sir Guy Courtney and Henry de Esterville spoken of in admiration. The service you have rendered my niece will not be forgotten by me; but I fear it will be the cause of trouble to yourselves. The Earl of St. Vincent is not a man to pass by an injury unnoticed, and it would not surprise me, should he by to-morrow's dawn come here with a thousand vassals at his back, to demand your persons."

"Sir earl," answered Sir Guy Courtney, "we fear neither the threats nor the arms of one who would attack an escort of twelve men, with ten times their number; but we wish not to bring trouble to you; therefore by your good leave we will continue our journey." To this the earl would not listen, and at last prevailed upon the knights to consent to remain. After having partaken of refreshment, by their own request Sir Guy Courtney and De Esterville were shown to one apartment, being overcome by the fatigue and heat of the day.

They had not remained long in the room, when they were disturbed by groans, as of some one in distress; listening attentively, they soon discovered that the sounds proceeded from the next apartment to the one they occupied. De Esterville, after listening to the sounds for a few moments, went to the door by which they had entered, for the purpose of opening it; but started back with surprise on finding it fastened upon the outside. Sir Guy, who had sat watching his motions in silence, now arose, and with a bitter smile upon his face, said:

"Ha! 'tis then as I suspected; I thought the manner of the treacherous knave changed

too suddenly to bode aught that was good. But, come, De Esterville, let us first discover the meaning of the sounds we have heard, and we will then look to ourselves."

"But how, my lord?" answered his companion; "we are completely imprisoned."

"Not yet," said Sir Guy, quietly, "if I have not forgotten the apartment we are now in." And going to one side of the room, he raised a portion of the tapestry with which it was hung. For a moment he examined the oak pannelling attentively, then placing his hand on a certain portion of it, he pressed with all his strength. A part of the wainscoting began instantly to recede, leaving an aperture sufficiently large for a man to pass through. "I thought my memory had not deceived me," continued he. And taking the light in his hand, he passed through the aperture, closely followed by his companion. In the room they entered they quickly perceived the cause of the groans they had heard. On a bed in the furthest corner lay a man apparently in dying agonies. Their entrance attracted his notice; for, turning towards them, in a feeble voice he exclaimed:

"For mercy's sake, give me some water. I am burning—the flames are consuming me."

De Esterville hastened back to the room they had left, in order to procure what the dying man wanted. After moistening his lips, he continued:

"Would there were a priest here to whom I might confess; but it matters not. To you will I tell the tale of my crimes. I see that you are knights, and am sure you will see that the innocent are avenged. About the time when King Richard was preparing for his expedition to Palestine, I became acquainted with William de Wilberton—a man without a single redeeming trait in his nature. He promised me a large reward, provided I would undertake the performance of a deed so horrible, that even I, who feared neither human nor divine vengeance, shrunk from it with disgust. But, poor and needy, my scruples were at length overcome, and I accepted his offer. His brother, the Earl de Villiers, was to accompany the king, and it was my task to see that he never returned to England; by which means William de Wilberton would become possessed of his estates and title. I joined the band raised by the earl, and went with him to the Holy Land. Before the walls of Acre, I found means to perpetrate the foul deed, by which I have secured to myself eternal misery."

"May God forgive you, as I do!" said the deep, stern voice of Sir Guy Courtney.

"Who art thou that talks of forgiveness?" exclaimed the dying man, raising himself by a powerful effort, and gazing wildly in the face of the speaker.

"Geoffrey de Courcy, whom you left for dead upon the field of Acre."

For a moment the man continued his gaze; then with a groan sank back upon the pallet a corpse! The two knights for a few minutes remained in deep thought, by the bed of the dead man, but they were aroused by a noise behind them, and turning, they beheld William de Wilberton.

"Ha, traitor! what do you here?" shouted he whom we must now call the Earl de Villiers, in a voice of thunder.

"What means this language, sir knight?" said De Wilberton, convulsed with rage.

"William de Wilberton, know me no longer as Sir Guy Courtney, but as the brother for whose death you rewarded yon mass of dust. Hence! begone, I say; or I may be tempted to take your punishment from the hand of Heaven into my own."

With a face ghastly from fear and rage, William de Wilberton left the room, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs along the paved courtyard soon informed them that he had left the castle. The scene that ensued in De Villiers Castle that night, when it had become known that the earl had returned, who had long been considered as dead, it is unnecessary to describe. The joy of the daughter upon recovering a parent whom she had supposed lost to her upon earth was above description.

Once more did the child of the Earl de Villiers, as the bride of Henry de Esterville, behold the stalwart form of the unknown knight who had rendered such efficient aid in the time of need; but not then unknown, for all England resounded with acclamations of joy at the return of the Lion-Hearted King.

#### OUT OF SORTS.

A pleasure party invariably. Who ever knew a picnic to come off without a miff being picked up between somebody. If Miss Fantadling does not offend the Misses Stubbs, because they persist in wearing "those frights of bonnets," why Miss Smithers will go into the silks because "that brazen woman," Miss Dusenbury, is "so lost to shame" as to wander off alone with her beaux. All pleasure parties should consist of two persons, a white vest and a pair of slippers.

## A HEART'S REVERIE.

BY WM. EDWARD KNOWLES.

On a dim, sullen day in November,  
 While blossoms were hearing their doom,  
 Which was spoken in golden September,  
 My starlight set slowly in gloom—  
 My starlight set sadly in gloom.  
 I remember the hallowed even,  
 When voices were heard in the gloom,  
 Calling down from the portals of heaven,  
 To her in the dim-lighted room—  
 To her in the dull-lighted room.

Then my spirit was weary and saddened,  
 As heard I the voices at even;  
 Neither was it buoyed upward, nor gladdened,  
 As said she, "It's voices from heaven—  
 It's voices of angels from heaven."  
 For I saw by the light that was burning  
 So dim at the end of the room,  
 That her deep, earnest eyes were upturning,  
 And answering out of the gloom—  
 And answering back in the gloom.

It was mid-winter then in my bosom,  
 Chilled through by the frosts of despair;  
 And December crept into my bosom,  
 And blew with a keen, chilling air—  
 And blew with a keen, wintry air.  
 And I thought of the now sainted spirit,  
 Which faded, and went from my view;  
 And I said, that her spirit might hear it,  
 "My heart now is withering too—  
 My heart now is following too."

As I visit her grave in the even,  
 I hear, in the moon-lighted gloom,  
 Soft whispers coming downward from heaven,  
 Like those in the dim-lighted room—  
 Like those in the dull-lighted room.  
 And I know it's the voice of her spirit,  
 That faded, and went from my view;  
 And I say, that her spirit may hear it,  
 "My heart is now following too—  
 My heart is now coming to you."

## THE LOST PEARL.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

MILDRED WARD said a wicked word. I shall not tell what it was; but it began with a *d*, and it was a proper, I mean an improper noun, and I have heard ministers use it frequently. But this last fact was small excuse for Mildred, I know, for ministers do take advantage of their profession to use dreadful language sometimes, and I really do not blame the pious reader for being shocked at my dear Mildred's exclamation.

But then consider. The girl had toothache. With the initiated this is not only sufficient excuse, but ample justification; and for those ignorant and unsophisticated mortals who never had toothache, we don't care what they think. What do they know of suffering, of patience, of unbearable provocation? They never had all the nerves in their heads jag suddenly into chain-lightning set thick all along the edges with hot thorns. They never had pulses beating along their jaws and through their temples so loudly as to be heard in the next room. They don't know what it is to have an instant of ease from torment, then, when they are half weeping with joyful hope, feel that little infernal—it is infernal—squirm

with which the nerve turns over and gathers itself up refreshed for new agonies. They never cried, and walked their chambers all night long, and threw their hair-brushes into the looking-glass, splintering it into a rising sun, or nearly poisoned themselves with opium, laudanum, morphine, oil of cloves, kresote and camphor, to say nothing of being burnt up with red pepper, and blistered into a scarecrow with mustard plasters.

Consequently they are not competent to judge. Now Mildred Ward knew all these things, and endured them for a week. For two nights her sweet blue eyes had not closed in sleep, and their lids had grown flushed and swollen. A large blister occupied the spot where a charming dimple had been wont to play, and the tender mouth was pale and compressed with pain.

"O 'Mille!" she cried, throwing herself into my arms with a burst of tears when I went to see her. "What shall I do? I am utterly worn out. Do think for me—do help me!"

Then, as a cruel pang caught her, she flushed crimson, gave me a violent push, stamped her small foot, and wished passionately that



"the (that wicked word) had the tooth." But I will perish before I will tell what the word was.

I brought her bonnet and cloak and put them on her, submitting the while to the most disrespectful and contumelious treatment. I submitted meekly when this little chit, whom I had formerly ruled with a rod of iron, called me names to my face, snubbed me, snapped at me, slapped my hands, vowed I wanted to choke her with her bonnet strings, told me to mind my business when I ventured to ask her if she were going out without gloves, and at last actually dared to say to my face that I was an—"an ugly old maid,"—I who was only five-and-twenty three years ago last summer!

At that I took her by the shoulders and gave her a good shake, and then marched out of the house.

"Where are we going?" she asked at length, stealing a soft, tremulous hand into my arm.

"To the dentist," I replied, in a fell tone.

"Very well," she answered, then gave a moan of pain.

That and a sight of her face quite melted me, and I supported her tenderly, repeating, as we walked rapidly along all the original and comforting arguments I could think of; such as that the pain of having a tooth out was but momentary, and not so severe as a moment of what she had suffered with it, etc.

At length we reached the block where was Dr. Smith's office.

"Couldn't I take ether?" faltered Mildred, as we went up stairs.

"Nonsense!"

"Are you sure this is a good dentist?" she inquired, walking very slowly, and dropping her handkerchief purposely, I was positive. "You know one never knows anything about a Smith. It is impossible for one of that name to become eminent, Smiths are so common."

"So is sunshine," I retorted, indignantly. (My first love was a Smith.) "And here we are at the door."

She started forward and caught my hand before it touched the knob, looking me solemnly in the face. "Camilla," she said, with a sort of ecstatic gravity, "my tooth don't ache one bit."

"A mere ruse, my dear. Teeth always play those little tricks—come along."

"But I don't want—"

"Good morning, Dr. Smith. Here's a young lady to have a tooth out."

"But I tell you it's done aching," she whispered in my ear, "and I don't want it out."

"Sit here, if you please," said the doctor, indicating one of those comfortable chairs of torture, and taking a horrible, glittering instrument in his hand.

Mildred sank into the chair pale and frightened, holding her hand for me to take; but when she saw the napkin and instrument, and heard the awful request, "Please open your mouth," she gave a little scream. "I don't want my tooth out; it doesn't ache; it isn't decayed."

I called her a "baby," and immediately stated the case to Dr. Smith, who stood before her, looking very handsome, and gentle, and patient.

"Perhaps Miss Ward is right," he said. "The tooth may do ill. Shall I look at it?"

Mildred gave him a momentary searching gaze which I have noticed her give strangers sometimes, and which always seemed to me to read them through, then opened her mouth and revealed two rows of marvellous, shining pearls, so lovely, so perfect, that one would think that food must enjoy being eaten by them.

"Your teeth are all perfect but two," the dentist said, examining; "one of those can be filled; the other had better come out."

"O, I'm afraid it will hurt me! May I take ether?"

He gently reasoned and advised her out of this.

"Won't it make my face look hollow?" was the next objection.

The doctor gave just a breath of a mellow laugh as he looked at the fair, girlish face, with its round, soft curves.

"Do you think I had better have it out?" she asked him, with another quick, earnest gaze.

"I do."

She drew a long breath, and half leaned back in the chair.

"Besides, Mildred," I whispered, "a decaying tooth will taint your breath."

She gave a little cry of dismay, sank back in her seat, and resolutely opened her mouth. The small hand gave mine a convulsive clasp, and in an instant all was over.

I do not like to be censorious, but I did think that Dr. Smith was longer than he need have been in putting that bit of cotton into the place that had been occupied by Mildred's lost pearl. But I didn't wonder. Though young ladies often went to the handsome dentist, it was not often that such a head lay back

almost on his shoulder. The loosened hair of sunny brown hung in soft waves and rings over his arm, and got tangled in his fingers. The blue eyes were half shut, only a line of moist brightness showing through the beautiful, curved lashes. And there never was anything fairer than the white forehead which must have felt his breath.

As he released her, he glanced toward me, and meeting my eyes, blushed up to the roots of his hair. He blushed again when she made him a charming little speech of thanks and acknowledgements for the relief he had given her, leaving me the vulgar task of presenting him a soiled bit of postal currency.

"We will come again soon, and have that other tooth seen to," I said, as we went, receiving a very bright smile in reply.

"Dead for a ducat."

"What did you say, Mill?"

"Isn't Dr. Smith an odious man?"

"Why, you dear, I think he's so good. I shall always be grateful to him. I think he's handsome. Mildred, I have a presentiment," I said.

"What is it?"

"I think you will one day marry a Smith."

"O, not for the world! Why, I should feel as though I were almost everybody's wife."

Well, the other tooth was filled, and I must say the dentist earned the money he got for it; for I never knew a small task so long in being done. And by a continuous paying of judicious attentions to myself, Dr. Smith at length obtained the *entre* of my house, where Mildred was a constant visitor.

We had gay times that winter; drives, skating, tableaux, opera and theatre, and always our own "trusty circle," of a dozen or so, together at each. A bright little circle.

"All went merry as a marriage bell.

But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a ringing knell."

A coach rattled up the "stony street," there was a loud ring of the door-bell, and enter the villain of my story.

She (for my villain is a woman) walked straight up to me, kissed me, then untied her bonnet strings, talking in this fashion:

"I've come up to plague you a few months, cousin. You must have omitted saying your prayers last night, and I am a swift judgment. Let me see, how was it your litany ran in old times?—From lovers, toothache, and Cousin Isabel, good—"

"I don't recollect the old litany," I inter-

rupted, "but my new one prays to be delivered from envy, hatred and ill-will."

"Yes, to be sure. Well, whatever it is, I am glad you didn't say it, for we had a gale as it was, and one 'get thee behind me' from your saintly lips would have sunk us mid ocean. There, attend to your company. I need nothing. I took my supper and smoothed my hair on board the boat, and will sit on the sofa and look on, if you please."

"Nct even a cup of tea or coffee?" I suggested.

"Not a thing, positively. Go now. Your hand and partners wait. All at cards, the usual refuge of people who don't know how to talk."

"Wont you play?"

"Not a trick."

"The first time then," I muttered to myself, taking her at her word, and going back to the whist table. For our little circle was gathered whole that night—three tables where each dimple had a moustache for a *vis-à-vis*.

My cousin tossed over some books on a stand near her, selected a photograph album, and dropped herself comfortably into her sofa, her profile turned to the company.

And, by the way, did any one ever know one of those perfect, fine-cut profiles that look as though copied from some marble dream of the sculptor, to be associated with a character which was either amiable or thoroughly honest? As far as the experience of this writer goes, they are, without exception, intensely selfish, ambitious or coquettish, insincere, fickle and endless talkers. Doubtless the lady reader of this is an exception; but she has few companions.

But such profiles are exquisitely beautiful, and my Cousin Isabel's was finer than any picture on my walls. The regular, pure features were perfectly colorless, a delicate curve of an inky brow was visible, defining a low, Madonna forehead, long, dark lashes drooped heavily as she examined the book in her hand, and the rich dark hair was drawn back, not in any of those frizzed masses or stuffed rolls with which women disfigure themselves now-a-days, but in loose natural waves that gathered and fell, only half curled, over a pearl comb. With a form worthy of the head, and well-defined in a plain, closely-fitting black dress, it was no wonder if the company glanced that way often enough to be continually forgetting what was trumps.

"I never saw anything so lovely," whispered Mildred, who sat at my left hand.

"Nor I," said Frank Starr, her partner, looking at Mildred who was looking like a rosebud that night.

"Handsome, but not lovely," said Dr. Smith, who was my partner.

At this moment the object of their comments uttered an exclamation. "O, cousin, who is this handsome man? He is perfect! It must be ideal," and she brought the photograph album and laid it on a corner of our table, pointing to a face so that all could see it.

She play no tricks indeed!

"O, that is a friend of mine, Dr. Smith. Doctor, allow me to present you to Miss Milford."

"Gracious!" murmured Isabel, with every appearance of astonishment, while the doctor could not help blushing. Then she recovered herself, swept him a fine curtsy, and drawled out, "I really beg your pardon, sir. But I still persist the face is ideal. I cannot see the faintest resemblance."

And she went back to her sofa, leaving the album on the table.

Dr. Smith had too much good sense to be piqued at this. He knew, once for all, that he was exceedingly handsome, and was, doubtless, pleased with the knowledge; but he estimated his own worth by far other things than fine eyes and form. I don't think he would have broken his heart had he caught the small-pox, though he would have been very sorry to be marked. Besides this agreeable consciousness, he was amused by my cousin's piquancy. People, men as well as women, seeming usually to be made by the gross, it is really refreshing to meet occasionally one of a new pattern, even if that pattern be not quite to our content. So the gentleman smiled good-naturedly, remarked that the sun as often flattered as did any other artist, and finished the game in perfect composure. But I observed him glance more than once towards the sofa; and when we threw down our cards to taste some strawberries that had ripened under glass for our May-day, he took a seat beside her, and remained there nearly all the evening.

Isabel chose to be very lofty with him, but before he left he had promised to teach her chess (which she played already, to my certain knowledge,) and persuaded her to think it possible that she might feel able to join us in a walk into the country the next day, in search of wild flowers.

It is not worth while describing by what small means my unasked visitor managed to

destroy everybody's comfort. Her rustling skirts swept into every *tete-a-tete* or private confab, her pale, slender fingers were in every pie, her careless, or cutting, or coaxing word influenced every debate, and often led decisions against the majority, and her coqueries troubled all the luckless streams of true love that flowed in her ken.

I must confess that my cousin Isabel was trying to get a husband; but I should be frantic if a gentleman had said so. She had been several times engaged, but her ill-temper or coquetry, or the disaffection of the gentlemen had broken all these engagements; and finding herself without prospect in her own town, she was now trying a new field. She was not rich, and had a mortal horror of being called an old maid, a fate that was imminent.

Frank Starr was too young and too poor; there was some objection to all the others, but Doctor Smith was unexceptionable. Handsome, good, but not too good, with a little fortune of his own, and a fine business—he would do. As for an apparent partiality for that little Ward girl, she would soon put a stop to that.

As to what went on *sub rosa* I do not know all. But effects were visible. Mildred, whom Isabel grew very fond of, looked uneasy, became changeable in her manners, had sometimes a proud look and sometimes a grieved one when Dr. Smith addressed her, lost all her gaiety and color, finally, grew extraordinarily gay again, and flirted outrageously with Frank Starr.

One morning I had a little conversation with Mr. Willis which had consequences. Mr. Willis, whom I have not mentioned before, was an intimate friend, an old bachelor, rich as a Jew, and a professed woman-hater. Nevertheless, he was agreeable in his odd way, and was, by far, the superior gentleman of our circle. In all artistic and learned matters he was our oracle, and if any one said a witty or beautiful thing, his eye was the first to brighten with recognition. Well, he called, and we talked over a *fete champetre* which we were planning, and then he chanced to remark, apropos of a bewitching translation of Anacreon's "Cupid Belated," which he found me reading.

"It seems to me that this same perverse, wicked little rogue has got among us. The amours with which our friends entertain us are not like commonplace, 19th century loves. Everything is cross-purposes."

A bright thought struck me.

"Will you help me to set things right?" I asked, eagerly.

"How can I?"

"Very easily. Now, Mr. Willis, you know that Dr. Smith and Mildred are partial to each other, and yet they scarcely speak together lately. They are unhappy both, and are trying to make believe they are indifferent. My cousin is at the bottom of it. She monopolizes him in spite of everything. Don't you see?"

"But I don't see how I can help it."

"I will tell you. If you would be so very good as to pay court to Isabel—"

"My dear madam!" cried the bachelor, in dismay; "you don't imagine that at my age and with my tastes, I am to turn to a gay deceiver?"

"Yes, I do."

"It is impossible!"

At that moment Isabel sauntered in, nodded to us, and went to the further end of the room. He watched her. The minx was as graceful as a swan, and sailed about as though to music. The gentleman smiled involuntarily.

"It would be mean," he muttered, the next instant.

"O, you needn't fear for her peace of mind," I said. "She is not impressible. Besides, I don't ask you to make love to her. I know that would be contrary to your habits and inclinations. But you might button her gloves, and put on her shawl, and give the doctor respite."

The gentleman was evidently ill at ease in the situation I had assigned him, but did not utterly refuse. Indeed, he did venture some attentions, but they were swept away with utter unconsciousness. He persisted, and got snubbed. To my surprise he was not daunted. Mr. Willis was a man of spirit, and would compel a person to be pleased when once he had taken the trouble to try. But Isabel still preferred the doctor, and the course of true love did not get smooth itself.

We had our little picnic, and took a luncheon in Wild's woods. The trees screened us from the hot noon sun, and soft moss spread itself for carpet and table.

"This is my arm-chair," said Isabel, sinking into a nook between two large roots. "Here's a moss cushion for you, Mildred. Isn't it nice? Dr. Smith, here's your carpet at our feet. Mr. Starr, you may come if you can find room."

They gathered at her will. I sat at the opposite side of the tree, hearing their talk, sometimes looking round the trunk to join with a word. Mildred ate from the same plate with Frank Starr, and seemed to see no one else. A bright, nervous color burned in her cheeks, and her quick laugh had more excitement than mirth in it. But she was as beautiful as a wild rose, and I did not wonder that Dr. Smith seldom took his eyes from her. He was silent and absent, and all Isabel's sallies failed to rouse him.

Presently Frank Starr challenged Mildred to a chase for a butterfly, or some such nonsense, and they started off together.

"What a pretty couple they are," said Isabel, gazing admiringly after them. "It is the most suitable match I have ever seen."

"Is it a match?" asked the gentleman, in a constrained voice, turning aside to reach and tear up a clover root.

"Why, I supposed there was no doubt of that," replied Isabel, in a tone of surprise. "I have been given to understand that it is quite settled."

Dr. Smith was busily picking apart a clover blossom, and so did not look up as he went on:

"You may mistake. They are very old acquaintances, were schoolmates together, and their parents were friends also. I think the young man admires Miss Ward, but I have supposed that she was not aware of it."

"You may be right," she said, a little impatiently, "but I have seen them in very lover-like situations."

A deep red ran over the doctor's face, and faded, leaving it pale, and he seemed choking with a word that he would not or could not speak. Then with a quick, fierce gesture he snatched a ring from his finger and tossed it away in the moss.

"I have discovered the loveliest waterfall," said Mr. Willis, coming up at this moment. "It is worth going to see, Miss Milford."

"Certainly!" she rose with alacrity, and took his arm, leaving Dr. Smith to meditate upon her communication.

I took up the ring which he had thrown away, and slipped it on my finger—a pretty ring of Etruscan gold braided in fine wires and clasping an odd white stone in the back. It was not cornelian, nor opal, nor pearl, but a pure opaque white, smooth and polished, and with a faint transparency at the edges. I turned the stone inside my hand and joined the doctor, who stood leaning against the tree, silent and alone.

"You here?" he exclaimed, starting.

"Why not? I have been here all the time. Ten minutes ago you were talking with me. It is your own fault if you were not aware. Of course if I had perceived you about to offer yourself to my cousin I should have coughed or run away. But, fortunately, Mr. Willis came before that consummation."

"Offer myself! You must know that I do not dream of such a thing."

"I know nothing of the kind. How should I? One must judge by appearances, and you are certainly more attentive to my cousin than to any one else. Besides, we have been given to understand that such an event would not be surprising."

"What do you mean?" he demanded, in utter astonishment, giving me the full benefit of a pair of flashing eyes.

"Mean? O, nothing. Don't be tragical, doctor."

"But I insist."

"Nonsense! There is no law in the commonwealth that will compel a woman to mean anything unless she chooses. Come with me. I want to find Mildred."

He drew back.

"She has company. Excuse me."

"But I have not. Will you send me through these awful shades alone. Suppose I should see a toad? I have already seen a snake."

"Does Miss Ware think that I have any intentions regarding Miss Milford?" he inquired, at length.

"I really can't say. She never mentioned the subject to me."

Suddenly he started, and drew back, and following his gaze, I saw a pretty picture among the trees—Mildred Ward swinging on the stem of a tree that Frank Starr had bent down for her. The beautiful tree, with its head bent to the ground, awayed and bent, but never broke under her light weight as she balanced herself, looking like a fairy among light-green spring foliage.

"If I were light enough to spring up into the air with it," she laughed.

Her companion bent towards her, took her hand, and said something in a low tone.

She snatched the hand hastily back, blushing angrily, and waved him away.

"Dear Mildred!" he began.

"Not a word more!" she exclaimed, turning from him.

"Some lovers' quarrel," said the doctor, in a trembling voice. "We had better go back."

"By no means, sir. I am going to Mildred. It is no lovers' quarrel, for they never were lovers. Mildred, what has become of Mr. Frank?"

"I really don't know. He was here a minute ago."

"I want particularly to see him," I said.

"Please take care of the doctor while I find him. I will come back in a minute." And I started off in great haste, and arrived at a slower pace at the grove where we sat for luncheon. One by one, or two by two, the party gradually sauntered back to the rendezvous.

Dr. Smith, to my surprise, was one of the first to arrive. He came, and began searching diligently in the moss beside the tree. I let him search.

Then came one and another, and after a while Mr. Willis, with Isabel on one arm and Mildred on the other, all laughing, and apparently in the best of spirits.

I took the first opportunity to whisper to Mildred, "My dear, how many offers have you refused this afternoon?"

"Not one, Mill, I haven't had any."

"Are you going to marry Frank Starr?"

"You know better."

"Are you going to marry Dr. Smith?"

"O, don't tease, now. He hasn't asked me to."

But I knew by her face that he had found time to say a word, and glancing at him, I saw also that though he was not sure of his own prospects, he was relieved of all alarm on account of Frank Starr. That young man did not make his appearance till we went to the carriages, when he came up whistling some odious street tune, and displaying three splendid moths impaled on the blade of his penknife.

Of course the doctor didn't find his ring, and though I did not put on my gloves going home, and made all possible display of my hand, he did not discover the lost jewel. He was fully occupied in keeping Mildred's shawl about her, and shielding her from the chilly, east wind that had come up out of Dante's frozen Inferno, and was making us all creep. Isabel riding in another carriage with Frank and Mr. Willis was spared this sight.

But when we reached home, she used her eyes. Not to her satisfaction, either, it seemed. Her small, thin lips began to compress themselves, her eyes to contract, and her voice had a fine, crystalline, hardness,

which was, with her, a sign of intense anger.

"Of all torments, give my enemy *ennui*!" she exclaimed, tossing from her the unread evening paper. "If some one doesn't amuse me I shall become dangerous. I am fit for 'treasons, stratagems and spoils' to-night. Mildred Ward, go to the piano and play a waltz, if you have mercy.

"I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst!"

Mildred, who was telling Dr. Smith's fortune with cards, rose, and going to the piano as bid, began playing a sighing, incomplete waltz, like a passionate, unanswered question.

"How far had she got? I will finish," said Isabel, taking the cards. "Play that waltz forty thousand times, Mildred. It is just what I want, and you play like an angel."

Dr. Smith leaned back in his chair and listened to the music, at the same time watching his companion with curious eyes, as she sorted the cards. Her white hands trembled, and, as he looked, tears swelled slowly under her downcast lids.

"Here is one who loves you," she murmured. "But you, you care not for her. You think of yourself chiefly, and are the sport of a girl who delights to display her conquests. I see her now with another—this knave—and he thinks she loves him. She will marry the richer one. She has just quarrelled with the other, but they will be reconciled."

"Describe the one who loves me," said the gentleman, in a low tone.

Isabel dropped the cards, and turned away an instant, then turned, and gave him a glance of her bright eyes, flashing through tears.

"I should not describe the lady who sits at the piano," she said, bitterly, "for what love she can spare from herself she gives to another than you."

"Are you sure?" asked he, with an intent gaze on her.

"I know it," she answered, passionately. "She has told me. She only plays with you."

He rose, pale and firm.

"I will ask her," he said.

"Dr. Smith, you are mad!" exclaimed Isabel, catching his arm. "Of course she will deny. I beg of you—"

"I thank you, madam, for your friendly interest," he said, with cool politeness. "I will run the risk."

Isabel leaned forward with a pale face and

burning eyes, as he approached Mildred, but Mildred greeted him with a smile. He whispered a word that made her forget the tune, and wander away from her waltz through a musical chaos, catching here and there at some familiar harmony, losing it, trying again. At last the drooping head was raised, one look met his direct, a trembling, earnest look, the lips moved with a word, and it was plain that they understood each other, at last.

Isabel Milford saw, and a spasm of pain and anger passed over her face. Then it resumed its smile.

"Mr. Willis," she said, "will you help me find that Dante in the library? Camilla's books are in such a muss."

He immediately offered his arm, and they adjourned to the library. I waited a suitable length of time, then, when the music of the piano arrived at a pitch of perfect helplessness and tangle, I interposed.

"Dr. Smith, are you learned in precious stones?"

"I know a pearl from a garnet," he said.

"I have an odd stone in a ring here which I wish you would name. See—"

"Why," he exclaimed, in surprise, as I held out my hand, then stopped short.

The reader may have wondered what has become of the title of my story—*The Lost Pearl*. Well, here it is. Cut, and set in the finest gold was that little tooth whose aching had first brought those lovers together.

The gentleman explained this to me amid much laughter and blushing from Mildred, and as reward for its restoration, informed me that in future he was to be proprietor not only of that little tooth but also of its owner.

While we talked, Mr. Willis and Isabel came back—without the Dante. A rich flush was on her cheek, and her eyes flashed in triumph. I glanced at him. Good gracious! It could not be possible! He was looking as foolish and ecstatic as it is possible for any "happiest man in the world" to look.

"Isabel, what does this mean?" I gasped, on the first opportunity.

"Why, I am engaged to Mr. Willis," she said, dropping her eyes, and assuming a bashful air. "I had no time to think. He is so impetuous. But if I had known, dear, that you were attached to him—"

"Insolent—"

"Well, well, don't fly into a passion. I am so happy. He has ten thousand a year, Mill, and I shall have diamonds. But I am sorry for your dis—"



I couldn't slap her face, for there were others near, but I gave her a pretty smart pinch on the arm. And I had the satisfaction of seeing a black and blue spot marring its whiteness, next day.

It is a pleasure to see my pet lovers—the

doctor and Mildred; but if Mr. Willis only knew how like a simpleton he appears, he would hang himself on the first lamp-post. The Koran says, "Love is an ornament to a young man, but a disgrace to an old one," I say, amen!

## THE CLOUDED BROW.

BY D. G. DEXTER.

Why should my brow be glad?  
Why should my steps be gay?  
Since everything is fleeting here—  
As flowers but bloom to disappear,  
And joys but to decay.

Year after year flits by,  
And bears us toward our doom;  
Yet every one to mark its flight,  
Hath cast on some loved thing a blight,  
To mind us of the tomb.

The slights of cherished love—  
Hopes ever on the wing—

Ingratitude and wasted health,  
And loss of home, and friends, and wealth—  
These are the woes they bring.

Like the bright icy wreaths  
That shroud our wintry trees;  
Such are our hopes—as cold and fair—  
They vanish, while they dazzle there,  
E'en in the first slight breeze.

The grieved heart may wear  
Pleasure's bright, sunny smile;  
May seek to lure away its grief—  
But smiles bring not the wished relief—  
Sad thoughts they cannot wile.

## MY ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

BY SOMEBODY.

My name is Brown. I am a prisoner. It isn't necessary to state whether I am in Fort Lafayette, Fort Warren, or some other of the embryo Bastilles, so numerous at present on American soil. It isn't necessary for me to state what I am charged with—whether accused of having copperhead proclivities, or of being a genuine native rebel; whether I am a shoddy-contractor, under temporary difficulties, or a prisoner of war. What I propose to tell here, is concerning my escape from prison. We have heard how certain parties escaped from the sea-girt mansion of Colonel Dimick—Fort Warren; but there are others that escaped from an equally celebrated place of resort, and whose story yet remains untold.

Major Wilkes is commander of the prison where I am in durance. That isn't his name, though, really—and besides, he is several grades higher than a major. I call him Major Wilkes in this account, because I have not asked permission to use his real name.

To say the major is a gentleman, in the true and full sense of the word, would be saying

no more than is claimed by all honest and respectable men in this republican land. We need not go to the Sacred Records to find that one star differeth from another star in glory; neither need we go far to see that there are various grades of gentlemen, or else that word gentleman has a very comprehensive and accommodating signification. Major Wilkes is emphatically one of Nature's noblemen, and, withal, a true patriot—not a patriot simply for dollars and cents, neither for position; but a patriot from principle—perfectly unassuming, even with those under his surveillance—wishing them well, and endeavoring to promote their comfort and happiness.

There are those in the world—and their name is legion—who, when clothed with a little authority, seem to exult in tyrannizing over their fellows; the more petty their authority, the more pompous they are in displaying it. The major is not one of that class. Dignified, yet always courteous, there is something in the very tone of his voice, that rings true; and again, there is something in his eye and manner which unmistakably forbids any

trenching upon his kindness or duties. There is a striking contrast between this and the noted Libby Prison of Richmond; yet there are those as ready and anxious to escape from this, as from that, or any other prison under rebel rule. It is a common report in this "citadel strong," that "the major carries too many guns for Brown." I fear he does, and that they are of larger calibre, also, or perhaps rifled; and as you follow me, you will see that I was check-mated fairly. Then why not acknowledge it frankly and generously?

That little companion star of the brilliant Sirius can never eclipse or rival the light of its peerless neighbor, no matter how bravely it may twinkle. If there are sermons in running brooks and in stones, then surely even my dull comprehension ought to understand the lesson taught me by those two distant luminaries; which lesson reads—"Brown, don't seem to be what you are not; don't strive to connect words together in such a manner that they will have a cunning appearance of truth, to carry the idea that you are not the lesser light, and that it was by a mere chance or accident that you were placed *hors du combat*."

Soon after my name was registered in the major's office, and quarters assigned me, I found it was noised around that I was the possessor of fabulously large sums of money. I am compelled to state this, as it makes a commencing link in the chain of my narrative. Of course the report arose from a sensational paragraph of some reporter; for those fabulous sums were all a myth to me. But as I neither said ay nor nay to the half-interrogating rumors afloat—and who ever denies a rumor that has a pleasant jingle in it?—it was finally looked upon as a fixed fact that I was not at least *un homme pauvre*.

Not many days after my entrance, I was sounded by a man named Jones; vaguely at first, but more cautiously and pointedly afterwards, in regard to making an escape. It was more out of respect as a listener, blended with a little curiosity, that made me give an ear to what he said, for it had never seriously entered my mind that there was even a possibility for such an evasion of the decrees of state. Jones was one of the irrepressibles. The frowning walls that closed us from all scenes of busy life, did not abate his vigor in fulfilling his calling—a self-imposed mission, summed up in two words, make money; which he prosecuted so zealously that it became the one great end and aim of his life.

The government imagined that in his zeal he had somewhat overstepped the bounds of legitimate business propriety, and detained him for examination.

One bright and beautiful morning in the month of April, 1864, Jones came to me, with letter in hand, evidently bringing good news, and said:

"Brown, my boy, I leave you in twenty-four hours. My attorneys have effected an adjustment of my matters; and now," he continued, in more subdued, yet equally earnest tone of voice, "for five hundred dollars I will give you an opportunity, inside of a week's time, to drive outside of these walls, and breathe the air of liberty."

I intimated that he should at once consult the surgeon, pronouncing him *non compos mentis*.

"No, I am in earnest; I have studied a plan all out," he whispered, "the details and specifications, and should have tried it myself, had not the present arrangement of my case been made."

I muttered over something about the uncertainties of this life.

"Brown," said Jones, interrupting me in a half-impatient manner, "to show you that I have full and complete confidence in it, I will make all arrangements when I get outside. You need make no advances, not a penny; but when you are a score of miles away from this place, you must cancel the obligation with one of Secretary Chase's legal tender notes, embellished with a D."

I need not give more of the conversation that passed between Jones and myself. Suffice it to say that, before he left, arrangements were made for an escape. Had not the plan had a very plausible and pleasing aspect, I should not have perfected the arrangements. Let not the reader think that we are going to work like professional burglars—cut bolts and bars, and then scale the walls. No; our plan was to be a series of strategic movements, made upon the major—a *ruse de la guerre*.

Jones had been in durance some time prior to my arrival—long enough to discover that there was a secret channel for communication with the outer world. A little package of letters was clandestinely carried out, and answers returned, once a week, by an employee of the establishment; for, be it known that all letters and packages, of whatever nature, are required to pass under the inspection of the commanding officer, or his assistants, before they are delivered to any of the prisoners.

This was doubtless an unpleasant duty to the major; but it was a government regulation. If any of the letters or packages contained anything suspicious, they never reached their destination.

A great many people in the world are very sensitive about having the seals of their letters broken, and their contents scanned by an inspector or censor. There were some of this class under the care of the major, and who were willing to give a dollar or more per week to avoid this unpleasant necessity. Therefore one of the employees was broached, and found *susceptible*, and everything thereafter went along swimmingly. The clandestine mail-carrier was very cautious, being liable to a fine and imprisonment; and those who were "in the ring" were equally cautious; yet the major often saw and heard of things which he knew must have entered through some contraband source, and if he ever suspected the actual channel, he was unable to get any satisfactory soundings. He was evidently annoyed, "not simply because a few letters and small packages were smuggled in," he was heard to say; "neither did he consider it a criminal matter to take a glass of old Cognac, if it could be procured: he did not blame any one for getting away from a prison, if they *could*. But it was the idea that any one employed by the government—receiving its pay—should at the same time be sailing under false colors, ready to play the role of Benedict Arnold—if his price and an opportunity was offered."

It was arranged between Jones and myself that we should avail ourselves of this *underground* mail route, not only for letters, but to forward me a disguise. It was, however, too slow a coach for us to rely wholly upon; therefore another system was adopted, in addition, whereby we could communicate with each other daily, by pre-arranged symbols, passing through the legitimate route.

Hardly had the matter been settled, before Jones bade us all good-by. Then I for the first time sat down and reflected upon the course I was about to take. If the plan was successful—and I had no doubts on that score—I should have liberty; but at what price? That of being obliged to skulk in the dark, imagining every crackling stick was broken by the foot of pursuers, who, with outstretched arms, stood ready to grasp me. He only who has been a prisoner, if even for only a day, knows how sweet is liberty; and the argument of "liberty, at any cost," finally pre-

valled. I awaited anxiously for the *denouement*. In due time I received a package and letter, clandestinely, from Jones. It breathed success only as a certainty, but proposed, with my concurrence, a little change in the plan, which he had found necessary. I hastily penned an answer, a model of perspicuity. "*Make a safe and sure arrangement, and when successful, a check upon Messrs. August Belmont & Co., for one thousand dollars, shall be yours. Truly, &c.*" I did not doubt that this letter would have a decidedly stimulating effect upon Jones. He was already sure—or thought he was—that I had "my house in order," prepared to take a hasty passage to Europe, and sojourn until peace should proclaim old things done away. He was trying to subvert the ends of justice in assisting me to escape; and hence I had no particular compunctions against promising a check upon those famous bankers, which, if they honored, would be purely as a compliment; for I had not a solitary penny to my credit with them, nor ever had; but Jones, I knew, stood ready to accept my check for that modest sum, without suspicion.

The little secret mail was closed and forwarded, bearing my short letter to Archibald Jones, Esq., 249 — street. For the future, we must rely upon our pre-arranged method of correspondence by symbols passing through the office, trusting that they would neither be observed nor understood.

The day following this, soon after the mid-day rations had been distributed, a book—"The latest new Book, RED TAPE AND PIGEON-HOLE GENERALS"—was sent to me, accompanied with a magazine for the current month, but no letter. That these were from Jones, I felt sure, although nothing was to be seen by the ordinary, or even close observer, which would excite any suspicion that there was within them an intelligible message. In looking over the magazine, I noticed an article which had a peculiar interest to me, at this time. It was an article in which certain letters in different words were undermarked by a dot or period, and which letters, when put together, made an intelligible sentence.

In the first paragraph I saw the words, "*Your letter received—set the precise day and hour.*" Jones, knowing that piece would attract my attention, had made it the means of conveying to me what I was most anxious to learn—that everything was ready for the final *emancipation*.

I might here digress, and give illustrations

of the different kinds of cyphers and symbols that have been used between the rebel authorities in Richmond, and their *confreeres* in the North, but will only trespass enough to state that one of the most common and successful systems of giving them notice of the intended movements of the Northern forces, especially in the early part of the rebellion, was the above simple and unsuspecting method of a small pencil-dot under the letters used. Numerous have been the instances where richly-bound volumes of orthodox works have been discovered passing to and fro, revealing within themselves the lamentable facts that they were but cloaks to carry important news to those waging war against the old flag.

The book, "Red Tape and Pigeon-Hole Generals," gave me the full plans, revised, and in which the *secret mail-agent* bore a small part. It remained for me to decide how many hours should pass before I was the possessor of that priceless boon of liberty. I determined that but one more roll-call should register the *Here* to my name; and with a kind of trepidation, I *dotted* down the precise hour in a book, addressed it to Jones, and carried it to the office, accosting our commander as follows:

"Major Wilkes, here is a book Jones left me to read. I would like to have it forwarded to him by the express messenger to-day."

The major took the book, and, with an apparently uninterested glance at the address, returned, "Certainly, Brown, certainly."

Two hours later, I might have been seen—to use a popular romancer's words—pacing up and down my quarters in a deep study. When a person has nerved himself up to take a leap in the dark, or jump from a precipice, he does not want to meditate dreadfully over it, for each moment comes freighted with more pain than the performance of the deed itself. I was uneasy.

"The grim, whitened walls were bare and bleak,  
My heart was sick, and my limbs were weak,  
Wandering, wearily, wearily."

What if the major discovered my *dots* to Jones! What if he had seen Jones's *dots* to me! But, no—had he discovered them, he would not have passed the books over to me which Jones sent.

It was customary for the various market and express-wagons bringing articles necessary for the rations of the prisoners, to drive and leave their loads at a store-room near the major's office. I need not detail the little

stratagems necessary for the successful accomplishment of our plan.

The morning star announced the approach of light, on that eventful and auspicious day. The appointed hour came along; everything had moved on "merrily as marriage bells." Jones had sent in a load of vegetables, purporting to have been ordered in the usual manner. The articles were delivered, and while the driver was getting his delivery receipt signed—of course he was purposely delayed some time—I, John Paul Brown, habilitated in the same style, a well-executed counterfeit driver, seated myself in the wagon, took the reins with perfect composure, and with an artistic flourish of the whip, drove through the opened gates, unrecognized and unchallenged, and was soon speeding along at the utmost possible rate. At a certain specified place, I was to meet Jones in a carriage, awaiting, where I was to relinquish all further use of the market-wagon, attire myself in proper clothes, and vanish in the mazes of the metropolis.

Never in my life did the returning sun usher in a day so glorious, so beautiful as that one was; spring was unfolding her charms. The pendent drops of dew were like a thousand mimic suns suspended from every leafy bush. The majestic oaks and their gray drapery seemed gay in that morning light. The birds seemed to rejoice that I was free, as they fluttered from bough to bough, and poured forth their rich melody. The mournful voice of a bob-o-link sent forth its reverberating notes far and wide, "*Brown is free—Brown is free!*"

Faster and faster I urged the pacing animal; the whirling wheels raised clouds of dust as I sped forward. At last I came in sight of Jones, waving his hat in enthusiasm at our final success.

Thus far I had not looked back squarely, for fear I might see pursuers close upon me: but before returning the salute of Jones, I cast a broad and searching glance back. The track was clear, as far as I could see. Then I gave one loud and long huzza for liberty. Such a ringing sound as those words had never entered my ears since the days of Log Cabins and Hard Cider, when the very air resonated with huzzas.

It was a happy moment when I grasped the hand of Jones. My ecstasies were nearly matched by the pictures of a golden harvest animating the countenance of my *quasi* deliverer.

I should be unfaithful to my story did I stop here. No, let me tell the whole. Stolen joys are sweet. But the immutable laws have been pronounced, that every sweet, has its bitter—every rose its thorn concealed. The congratulating words had hardly passed from lip to lip, before a ghost seemed to arise from the earth, as it were, and confronted us. In another moment it assumed the jaunty air, visage and voice of Major Wilkes. It was he.

"Ah, Brown, good-morning! Been out taking a ride in the morning air! Done you good; you look much better for it, Brown. That dress, I assure you, is quite becoming for an early ride," said the major, mingling more than a usual quantity of humor with

his words. "I came out quite early, also, this morning, upon a scouting expedition. The Deputy Provost Marshal, there," pointing with his hand to an advancing figure wrapped in a heavy army-coat, "and myself, have been in a kind of an ambush, an hour or more. We had a sly and intriguing enemy, and wished to take him by surprise. I don't say I mean *you, alone*, Brown; but we can *ALL* return, and after morning rations, make explanations. The marshal will *invite* Jones and the *letter-carrier*."

That same morning, Brown, Jones, and —, the secret mail agent, gave the response "*Here*," at the roll-call of *prisoners*, and were assigned safe and close quarters.

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### THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

BY RICHARD WRIGHT.

The mountain maid with health's expression,  
Who fears no wintry blast;  
Whose spirits never feel depression,  
Nor cares for worldly caste:  
With roseate cheek and cherry lip,  
And merry, laughing e'e,  
Like the wild flower the bee would sip,  
Is just the maid for me.

Let city beaux their hearts surrender  
To splendor's dashing belles;  
And plight their troth with feelings tender,  
As love each bosom swells:  
And let the parlor-harp prolong  
Its choicest minstrelsy;  
The mountain maid's free, artless song  
Is dearer unto me.

Let bookworms, seeking flower-ideal,  
Pore over fancy's page;  
And proud hearts prize what they deem real  
On fashion's worldly stage.  
I more adore true nature's own,  
The blooming, candid, free;  
The eye wherein the heart is shown—  
The mountain maid for me.

Through life I'd fear no earthly sorrow,  
Were mine the mountain maid;  
The same to-day, the same to-morrow,  
In forest or in glade:  
And each fond longing of my soul,  
Of love and liberty,  
In years of bliss would onward roll—  
The mountain maid for me.

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### MOTHER HATCH'S NELL.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

I TOOK Nell when she wasn't more'n ten years old—took her from the poor-house. I knew who she was. Her mother used to be in my mother's family when I was a child. Her name was Sally Jennings. She was a good, smart girl, but was terribly fond of dressing up and going around; sort of ambitious to be somebody, though her father was a drunkard and she hadn't a cent in the world but what she earned at sewing and house-work. She made my mother's house her home nigh on to four years, cutting and sew-

ing for the boys, and helping to do the house-work. I was quite a girl when she married that Ned Gwiney—or leastways went off with him, and had a child. Some said she was married, some said she wasn't—no one knew, for sure. We only knew that she came to town about a year after she went away, bringing with her a little mite of a baby not more'n three weeks old. Mother and child looked miserable enough. She said her husband was dead. No one knew whether he was or not, or had ever known much about

him, anyway. He come here from the neighborhood of Andover about a year before he fell in with Sally, and worked for Deacon Meadows. He appeared well enough, though he was one of the still kind—didn't say much to anybody. He and Sally kept their secret up to the time they both stepped out together.

Well, when Sally came back she looked as though she'd been dragged through seven cities, as the saying is. And the baby was the feeblest little thing I ever laid my eyes on. It seemed gasping for every breath it drew. I declare when they came into my mother's kitchen, they looked, as she said, "just fit for nothing but to stretch out and die."

Sally didn't say much, but she said her husband was dead, and she was sick, and she wanted my mother to keep her for a day or two. My mother had care enough, mercy knows, with fourteen of us children, but she packed us together, somehow, and gave the poor thing a bed and a place at the table. Sally was all broken down when she came. She staid two or three days, but she didn't stay no more than that, for she died.

The doctor said she'd probably got up too quick after her baby was born; but there she was, dead; and there was the baby to be taken care of. My mother wouldn't take it; she wasn't well, herself, and had so many of her own, I being the eldest, and about sixteen. My Uncle and Aunt Peters had charge of the poor-house then—good, clever folks as ever was—so mother felt differently about sending it there, than if there'd been strangers' in charge. Besides, Aunt Peters declared that the baby wouldn't live to trouble anybody, long, and we give it up with that idea.

But it did live, and grew up a fine, healthy child, though odd. They called it Nell, and it learned to play and work and seemed like any child, only so queer and still. I used to see her, when I went over to the poor-house to see Aunt Peters, playing all by herself, with corncobs and bits of crockery—and whispering to the sticks she dressed up for dolls.

"Well, I was married pretty soon, and had children fast enough, dear knows. But they were all boys. After Luther and Anson were big enough to get into mischief, and Ben was in my arms, I found I'd got to have some one to help me, and John, my husband, mentioned my taking a little girl, and bringing her up. I thought right off of Nell. She was nigh on to ten years old, and a quiet, handy thing, slipping round with a knack at doing a good

many things Aunt Peters had taught her; so I had her come.

She was a sight of help, from the first—tending the baby, and washing dishes, and minding the children, as well as need be. As she got older, I thought I couldn't get along without her. Miles and Rachel were born, and then the little one that died; and all that time Nell was as faithful as the sun. But faithful as she was—I'm sure I never could find but a bit of fault with her in all my life—I used to think she had things to take up her mind and interest her which I didn't know nothing about. She'd take her knitting and sit down in the doorway of an evening after the children had gone to bed, and sit and listen to the frogs piping in the meadow, her fingers busy, but her eyes looking out in the darkness as if there was something there to see and attend to.

"Nell," I'd say, "how can you sit there and hear the frogs pipe so? It makes me nervous."

"I like it, Mother Hatch," she'd say; she called me Mother Hatch of her own accord; and then there would come over her face an odd, little smile, shy and pleasant like. There I've known her to sit all the evening, though there was ever so good a time going on in the house.

Then she'd stand and wash dishes, or iron, with a look in her face as if she was in a dream. She'd start up quick enough if I spoke to her, but I've stood and watched her smiling just as unconscious to herself, like as if she'd something in her mind which made her as happy as the day was long. She always cared a sight for grass and flowers, and those things; and when my baby died, she put little bits of white flowers all round its head and on its little breast, and kept the house quiet, and looked so gentilelike that something peaceful came over me as I sat alone in the chamber with the little coffin, and I stopped crying, and clasped my hands over the pretty, little face, and prayed God to forgive me for murmuring, and make me fit to meet my innocent baby in heaven.

After that, Netty was born, and my husband bought more land, and had hired men to work for him, and I'd a great deal of care, and Nell was always a help. The fall the baby was born we hired another girl and kept her right along, for Nell was only a slip of a thing, though handy and willing, and not fit to have all the care of so much work. My family had got to be a great one, specially after John



had took Levi's boys to teach farming to.—Levi's boys came from the city. They were slender slips of lads. Levi had lost two, of consumption, while they were at college; and he was bound he wouldn't lose the last two; so he just sent them out to John to have a year's good hard work on a farm.

The next summer after they came out comes a Mr. Washburn of Boston to get board with us and read Latin with Levi's eldest boy, Henry. He wanted board in the country because he was a little out of health; and he attended to Henry's lessons because he was a friend of Levi's.

I was a little struck up by his coming, for he was a fine appearing man, with the city look, as if he was used to being waited on. Not foppish and silly, but grand, like a real gentleman. But he put me at ease, for he said, right off:

"Don't incommode yourself or alter your arrangements in the least for me, Mrs. Hatch, for if I had wanted the accommodations of a city, I should have staid in the city."

With that he sits down to the supper-table and eats hominy and milk with the rest of the men; and then goes out in the stoop and sits down on the step; and Jowler went and put his head on his knee—a thing I never knew the dog to do with a stranger before.

Well, I considered Mr. Washburn one of the family, right off. He made hay, and worked in the field with the rest of the men, and got as brown and healthy as any of them. It was good to see him laugh—he had such white teeth, and his eyes—just the brightest hazel you ever saw—sparkled so! He was real well educated, yet the furthestest from putting on airs among common folks of any one I ever saw.

He took notice of Nell. By-and-by she told me that he had lent her some books to read. I was willing enough that she should read if she could only find the time, but I didn't want her to neglect her work, and I told her so.

"Did I ever neglect my work?" she asked, pleasant enough, yet growing a little flushed up.

"No, Nell," said I, right off. "You never did; but you know how much there is to do this summer, and I need all the help I can get."

As if I hadn't enough to do, my two nieces came up from Andover, then—Jim Vinal's daughters. Bright, pretty looking girls, but I never was less glad to see them in my life;

for they needed more waiting on than some folks, and made considerable confusion.

It turned out that Henriette had met Mr. Washburn in Boston and knew him pretty well. She told me what I had never known before, that he was rich. She said that she and Kate were going to set their caps for him.

Well, I thought they did sure enough. The three were always frolicking around and off-going after lilies, and for berries, and to the mill pond to boat, and to Doake's Hill for strawberries. Mr. Washburn seemed to like it, immensely. He was always ready for a jaunt, and when I saw the girls cajoling around him, I used to wonder which would get him, and if either would.

One day something happened which I remembered afterwards, but did not know what to make of then.

I was helping Nell make up the butter, one day, when Mr. Washburn came into the dairy, and went out of the door to the bench under the window. He sat down there, with his book, and we were going in and out, Nell and I, when all once he says:

"My little girl?" in a sort of fond way as if he were speaking to a baby. Nell wasn't there; she had gone into the kitchen; and Henriette and Kate wasn't within hearing; so to find out what he meant, I just put my head out of the window.

"Mr. Washburn," said I. "Who did you speak to?"

He was just looking up sort of anxiously at the window, but when he saw my face looking through the vines, he looked startled.

"I beg your pardon," he sort of stammered. "I thought it was—some one else there."

"Kate and Henriette are in the dining-room," said I; and with that he whips round to the dining-room door, and goes in.

When Nell came back, I told her, and she turned just as red as fire.

"O," says I, laughing; "he didn't mean you. If you'd heard the way he said it, you'd know he was calling some one he was fond of. I guess he thought Henriette came out here; he seems to take mostly to her, lately."

If I hadn't had so much to do I should have noticed what was going on, after that. To be sure I did see that Mr. Washburn talked to Nell considerable, and I saw her reading books which I knew he had lent her. And if I hadn't been half dead with headache, that last week, I should have suspected something from the way Nell looked, for to tell the

truth, Mr. Washburn was making love to her. It came over me all of a sudden to find out that Nell was grown up, and that she was as good and pretty as any girl going, with something about her that attracted Mr. Washburn. This was the way I found it out:

Kate came to me one day, and said she had something to tell me. She said that she saw Nell, the night before, talking with Mr. Washburn just outside the door, and that before they came in he put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Now, Aunt Hatch," says she, "something shameful is going on. That Nell has deceived you; she is a bad girl, of course. There is no other way of her being familiar with a man like Mr. Washburn. Of course you won't keep her, and have her go on in this way. But the matter will have to be arranged carefully. It won't do to get Mr. Washburn into a scrape, because he'll go away, and that will spoil everything; Henriette thinks he's most ready to propose. So if you'll just send Nell up to Andover to Uncle John's (he'll take her, for he wants a girl), she'll be nicely out of the way."

She told me in the dairy, where I had been making butter the day Mr. Washburn called out so. I was so dumbfounded that I didn't know what to say to Kate, but right off I hears a stir, and in comes Mr. Washburn from his seat on the bench under the vines.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Kate," says he, "I have already proposed to Nell, and as she has accepted me, I had rather have a voice in the matter of sending her to Andover. I go next week; if the clergyman of this village will marry us first. I take Nell with me. If you will allow me, I will speak alone with Mrs. Hatch."

Kate slipped out, turning all sorts of colors; and then Mr. Washburn said that he loved Nell for her innocence and worth; that she was the loveliest girl he had ever seen; and that they were to be married and then Nell was going to school for a year; and he would like my approval.

Goodness knows I gave it, heartily enough, though I hardly knew what to say—a man like him marrying a girl out of the poor-house!

But he did marry her, and she went to school a year, and then they went to his house in Boston. It's a splendid place. I was in it once, but I declare to goodness Nell aint no more put out in it than she used to be in my kitchen. She's just as quiet and gentle and

pretty-appearing as ever she was; and the girl's got a baby now, that's as pretty as a picture.

So I say—as I've always said—that it's what's in a person that makes them noticed. Mr. Washburn would have married Henriette, if he hadn't found out that Nell was more modest and pretty in the kitchen than Henriette was in the parlor, or even could be anywhere.

#### NOT TO BE ASTONISHED.

I pity the man who cannot be astonished. Yet there are many such men—people of so non-mirabolant a nature, so cold-blooded, so fishy in temperament, that they marvel at, are perplexed or bewildered by nothing. If the ghost of their grandmother were to rise before them, they would request the apparition to shut the door and be seated. If the sky were to rain potatoes, they would simply thank heaven for its bounties, and perhaps give themselves the trouble to entreat that next time it rained, it would rain upwards instead of downwards. As Murat said (or is said to have said) of Talleyrand—you might kick them in the back for hours without the slightest change of countenance passing over them. An earthquake in Regent street, a maelstrom in Chelseareach, a sirocco in Pall Mall, the sea-serpent in the Fleet Ditch, an alligator in Fetter lane, snow in July and sun-strokes in January—all these marvels would draw from them no observation more denoting agitation than a languid "Dear me!" or a feeble "How curious!" If the earth were to stand still, and the sun to turn green, they would, with a minute's reference to their almanacs, take the phenomena for granted. With them the world is a ball on which they live; and what there may be inside it, or underneath it, or above it, is no concern of theirs. In society they are known as "people who mind their own business;" and being rather a numerous class, and comprising within its ranks many peers, landed proprietors, bankers and merchants, are highly esteemed and respected for their want of curiosity and their discreet immobility. They make money; and as for poor people who can be and are astonished, and whose astonishment, leading from inquiry to discovery, and thence to the invention of machines, to the elucidation of scientific truths, and to the perfection of the arts which adorn and humanize society—they live up steep flights of stairs and don't dine every day.

## THE AUTUMN TREES.

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 BY OWEN G. WARREN.  
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I looked on a rainbow, it compassed the west,  
 And on the broad primitive world found a rest;  
 The earth, clad in foliage, with joy like a child,  
 Looked up on the beautiful vision and smiled.

The spirit of autumn came by on the breeze,  
 And shattered the bow, and it fell on the trees;  
 Then the staid sober forest, on every hillside,  
 Caught the fragments and wove them in garments of pride.

The oak took the red, but with Tyrian dye  
 Did the maple and sumach each other outvie;  
 The butternut, proud of the yellow, took hold,  
 And wreathed round his form with the splendor of gold.

The plane sought in orange a tint warm and mellow,  
 And some took a brown hue, and others pale yellow;  
 The purple, unwelcomed to forest or bower,  
 Took the shape of the iris, and dwelt in a flower.

The hemlock and cypress, the spruce and the pine,  
 Too gloomy to robe them in colors divine;  
 Too fond of the clothes they all summer possessed,  
 Stood frowning and cold while the forest was dressed.

The blue, like the truth, found no favor below;  
 Each tree, in its pride, asked a ruddier glow:  
 It hung o'er the trees, through the calm autumn even,  
 Unclaimed and unwelcomed—then went back to heaven.

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 THE TWO FARMS.

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 BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.  
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MAJOR GREEN and the Widow White owned and occupied farms lying contiguous to each other. One was about as valuable as the other, and in as good a state of cultivation. Major Green prided himself upon the thriving state of his large orchard, and the widow was not a whit behind him in the just appreciation of her own possessions. The broad fields, valuable woodlands, and the neat and commodious farm-houses of each, afforded a never-ending theme of congratulation between the major and his fair neighbor.

The former had been a widower for some two years, and during that time had employed a housekeeper to look after himself and his young children. The latter had also donned widow's weeds a few weeks after, and had also

been obliged to hire a competent man to take charge of her farm. Their mutual bereavement served to waken an unusual feeling of sympathy for each other, and the youthful, though mourning widow was often the recipient of many friendly visits, besides numerous other tokens of good will.

How very natural it was that Major Green, who considered himself a connoisseur in farming operations, should step in occasionally and give his advice. Who could tell better than himself when grass was ready to be cut, grain ripe enough to reap, ground dry enough to plough, or fruit sufficiently matured for harvesting? His experience was certainly worth something, and hired men who were particular about nothing save board and

wages, were not very likely to have their employer's interests much at heart. His advice was received in a very grateful manner by Mrs. White, who considered herself extremely fortunate in the possession of such a kind and thoughtful neighbor.

What if ill-natured people did occasionally hint that his object in so doing was an interested one; that the farm we have before mentioned as belonging to herself, proved more attractive and alluring, than an unselfish desire to do good? And what if others who spoke their sentiments freely, did insinuate that the Widow White was weaving a net, into the meshes of which, Major Green (poor, unsuspecting, innocent man!) would be sure to get entangled. Such remarks were of very little consequence to either party, and were but slightly heeded; for of course they originated with cross old maids, fretful, disappointed bachelors, or hopelessly married people, who wished to vent their spite upon somebody.

Major Green had two children, both girls, of the ages of eight and ten. Mrs. White was childless, and claimed, as an especial privilege, that they might be permitted to spend a portion of time with her. The request was immediately complied with, and nightly the little girls went home loaded with presents, and extravagant in praise of their new friend; for it must be confessed that the deceased Mrs. Green was not on the most intimate terms with the latter, while living.

The two children proved an excellent means of communication between the neighbors, by repeating the flattering things said on both sides. Mrs. White was a politic woman; she saw her advantage, and acted accordingly; for a desire to please is natural to all. Major Green was not by any means a simple man, but being intent upon his own object or objects (if he had any), smiled wisely, and congratulated himself upon his good luck. He knew his wife's dislike to such an estimable lady "resulted in sheer prejudice;" it could not be otherwise. Was not the Widow White intelligent? She certainly possessed a tolerable share of intellect. Was she not industrious and energetic? No one thought of disputing that fact, for her industry, capability, and good management were well known in the neighborhood. And lastly, was she not an amiable woman? The major considered himself sufficiently well versed in human nature to answer this query satisfactorily, even if the opinions of his children had not con-

firmed him on the subject. At any rate she took a motherly interest in them; renovating their wardrobes, and assisting them to puzzle through a hard sum, or a difficult passage in grammar. The major noted all these things, but minded not the tongue of scandal connected therewith.

"I have been looking about your farm, Mrs. White," he remarked, one day, blandly, as he seated himself in the widow's pleasant little parlor. "Really, you manifest more judgment in managing farm matters, than many of us who have followed the business a lifetime."

"I fear you are somewhat addicted to flattery, major," replied the lady, with a sweet smile.

"Not in the least; I am merely giving credit where credit is due. The land is in excellent order; in fact I never saw it look to better advantage."

"Thank you for the compliment; but you must remember that I have had the benefit of your kind advice very often," said Mrs. White, with another fascinating smile, which disclosed a fine set of pearly white teeth.

"You may think me rather peculiar," resumed the major, "but I have been engaged in comparing your farm and mine together. Neither is injured by comparison, and I have been thinking that—did you ever think of selling, Mrs. White?" he asked, abruptly.

"I have not," was her reply, in a surprised tone.

"And nothing could induce you to sell?"

"I think not; it is home to me, if I am alone in the world. Besides, my poor husband would never have consented to such an arrangement."

Here the widow placed an embroidered handkerchief to her face and looked very interesting.

"Forgive me for broaching the subject," said the major, earnestly. "I was extremely careless; but I have been thinking a long time that the two farms would look so well joined in one, that I could not resist making the inquiry."

"Then you wish to purchase?" asked the lady.

"I must confess that I made the request exclusively for my own benefit," he returned. "But let us have a little confidential talk together, Mrs. White," added the major, as he drew somewhat nearer to the lady.

The latter made no reply, and her silence was taken for consent.

"You have no husband, and I have no wife," he resumed, "and I dare say we are both very lonely. You have a large, valuable farm, with no one to look properly after it, and I have a large house with no one to be mistress of it. Can't some arrangements be made whereby we can both be accommodated?"

"O, major, how can you!" exclaimed the widow, from behind the handkerchief. "If you only knew how my feelings are lacerated!"

"And if you only knew the state of my heart, dear Mrs. White, you would pity me, indeed you would!" cried the major, falling upon one knee before her. "Angel of my affections, turn not away in anger. Let my home be your home, and your home be my home. Let us join the farms, and join ourselves," he added, in a tone intended to be very gullant and passionate; for the major, although a practical man, was a little inclined to be romantic.

"O, dear, I'm so surprised!" murmured the lady.

"Then you conclude to make me the happiest of men?" said the enraptured major.

"I'm *fluttered* and *bewildered*," added the widow, softly. "Don't urge me now."

Major Green declared that he was sufficiently answered, and though the lady repeatedly affirmed that she was quite *faint*, and felt entirely *inadequate* to answering such an important question, he at last won from her a promise that the next day week he might call her Mrs. Major Green.

The desired result was attained, and Mrs. White, in spite of ominous shaking of heads, and melancholy predictions of evil by the village gossips, changed her condition in life for better or worse. The ceremony transpired on Friday, and this circumstance could not have a tendency to lessen the ill-luck that would be sure to follow. Major Green even went to the expense of purchasing an entire new suit of clothes for the occasion, and expressed himself as being fully satisfied with himself and all the world! He looked again and again at the two farms with much self-complacency, and spoke a compassionate word to those who had not been fortunate enough to find favor in the eyes of the widow.

But we must do Major Green the justice to allow that his course had not been altogether an interested one; for the many good traits of character which he discovered in the lady, and her uniform kindness to his children, had won his respect, and at length, as we have

seen, his heart. The children became much attached to their new mother, and not even the tongue of scandal, or the jealous eyes of a maiden aunt, could find fault with the uniform kindness of her manner towards them, or the way in which the place of their dead parent was filled.

Months passed away, and notwithstanding the predictions uttered on her wedding day, nothing had transpired to cloud the tranquillity of Mrs. Green's married life until the following conversation took place.

"Can you spare me five dollars this morning, husband?" she asked, with another of those fascinating smiles that formerly quite bewitched the major.

Unfortunately, the lady made the request in an inauspicious moment; the major had that morning been rather nettled at some disarrangement in his business, and had hardly regained his equanimity.

"I gave you five, a few days since," he hastily replied. In this case the magical smile had no effect, and demonstrated the fact that men can be fickle as well as women.

"I know it," said his wife, calmly, "but that sum will not supply my wants at this time."

"And, pray, what are your wants?" he asked.

"I have promised the children that the subject shall remain a secret for the present; otherwise, I would willingly inform you," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Humph! for the children!" muttered the major, petulantly. "Some knick-knack for yourself, more like."

"I have no reason to deceive you in the matter," answered the lady, with considerable dignity; for she felt hurt at the injustice of the major's remark.

"Well, well, I dare say not," he rejoined, somewhat mollified; "but I couldn't help wondering what you wanted it for. Why, that sum of money would last the former Mrs. Green a month."

"She must have been exceedingly economical, or rather penurious," replied the lady, drily.

Now the major had a very disagreeable way of alluding to his deceased partner's excellencies of character, at exactly the wrong time; a mistake into which he usually fell when ill-humored. He felt rather ashamed of himself, however, and gave his wife the desired sum without further debate. The latter took the bill without a word, and left the room.

To say that she felt considerably annoyed by this circumstance, would be correct; but to assert that the more she thought of it the more unhappy she became, would be still more correct. She had interested herself in the little schemes of the children, who had formed a plan to surprise their father, and this sum of money was necessary to carry it out successfully. The major's remarks were not very complimentary to her judgment, and perhaps as he was in ill-humor, she ought to overlook them; but a suspicion arose that she had been deceived, that her property, as well as herself, had been wooed and won. And, as if to deepen the suspicion, his former question, whether "she could not be induced to sell her farm," occurred to her mind; yes, a remark which had been entirely forgotten, was now vividly recalled. Failing to gain possession of it in one way, he had tried another; and further reflection upon the subject confirmed her in this belief.

But Mrs. Green was mistaken. In this she had wronged the major, for he had merely introduced the subject of purchasing, in order to pave the way for a more delicate theme; viz., love and matrimony. And although he had an abrupt, laconic manner of speaking, yet he was sincere in his profession, and really wished to make her happy. As we have said, Mrs. Green was unhappy, though her pride and self-love did not permit her to make it manifest in presence of her husband; but the eye of an observing sister could not be deceived.

"You are less lively than usual, Martha," said the latter, one day. "What is the cause of your depression?"

"I am regretting an error when too late to repair it," replied the person addressed, with a sad expression of countenance.

"May I know to what you refer?"

"My marriage with Major Green," said the lady, for she had no secrets from her sister.

"You surprise me very much," added the latter, with seriousness, "for I imagined you were as happy as could be expected, in your new relation."

"And so I was, until a short time since, when a conversation took place, which opened my eyes to the truth. I believe the major was not wholly sincere when he asked me to become his wife; I believe that he wanted my property, and finding that he could obtain it in no other way, he took me as an incubance."

Mrs. Green spoke these words in a light,

trifling way, but it was easy to see that the manner was assumed.

"I think you do him wrong, Martha," said the sister, looking quite shocked at this unexpected announcement. "I do not think his motives were interested ones."

"I will tell you my reasons," answered Mrs. Green; and she proceeded to detail the conversation we have related, or at least such parts of it as had strengthened her suspicions.

"I wish his affection had been tested before marriage," she added, despondingly, when the relation was finished; "but it is too late now; I must reap the fruits of my own folly."

There was silence for a time, and then the sister endeavored to persuade the other that her fears were the result of a lively imagination; but, no; the suspicion had formed itself into *almost* a certainty, and must be proved to be unfounded, upon good grounds or none. When they parted, however, Mrs. Green seemed happier than she had done for several days; and from her thoughtful manner it was evident that she was maturing a plan in her own mind, in the success of which were involved serious consequences.

One morning, soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Green, with the sister we have mentioned, were sitting together, when a visitor was announced. He was politely received, though it was observed that Mrs. Green looked rather anxious.

"I suppose my business is with you, sir," said the gentleman, as he approached the major and placed a document in his hand; "for I presume that your wife," he added, with a smile, "has entrusted her property, as well as herself, to your care."

The major signified his assent to this remark, looking from one to the other of the party with a most puzzled expression of countenance, and at last opened the paper while complete silence prevailed in the room.

"What does this mean!" he exclaimed. "Explain; I don't understand;" and judging from his surprised demeanor, no one could doubt the truth of his words.

"I think the document explains itself," replied the visitor, complacently. "If the gentleman will read it carefully, he will perceive that I hold a mortgage upon his wife's estate, which has lately expired. Does the gentleman understand now?" he added, bowing with a business-like air.

"My wife's estate! mortgage! expired!" cried the astonished major. "I never heard a word of it before. When did it occur?"



"I most respectfully refer you to Mrs. Green; she will tell you all," rejoined the visitor, politely, as he prepared to take leave.

But Mrs. Green did not appear to be in a condition to explain any mysteries at that time; for she seemed to be in a fainting state, and was conveyed from the room by her sister, who looked as surprised and anxious as the rest.

Meantime the major was really in a very uneasy state of mind. Why had the fact of a mortgage been concealed from him? for that such was the case he felt quite convinced. Was he unworthy of confidence, or had his wife intended to deceive, by representing things in a different light? But, had she done so, was now the question that suggested itself. Upon reflection, he decided that she had not, upon any occasion which he could remember, told him, in so many words, that the farm was her own. He had taken it for granted; asking no questions, and receiving no information in return. He asked himself the questions, "Should I have married the Widow White had I previously known of this mortgage? Did the fact of her possessing property have any weight with me? No," he slowly soliloquized, as if weighing every word, "I think I can candidly say it did not; I believe I should have married her under any circumstances, rich or poor, for I thought she would prove (as she has done) a good wife, and a kind mother to my children. "Yes," added the major, decidedly, "though I've thought a great deal of the farms, and took so much real satisfaction in calling them one, I don't think Mrs. Green's much to blame; she's a good woman, and didn't tell me because she thought it might change my feelings towards her. Poor soul! she feels badly enough, no doubt, without any reproaches from me."

Though the major was thus charitably inclined, he could not help glancing over the forfeited property with feelings of regret. Two or three days transpired, and as Mrs. Green seemed averse to talking, the subject had not been definitely alluded to; but now the major, in spite of his philosophy, was growing rather impatient to hear more.

"It's of no use to fret about this matter, Mrs. Green," he said. "We can't change things for the better, now, I suppose, though I am very sorry you didn't tell me about the mortgage before it expired."

"It was my duty to have done so," sighed the wife.

"You had good reasons, undoubtedly, for doing as you did," he resumed; "but I do not blame you, for I am guilty of the same fault."

Mrs. Green looked at him in amazement.

"People in glass houses should not throw stones," he added, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I should not feel so bad about the matter, if *my* own property was free from debt; but it is not. I have kept it to myself, because I did not wish to make you unhappy; now, however, it will be necessary for you to know that *my* farm is also mortgaged."

"*Yours!*" cried Mrs. Green, with a start of surprise.

"Mine," replied the major, calmly.

"Then both the farms are gone, and we are without property," said the lady, looking much distressed.

"You are right; both are the *same as gone*, and we must begin the world anew," he rejoined, with a sigh. "But we are now on equal ground, for neither can, with justice, reproach the other for a lack of confidence. I have a little personal property which I can convert into money; and with that and each other we shall be sure to succeed. Never mind the farms, wife; it was a great deal of trouble to take proper care of them."

"I must confess that you practise more philosophy than I can, and bear disappointment much better," said the wife, making an effort to smile. "I regret these circumstances more on your account, and that of the children, than on my own; the girls are young, and it will be a heavy trial for them to leave their old homes."

"Disinterested, as usual," rejoined the major, with feeling.

"Poor things!" she resumed, without heeding his words; "what will they do without their pretty flower garden, beautiful grove, or nice swing from the old elm tree?" And Mrs. Green looked melancholy enough when she reflected upon the unhappiness the contemplated change would make.

"I think I wouldn't tell them just yet," said the major, as he was leaving the room; "for something may happen to change our plans."

It was rather curious, certainly, that not a word of explanation had been asked, or given, on either side, respecting the two mortgages. That both desired such an explanation, could not be doubted; but a peculiar something stood in the way; Mrs. Green went about the house looking sad and perplexed during the day following this disclosure, while the major

kept himself out of sight until evening, when the family circle was enlarged by the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Green's youngest brother—and the sister we have referred to, accompanied by her husband. Mrs. Green looked more cheerful than she had done for several days, and many significant glances passed between herself and brother, apparently unnoticed by the major.

"Mrs. Green," said the latter, abruptly, "have you remarked the resemblance between your brother and the man who brought the—" Here the major suddenly stopped, upon perceiving a peculiarly expressive look upon the face of his wife. In fact, she smiled; and this to him was quite unaccountable, for he expected to see her mortified at his thoughtless allusion to a disagreeable subject in the presence of company.

"I think we can make the resemblance still closer, major," she replied; and assisting her brother to put on a black, bushy looking wig, the astonished husband saw before him the identical individual who had made so much trouble.

"I confess to a little duplicity," remarked the latter, "and to destroy one point of evidence against myself, I shall take the liberty to burn a document which you once had the pleasure of perusing." And opening the paper which the major but too well remembered, he smilingly advanced toward a lighted solar, and held it over the bright flame, until it was consumed to ashes. "And thus," he added, "perishes all my claim to the property of my worthy sister."

The major, about this time, was the picture of doubt and astonishment.

"It is my turn to confess now, husband," said Mrs. Green. "The story of the mortgage was a fabricated one; the farm is as much our own, and as free from debt, as ever. I confess, also, to a little uncertainty respecting the strength of your affection for me, and determined to test it, merely to satisfy myself that your motive in marrying me was not an interested one. I am content, for you have stood the test nobly." While saying this Mrs. Green smiled very affectionately, and looked very happy at the success of her scheme.

"And so the farm is not mortgaged!" exclaimed the major, at last managing to speak, "Well, I declare!"

"And you forgive me?" asked the wife, earnestly.

"With all my heart," he heartily replied. "And so you doubted me, Mrs. Green."

"A little—a very little, only, my dear," responded Mrs. Green, coloring slightly.

"Well, I suppose it was all very natural, and I must say that, you took a regular woman's way to find out the truth. But I really thought the farm was a *gone case*!"

And now it was Mrs. Green's turn to wonder at the significant looks which passed between her husband and brother-in-law.

"It's my turn to acknowledge this time," said the former, meaningly, "for I've been engaged in a like piece of deception, on exactly the same principle."

"You!" cried Mrs. Green, holding up her hands.

"Yes, me," answered the major, with a serio-comic air; "for I have the pleasure of informing you that *my* farm, also, is as much mine now, as it was formerly; the whole story of the mortgage being a fiction."

"And you didn't know but my brother had a right upon my property?" queried Mrs. Green, with earnestness.

"Certainly not; how should I, as you did not give me a word of explanation?"

"A most curious coincidence," she added, turning to her sister, who winked slyly to her husband.

"What, more mystery!" cried the major.

"A little mystery is sometimes relished," observed the brother-in-law, in answer to his wife's speaking look; "but I fear that with this affair it has no legitimate connection. My wife merely proved the fact that a woman cannot keep a secret, by—"

"That's a misrepresentation!" interrupted the lady referred to.

"Well, we'll let it go that you communicated to me the fact, that your sister Green wished to prove the strength of her husband's attachment to herself, and his entire disinterestedness. Knowing him as long as I have done, and being sure of his freedom from self-interest, I thought it but 'a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways;' so I suggested the same plan to the major, taking care not to make known my knowledge of his wife's scheme. I have nothing more to divulge, as the success of both plans is well known; but I shouldn't wonder if the major and his wife remained perfectly contented after this."

"I guess we shall," was the emphatic response of the husband. "And now I understand why Mrs. Green avoided mentioning the subject that occupied my thoughts," he added.

"And the same disinclination, on your part, puzzled me exceedingly," said the wife smiling.

"It is as good as a play," remarked the brother.

"Well carried out, at any rate," added the brother-in-law. "It's very hazardous, however, interfering between man and wife; for if you get off, with honor, you may consider

yourself extremely fortunate in the result."

"Hurra for the two farms!" cried the major enthusiastically, as the party separated at the close of a pleasantly spent evening; "and may neither be in more danger of being mortgaged than at the present moment."

## SOUL-LOVE.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

A mind that tunes its magic bells in unison with thine,  
And vibrates with the slightest touch of love's electric line,  
Twining with the holy essence that rises from the soul,  
This mystic, tender flow of thought, that blends within its fold,  
The power that sways the mighty world, the strongly woven band,  
That binds us to the seraph throng, the loves of spirit land.

A heart whose tablets ever pure receive the quivering press  
Of lights or shades, or aught that comes, to sadden or to bless,  
Guides wisely all life's happy light, that its too blissful ray  
Quench not the tiny tides of grief, whose murmuring ripples play  
So strangely, yet such lessons teach as we have need to know,  
And wakes that trust, that holy faith, that makes the soul o'erflow.

Ofttimes an inner impulse comes, as if some spirit wing  
Fanned the immortal lyre, and willed the magic wires to fling  
Entrancing notes, to flood the soul, and make it long to burst  
This earthly cage, and find the bliss for which it ever thirsts.  
O, is it not a blessed boon, a soul that thrills as thine,  
And shares this rapture, this deep sense of holiness divine!

If shadows play amid the joy our guardian angels bring,  
And grief throws o'er our saddened hearts its cold, tear-burdened wing,  
What bliss to feel the holy spell of soul pervading soul;  
To know the misty veil of life is gathered fold by fold,  
By magic charm away, and pure, in perfect, guileless glow,  
Trust fills the heart, and makes our earth seem paradise below.

## JESSIE HEATH'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. ESTHER A. LOWDEN.

THE purple and crimson sunset was dying in the west, and the autumn winds began to moan through the half leafless trees, as the night crept on. It was a dreary scene, and Mildred Heath, gazing from the window of her father's aristocratic mansion, shivered, and drew back, as the dead leaves went hurrying by.

She was a pale, delicate creature—slender and graceful as a water-lily, but with features

so childishly chiselled that she seemed scarcely as much a woman as her sister of thirteen summers, who sat half buried in the cushioned chair, dreamily gazing at the white clouds. All was elegance, in the room; carpets so soft and thick that it reminded one of a bed of moss, and lace curtains trailing the windows, so exquisitely fine, that it appeared like a white mist. There was heavy, solid furniture, with coverings fit for a queen to lounge upon,

and great clusters of rare exotics drooped from vases that must have cost a small fortune.

Some one came along the marble-floored hall, and stopped at the door. Mildred turned from the window, and Jessie Heath came out from dreamland and glanced up, too. It was their father, Judge Heath, who entered. A tall, frowning man, who had closed his hand against kindness since the hour he had heard the damp earth rattle down on his dead wife's coffin, the sound telling him that the being he loved better than his God had been taken from him. He had worshipped the pale, beautiful woman, who had lived to bear him two children, and then gone to her home with God. After that he grew hardened and bitter, and those two motherless children had clung to each other, scarcely knowing what a father's love meant.

He threw himself into a chair, and turned to Mildred, who grew very pale as he commenced speaking.

"Well, girl," he said, harshly, "have you grown any more sensible since I saw you last, and concluded to accept the love and riches of Mordant Thorne, instead of clinging to that fool of a wanderer, Harry Carleton?"

"Father, how can you speak so of Harry, when you know I love him, and had promised to be his wife ere I saw Mordant Thorne? O, would to God I had never seen that bad man!"

He laughed, scornfully.

"Love him, do you, and have promised to be his wife! Then break that promise, for never shall you marry him. I have promised you to Mordant, and he shall have you. Why, girl, he can make a queen of you, with his fabulous wealth. Harry Carleton is poor beside him."

"But, father, he is a bold, wicked man; he gambles shamefully, and the other evening he was half intoxicated while here."

"Nonsense! he will get over that. Every man drinks now and then. Marry him, and my word for it he will settle down a steady man."

She shook her head, while tears sprang to her eyes.

"I cannot consent to make my life so wretched, father. I would rather die at the altar than say the words which will make me his wife. I never will say them—never!" She was very pale, and tremblingly grasped the white mist of lace to steady herself.

With a curse her father caught her shoulder, shaking her violently.

"You wont consent to it, eh? What is your will against mine? I tell you, girl, I'll drag you to the altar, myself, and hold you there with my own hands, for you shall be his wife. And now, not another word, for in less than a month you shall bear Mordant's name, while that poor rascal shall go to the deuce."

Mildred crouched down on her knees, the golden-tinted hair falling away from her white face, so like her dead mother's that even Judge Heath put up his hands to shut out the sight. She knew that words were useless against her father's iron will, so she only gazed in silent entreaty, with her lips fallen apart and hands clasped, while every breath became a sob.

Jessie Heath had been walking the floor silently. She turned now upon her father, her form straightening almost to a woman's height, and her nostrils dilating with passion. There was a gleam in her great eyes that nought but the hand of God could dim, and a will shining there equal to iron.

"This is inhuman!" she said, stamping her foot, her face turning very white. "I should think my dead mother would rise out of her grave, at the inhuman treatment you are giving her child. Do you think her a dog, to crouch down and be chained? A piece of dry goods, to be bargained away? A slave, to be sold to the highest bidder? Before Mordant Thorne came like a serpent into our home, you said not a word against Harry Carleton. He was worthy enough then to receive your child. But when this bad man holds out his hands filled with gold, as the price to be paid for her womanhood, you send Harry to the winds, and determine to sell her for gold, even if the act laid her dead at your feet. I wish I were in her place, I declare I would show you a will equal to your own."

He turned upon her, and laughed. I believe he was proud of her, for she had his hot blood in her veins, and she suited him better than the pale-faced girl, who shrank away at every rough word. He stroked his bearded chin, and said, coolly:

"We will see, miss, we will see. Some day I may have the pleasure of bending this will of yours."

She curled her lips, fiercely, and sat down by Mildred, winding her arms about her, and watching a form sauntering idly up the garden path, a bouquet of roses in his white hand, and his hat resting carelessly on its bed of

wavy hair. Judge Heath saw him too, and said, hastily:

"Stop your crying, Mildred. Mordant is coming, be ready to receive him, and mind you treat him well. Come, Jessie, you and I will go out."

"Thank you," she said, sitting down. "I am going to read, and prefer reading here."

He hesitated an instant, then went out. In a moment more Mordant Thorne entered. A handsome man he would have been, had not sin and revelry stamped itself upon his face. It must once have been tender and noble, but the world had hardened it, and its sweetness had gone out in the dead past. He threw himself on the sofa beside Mildred, and raised her taper fingers to his lips. She shuddered, and drew back, and he laughed with a bitter, irritating laugh. Jessie looked up, and said, in a low tone:

"Strike that insolent mouth, Milly. I would if he touched me with his tainted lips."

"Would you, though?" he said, walking to her side, and without warning, grasping her two hands in one of his, while with the other he drew her face back to his shoulder. "It is not often I have the pleasure of kissing lips fresh and young as yours."

Her face grew white with anger.

"Mordant Thorne, if you dare to touch me with your polluted lips, I will be revenged, if God spares my life."

He laughed in her face, and kissed her again and again.

"Don't dare me, little one; it always ends in my conquering."

She dashed him from her.

"The end hasn't come yet, Mordant Thorne," she said, between her clenched teeth. And tossing the book she had been reading to the floor, she walked proudly from the room out to the silent balcony. But when once there, she gave way to sobs and tears.

Sitting there, with her face hid in her hands, she thought of the time when Harry Carleton was an honored guest in her father's house; how he had won the love of Mildred, and received her promise to be his wife on his return from Europe, where he had gone on business. Then Mordant Thorne had appeared in their village; taken the handsomest suite of rooms at the hotel; drove the fastest horses; gave princely dinner-parties, and spent money without a thought of its value. No one knew from whence he came, and few inquired, but all voted him a jolly fellow, and the aristocratic took him in their circle, while

the ladies smiled and courted him. Judge Heath was blinded to his every fault. He spoke in the highest praise of him; and when, after meeting Mildred a few times, Mordant asked for her hand in marriage, we know the result. Jessie clenched her hands together; the thought of her sister's unhappiness almost crazed her.

"If I could only do something," she cried, "to free her from this bad man's power. Poor sister Milly!"

She heard Mordant's step in the hall, and drew back behind the leafless, clinging vines, as he came out. But he must have been looking for her, for he saw her instantly, and stepped to her side.

"You will catch your death out here in the night air, Jessie," he said, bending his head to hers.

"What is it to you, if I do?" she answered, sullenly.

"A great deal, little one, since I have a proposition to make to you, which, if you agree to, will make your life of vast importance to me. But, by-the-by, Jessie, does Milly love this Harry Carleton very much?"

"Love him?" replied Jessie, her eyes flashing. "Without him I believe she will die. Her heart and soul cling to him with a love that not even eternity can wash out."

"Why don't you write to him, Jessie, and bid him come home ere some one else claims her as his bride? Maybe he has not left for home yet, and a letter might reach him."

"Thank you, I did so more than two weeks ago, although we expected him home even then."

Mordant laughed, and took a white envelope from his side pocket.

"The letter never reached its destination, Jessie. It came to me instead."

A purple hue crept over her face—a red, scorching gleam from her eyes, that blinded like lightning. Never had Mordant Thorne witnessed anger like this. She stood still as death—the dreadful calm that precedes the hurricane, and then with a bound she caught his hand. She tore the letter from his grasp, but he held her fast in his arms. His grasp did not tighten when she struggled, but yet she could not free herself.

"Jessie," he said, "listen to me. I never took that letter from the office. I have not even read it. You trusted it to the care of a servant; they had all received orders from your father, and, as he was absent at the time, the letter was given to me. I do not know

a word it contains, nor do I wish to. But, Jessie, never give way to such anger again, for like the hurricane it will leave ruin and desolation behind it. Such a passion as this left untamed, will prove in the end the bitterest curse of your life."

She stood white and silent before him now, still angry, but sullenly calm. He was watching with his keen eyes her beautiful stormy face.

"How old are you, Jessie?" he asked, after a while.

"Thirteen now—fourteen this winter."

"And in five years you will be old enough to marry. Jessie, if you were a woman now, I never would have given Mildred Heath a thought. You would have been the one to have won, for you please me most. Give me your promise that in five years you will become my wife, and I will not trouble Milly another hour, but do all in my power to hasten her union with Harry Carleton, and will make it all right with your father concerning the change."

"And if I do not consent, what then?" she asked, holding her breath, while the blood surged in scarlet splashes to her face.

"Mildred Heath will become Mrs. Mordant Thorne in less than a month."

She turned her anguished face toward him.

"For Mildred's sake, I say yes. Make her happy again, and in five years from now I will say the words that will make me your wife."

"Then from this hour you are my promised wife, and as such I will treat you. Come with me into the parlor, and I will tell you what my life has been up to my manhood."

"I was the only child of Antony Thorne, a Southerner by birth, and a man fabulously rich, but a cruel tyrant in nature. I had a fear and dread of him from my birth. My mother I loved, ay, worshipped almost, and she clung to me as if I were her all. I believe my father hated my mother; why, I never knew, for she was lovely and beautiful; but from the day he discovered our sweet affection for each other, it seemed his delight to take me from her out into the gay world, and at the midnight hour bringing me home, making me a plaything for his companions."

"One day she begged him to cease, and not be the cause of my ruin. He struck her with his vile hand—my beautiful, angel-like mother. A young demon rose in me, and, Jessie, I sprang upon him. Dashing a goblet that stood on the side-table into his face, the blood

rained over him, and, livid with rage, he threw me to the floor, and cursed me like a fiend. His hatred for me after that seemed dreadful. He took an oath to bind me out to some man who would treat me like a dog, and he did it. In spite of my mother's entreaties, he placed me on board a vessel bound for India. The captain was well known to him, and in my presence he bade him flog me daily if he wished. I have the scars on me now which I received from that man's hand, although I tried to do my duty."

"When we arrived home again, the first mate walked with me to my father's house. My father had not come for me, and it seemed like death to be longer away from my mother. The captain consented to my going, and I fairly bounded away in my joy. The walk seemed an endless one; but at last I ran up the wide walk and marble steps. I rang the bell impatiently. An old family servant opened the door, but did not recognize me, for I had grown broad and tall in my absence."

"'Jamie,' I cried, 'is it possible you don't know me? I am Mordant Thorne.'"

"He threw up his hands with a stifled cry. His swarthy skin turned ashen in its hue."

"'Mordant, my young master, is it you?' he said. 'And you have come too late—too late!'"

"'What do you mean, Jamie? Don't hold me. I am going to my mother.'"

"The tears streamed over his face."

"'She's dead, young master—dead!'"

"I staggered to the wall. In my agony I laughed long and loud. The sound went through the house in mocking echoes. My father opened the opposite door and looked out. His face put murder in my heart. Like an animal at bay I leaped at him. Thank God, he was in time to close the door and bolt it, otherwise, in my demon rage, two forms instead of one might have lain dead in the house ere night, and another doomed for eternity."

"Jamie laid his kind, pitying hand on my head, and said, softly:

"'There's a God, Mordant, don't forget that. And now come with me to your mother, for she only died last evening, and lies in her room in her dreamless slumber.'"

"I followed him up the oak stairs."

"'Jamie, what caused my mother's death?' I asked."

"He drew back with tightened lips, but in his eye I read the answer."

"'My father did not murder her with his own hands; but in heaven, on the great book,



her death will stand against him, wont it, Jamle?"

"I am afraid it will, young master, I am afraid it will."

"Did she grieve for me much? Tell me the truth."

"Every hour from the time you went away she was moaning for you; and when she was dying she floated away with these words on her white lips: 'Blessed Jesus, give me back my boy some day in heaven, where there is no parting, no anguish, no tears.'"

"I left him and entered the darkened room. In the centre stood her coffin. I raised the misty lace and gazed into her peaceful face so cold and still."

"Mother!" I moaned, "mother!" but I shed no tears. Not even the day following, when the earth hid her from me forever, I could not weep, but I pray God I may never suffer again as I suffered then."

"After that I grew hardened, and plunged madly into any gaiety. My father stormed and threatened, and I laughed him to scorn. He turned me from his doors, and disowned me, and when the years of manhood dawned, I was a wanderer on the broad earth. I scarcely dare think how those years were spent. I was the leader of everything vile and bad, never stopping an instant to dwell on the bitter past, but sinking deeper and deeper each day in vile wickedness."

"One day in the streets of New York I met an old family lawyer. He came up to me and grasped my hand."

"I have been looking for you a long while, Mordant," he said, gladly. "You must come home with me, and break off this wicked life of yours. Your father died suddenly three months ago, and you of course are his heir. He left no will, or you might have been poor as ever, for he was bitter enough against you. You are a very prince in wealth now, so come home and enjoy it, as a gentleman should."

"I went to my home in the city. Men met me there and touched their hats; ladies smiled and invited me to their homes. I was Mordant Thorne then, and worth a million. What if I had been a New York loafer a month before?"

"I remained there a few years, well known equally in the highest and lowest circles. Then I came into your little nest of a village. I saw Mildred. Her purity drew me to her. It was something new to be in the presence of a pure woman, one uncontaminated by the world's touch, and I determined to make her

my wife. You know the rest, Jessie. The past is gone, but pray God that from-to-night the salvation of my soul may commence. I shall leave here soon to travel. You may not see or hear of me again till the five years have passed; but if my life is spared, I will be back then to claim you, and, I trust, a better man. I do not think of you as a child. All the while you have seemed to me a woman, and you are one in heart and understanding. I love you tenderly and truly, Jessie."

She had been listening with bowed head. She glanced up now in his sad, earnest face. In her heart she pitied him, but the kisses he had given her burnt fiercely yet with angry heat on her cheeks. She pitied him, I say, but never forgave him."

"Will you try to love me, Jessie?" he tenderly asked."

"I never promised that," she answered. "I said I would be your wife, and I will; let the future decide the rest."

"Good night, then, Jessie. I will go now, but to-morrow I will come and see your father. God bless you, my little girl."

He went out into the night. She listened till his footsteps died away, then stole up to her room, stopping at Mildred's door to glance in, and seeing her sleeping with tears yet on her cheeks."

"For your sake, Milly, I am doing it," she whispered hoarsely, with ashen lips; then she crept into her own bed, lying with open eyes all the night, till the sun creeping in with yellow fingers through the curtained window, told her the long night was over."

The next afternoon Mordant Thorne came and was closeted an hour with her father. There was a war of words between them, but in the end Mordant conquered, as he always did; and when they came out, Judge Heath said to Mildred:

"Well, girl, Mordant has concluded to give you up; so marry that scapegrace of a Carleton, if you will, while Jessie—"

"Leave Jessie to me," Mordant said, drawing her to him, and whispering softly, "Come with me, Jessie; I have something to say to you."

She followed him out, and he took her two hands in his, speaking quickly all the while."

"I am going away soon, Jessie—as early to-morrow morning as possible. I shall not see you again, as I have a great deal to do ere then. Here is a ring; wear it, and remember it came from the man who loves you better

than anything in this life. God bless you forever and ever, my Jessie."

He pressed her convulsively in his arms, and was gone, and she stood alone gazing on the flashing ring, that told her she was Mordant Thorne's betrothed wife. By-and-by Mildred came in, and wrapped her arms about Jessie.

"What have you promised that man, my darling? Do you think for a moment that I would accept my freedom and happiness at such a sacrifice? No, no!"

Jessie put Mildred's curls back from her face with her firm hands, and gazed with loving eyes down in her face.

"Marry Harry Carleton, sister, and be happy. God never made you to breast the darker waves of life. What I would battle with, and conquer in the end, would wash you away into eternity. Leave me to my own will, Milly."

"But you hate him so, Jessie!"

"He loves me, Mildred, and through that love he shall be punished for the kisses he gave me to-night. Milly, they burn me yet. I could forgive him if they had not been given— But hark! whose step is that?"

An instant more, and the door flew back. Mildred gave a glad cry, and nestled in the arms of Harry Carleton. Jessie greeted him kindly, then stole out and left them together; but a while later they sought her in the garden, and Harry's face grew earnest and sad, as he spoke of what she had done for their sake.

"Little sister," he said, "by some way I will free you from such a promise. You have saved my love for me, and taken the burden on your own young shoulders, but I will save you yet."

She smiled in his face, a bright, defiant smile.

"Don't worry about me, Harry; don't interfere with what I am doing, but believe me when I say that I would suffer anything to punish that man—Mordant Thorne—and I will punish him. He has turned all the beautiful flowers of my girlhood yellow and sere; for that I will darken the future years of his life. I will put the cup of sorrow to his lips, when he thinks his hour of happiness has come, and he shall drink it to the bitter dregs."

"Jessie, Jessie—what will you do?" Mildred cried out; for the white, determined face frightened her.

"I will punish him as he should be punish-

ed. For once, Mordant Thorne shall find his equal."

Harry shook his head.

"There is too much fire in your nature, my little girl—too much lightning, altogether."

"Ay! and Mordant Thorne shall find that Jessie Heath's lightning can strike deep and hard, and leave naught but ruin and desolation behind it."

She turned and left them, each wondering what was working in the brain of this young creature.

A month afterwards, Harry and Mildred became one. They were married quietly, and sailed next day for Europe. Mildred's health was delicate, and Harry thought the trip would benefit her. Jessie soon after left for school, where she was to remain until her education was finished. And five years passed.

It was a glorious autumn night, still and cold, the dark-blue sky all brilliant with stars. In one of the aristocratic mansions of Boston, all the *elite* of the city are gathered. Mrs. Paul Clifford, the leader of the ton, is giving her first party of the season. The house is flooded with lights, while the very air seems heavy with the fragrance of rare exotics. Glorious music echoes in silver sounds throughout the arched rooms, and merry feet keep time to the thrilling sounds. A new guest is announced. Mrs. Clifford, in her trailing dress, stepped forward to welcome him, the elegant, bearded man, with skin darkened by other climes.

"Welcome, Mr. Thorne!" she said, softly. "After years of travel, I am glad to see you again. I was pleased to hear from my husband that you had returned."

"Thank you kindly, Mrs. Clifford, for the welcome. I, too, am glad to be again in my native city."

And this was Mordant Thorne, grown handsomer still in the five years that had gone, yet so changed that scarcely an old acquaintance would have recognized him. The hardness had gone out of the face; the long-ago boyhood sweetness had come out of the past, and made it as noble and grand as a picture. A gentleman, Hugh Lacy, who had met him before, stopped at his elbow.

"I'm glad to see you here to-night, Mordant. Among all these dazzling beauties, mind you and take good care of your heart; mine went long ago."

"Who to, pray?"

"Who? A glorious Hebe—a radiant angel

—a being too beautiful for earth—but an iceberg, Mordant, a glittering iceberg. Beware of her. Loving her is like sending the waves of your heart against a shore of ice.”

A waltz began. The glittering masses swept past them, the glimmer of satins and diamonds floating together. Suddenly Hugh Lacy drew in his breath hard and quick. Mordant glanced up. A tall woman, in creamy satin and diamonds, went circling by; scarlet blossoms were woven in her hair, drooping in a cascade of curls at the back of her regal head. Her arm gleamed like white velvet against the black outline of the man's coat. She glanced back as she swept by, and Mordant saw a clear, white face, lit up by wondrously beautiful eyes, a straight, Grecian nose, and a mouth scornful and bitter as fate. He, too, drew in his breath. The woman he had sought was before him—his promised wife, Jessie Heath. She had not seen him, but sailed on as proud as ever.

“Did you see her, Mordant—the Hebe, Jessie Heath? She is a guest of the Mortimers this winter. Her father died two years ago, leaving all his property to her and her married sister, Mrs. Carleton; so, besides being so dazzlingly beautiful, she is immensely rich. I would give a kingdom to hear her say, ‘I love you, Hugh Lacy.’ I would go through fire to win a sweet love-word from her lips.”

When the dance ended, Mordant walked over to her side. She was fanning herself with a slender ivory-and-gold fan, while a number of gentlemen surrounded her. Mordant bent his head to hers.

“Do you recognize me, Miss Heath?”

She quivered at his voice, and looked up. The life-blood surged to neck and brow.

“I believe I do,” she whispered. “It is Mordant Thorne.”

He gave her his arm, and passed with her to the conservatory. Hugh Lacy passed them, and gave Mordant a warning look. When once there, he took her two slender, jewelled hands in his.

“Do you know what you are to me, Jessie?”

“I am your promised wife, Mordant.”

“You are, and as such I love you. But I trust I am not the bad man I was when I claimed this promise from you five years ago. My past life is forgiven, and my salvation has been wrought through the blood of our blessed Saviour. I am willing to give you up, Jessie—to release you from the promise—though God must help me when I do it, for I love you devotedly.”

“Do you want me for your wife?” she asked.

He took her face between his hands. The love that shone from his eyes dazzled her.

“Jessie, you can never understand how much I want you.”

“Then I shall marry you.”

He bent his head and kissed her. Cold and still she stood, like a grand statue, that almost chilled him.

“And when shall it be, Jessie?”

“The five years are gone. The Mortimers, with whom I am staying, are absent, and will be for a week. No one is there except my old nurse, who accompanied me to the city. It shall be to-morrow night, if you wish; though mind you, I want it strictly private—so not a word to any living soul. I have my reasons for this. Nurse Rivers shall be a witness, and no one else is to be there save the clergyman himself, and he must not know either of us. Do you understand?”

“I understand, and it shall be as you wish. But how can I thank you for giving yourself to me so soon, my darling?”

A queer look gleamed out in the blackness of her eyes. She veiled them instantly with their white lids, then slid away from his clasping arms out into the crowd. He watched her superb form as she moved so queenly among them—the elegant woman so soon to be his wife.

He clasped her cloak around her slender throat and drooping shoulders, that evening, and led her to the carriage. When there, he took a flower from her hair and laid it against his heart. She smiled, and waved her white hand out of the window. Another instant, and the horses dashed away, while Mordant stood gazing till the night closed in with its black shadow.

The evening of Jessie Heath's marriage had come. With a deathly face she walked the length of the room, her white velvet robe trailing behind her, and great clusters of orange blossoms mingling amid the dusky depth of her hair. Nurse Rivers knocked at the door, then entered.

“They have come, Jessie, and are waiting; but let me say one word ere you go down. In the name of your dead mother I plead—of the sweet Saviour who will send his curse on you if you do this thing—I beg and pray you—”

“Hush! I am my own mistress. Not another word!”

The aged face grew dim with tears.

“You are cursing your own life, Jessie.”

She smiled disdainfully, and swept out. A moment, and she stood side by side with Mordant Thorne, and the minister was making them man and wife.

It was over, the clergyman gone, and Nurse Rivers had crept up stairs with a prayer on her lips. Mordant turned to the superb woman at his side. He took her in his arms. She allowed him to taste the scarlet sweetness of her lips—to call her every endearing name, and then she struck the blow. Ay, but she faltered first. Maybe a gleam of the future stood a moment before her, or, mayhap her angel mother in pity grasped the heart-strings, but she said the words, at last.

"I have fulfilled my promise, Mordant, I bear your name—I am your wife. All these years I have waited for the revenge I said I would have. Now leave me, and hereafter I am nothing more to you than a stranger. We part as though we had never met. Go."

He staggered back with a wall on his lips.

"Jessie, Jessie, can you be so cruel—my wife—my wife!"

"Go!"

"Great God, have pity upon me! Save me from this! Have you no mercy, Jessie?"

Again the white hands waved him off.

"Go!"

He turned his haggard face towards her.

"May God forgive you for this!" and he left her, reeling like a drunken man.

She threw her hands wildly up.

"I have driven him from me, and I love him—love him! O God, is revenge always as bitter as this?"

She sank on her knees, not daring to pray, but looking wildly up with dilating eyes. All night she crouched there, like a crazed being, her hands pressed tight against the throbbing temples, lest they should burst.

The next day Mordant Thorne left the city, and people wondered what had stamped that look of anguish over his face, but his closed lips gave no clue to the bursting heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

A year went by. In that time Jessie suffered ages of anguish.

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap," Nurse Rivers said to her, one day.

She turned her wild eyes towards her.

"Nurse, God had said, 'Vengeance is mine. I will repay.' Has he not?"

"Ay, he has."

"Then this is the vengeance of God, and it is dreadful."

She was a shadow of her former self, yet

as beautiful as ever. She had not seen Mordant since her marriage, and did not know where he was, though she had taken rooms and remained in Boston all the while.

One early spring morning she went out for a walk. As she was moving slowly along, a carriage passed her. She glanced up. A face was looking out from the window—a young, lovely face, with golden hair and sunny eyes. But there was another face beside it that made her reel in her walk—her husband's, noble and beautiful, as of old. Some gentlemen were walking behind her. One said:

"Ah! there is Mordant Thorne, and that must be his young bride. Rumor reached me of his intended marriage, but I never gave it much thought."

They passed on, but how Jessie reached her home, she never knew.

"If this be true," she cried, "I shall be mad. Mordant! Mordant!"

That night, wrapping a shawl about her, she stole out. She would go to his house and look in; she must see for herself. After a weary walk she reached the wide path—the same one he had gone up when he had found his mother dead. She stole to the window. The lights were burning, but the curtains not yet drawn. She raised herself up, and looked in.

The room was warm and easy. On a silken-covered lounge Mordant lay, in his dressing gown and slippers. The same lovely creature sat reading to him by the little table. Jessie groaned aloud. Her white fingers trailed for an instant over the glass, then she fell prostrate to the ground. He heard the noise, came to the window, opened it, and looked out; but he saw not the figure lying so near him, with brain all on fire, and soon went back to the lounge, and dreamed—of what?

It was midnight when Jessie reached her home, her hair clinging in black masses to her fevered face, and her dress all soiled and wet with dew.

"Take me to my old home, nurse, for I am going mad; and if I die, let me die there."

This was her cry, and the next day they started with her, but had to bind her down like a wild animal, ere they arrived there. The physician said it was brain fever in its worst form, and death was almost certain to follow. From her ravings Nurse Rivers found out what had caused it, and one day, in her queer, cramped handwriting, she wrote to Mordant Thorne.

He was alone in his room when the letter reached him, and he read it with ashy lips. The words he uttered were so husky that they could not be understood. In an hour he was on his way, never stopping to rest till he reached the little village. He neared her house. It was closed and still. He laid his hand on the bell, it was muffled. He tried the door, it yielded to his touch, and he went in. Two servants stood whispering at the lower end of the hall, while all over the marble floor soft carpets were thrown to deaden the sound of footsteps.

"How is your mistress?" he asked of one.

"Dying, they think!" was the reply, with a stifled sob.

He passed up the broad stairs. Nurse Rivers stood at the top. He grasped her hand.

"Take me to her, nurse. She is my wife, and I have a right to be near her."

She led the way into the darkened room and left him. He went up to the white-draped bed, and looked at the regal form, straight and elegant even as she lay before him, one transparent hand nestling amid the close-cut hair, the other falling idly from the low bed. The light covering trailed from the bed, and disclosed the two white, blue-veined feet, perfect as chiselled marble, crossed as if in death. All day she had lain as if dying, but now she was slumbering peacefully.

Till midnight Mordant and Mrs. Rivers watched together, the physician sitting at one end of the room, watch in hand. Not a whisper passed between them, and all was silent as the grave.

She moved at last. Her white hands tried to lift themselves, but dropped powerlessly down. Mordant's name was the first on her lips. He would have sprung to her, but Nurse Rivers held him back. By-and-by she slumbered again, a healthy sleep. The physician put on his coat.

"Take care of her now, my friends, as the danger is past. What she has lived through would have killed ninety-nine women out of a hundred. Good night."

Two days after, they allowed Mordant to see her again. He went in and knelt down by her side, putting his arm about her, and laying her head on his bosom.

"Has the golden-haired girl ever rested here, Mordant?" her weak voice asked.

"Never, my darling, never. She was a poor orphan girl, and her uncle placed her under my care until her brother should call for her at my house. He came two days be-

fore I started from home. She is nothing to me, Jessie."

"Thank God for that! But, my husband, can you forgive me for wrecking your life as I have? I see how wrong it was now, but I have suffered for the act. Can you ever forgive me?"

"I forgive and forget the past, my sweet one, and so may God!" he said, kissing her again and again.

"I have prayed to him," her weak voice said, "and I think he has forgiven me, or else he would never have given me the sweet joy of feeling your loved arms about me. O, my husband, my Mordant, how I have loved you all the while!"

"God bless you forever and ever, my darling wife, for those words," he said, tears springing to his eyes.

Jessie closed her eyes softly. A little while after, and for the first time in her life she slumbered in his arms. He kissed the sweet mouth softly, and in his heart he thanked God for this happiness.

Her strength came slowly back, but Mordant was satisfied. To-day she is a noble Christian woman, strong and bold, loving her husband next to her God, and loved by all in return. She has one beautiful boy, who is named Harry, after Mildred's husband, who live happily together in the West. Thus we will leave them, and may God's sweet blessing rest upon them all.

#### COLOR OF MOURNING.

The usual mode of expressing grief for departed relatives and friends among the ancients was by rending the clothes, by laying aside the externals of rank and honor, by going unshaved, and by neglecting certain of the ordinary duties of life. As mankind became more practical, it was considered that the purposes of mourning might be sufficiently carried out by the adoption of some particular color of dress. These colors vary considerably, according to local influence or national sentiment. In Europe the general color for mourning is black, for that color, being the privation of light, is supposed to represent the privation of life. In China it is white, that color representing purity. In Turkey it is purple or violet, colors which are supposed to express a mixture of sorrow and hope. In Egypt it is yellow, that being the color of vegetation when it fades and decays. In Ethiopia it is brown, that being the color of the earth, to which the dead return.

## THE BRIDAL MORN AND EVEN.

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 BY O. HORTESCUE.  
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Blithe shot the lark from her nest in the corn,  
 And shook the bright dew o'er its feathered repose;  
 Whilst joy took the heart of the maid of that morn,  
 When in hallowed rejoicings she blushing rose.

The jessamine flowerets all clustering spread  
 (Nursed by her hand with a fond, doting care)—  
 O'er the lattice, and reared their sweet budding  
 heads,  
 To catch a faint gust from the clear morning air.

The rush of a waterfall murmuring near,  
 And the shriek of a hawk as he fettered his prey;  
 These bolts of reality larmed her ear,  
 And drove every tissue of slumber away.

The lowing of cattle, the bleat of the herds,  
 In chaotic strains alternately blend  
 With the warbling notes of the dark mountain birds,  
 And the horn of the hunter, as heard in the glen.

The choristers chirp on the mistletoe branch,  
 And echoes each grove with melody rare;  
 'Tis here, they with music our spirits entrance,  
 And here, the sweet haunt where they daily repair.

O Ellen, fair Ellen, bright queen of this rest,  
 Why sad the lament that they sing in the bower?  
 Has music lost place in thine own feeling breast,  
 Or Nature, by sorrow, the charm of its power?

But Sorrow, now partial, supreme and alone,  
 Shall rend every bosom with anguish and pain;  
 And the hearts that now bless, too soon shall bemoan  
 Those coupled at matin, at vesper in twain.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now why come the good folk from yonder and far?  
 Why merrily peaeth the old church bell?  
 Why so beaming the faces I saw in yon car?  
 Aught but a dull fancy imagineth well.

And wide open flung are the cottagers' gates,  
 For the jovial throngs, all thrice welcome there;  
 To the festive that tends on the union of fates,  
 On the bright bridal morning of that happy pair.

Fair Ellen arrayed in a garment of white,  
 With naught but a tea-rose to deck her dark  
 braids,  
 Appears as a nymph, or dear mountain sprite,  
 In rivalling grace to the eyes of her maids.

But who boldly steps forward with courteous mien,  
 And grasps in his own that lily-white hand?  
 In the guise of a lover he has won her, I ween,  
 And shall claim her ere even, the gem of that  
 land.

'Tis over; and Hymen in union has clasped  
 Two deep loving hearts thus responsive and true;  
 But power o'er the future he imploringly asks,  
 For he views all its darkness and sees it anew.

When the feasting that followed was banished and  
 gone,  
 A ride through the valleys enchanted the guests;  
 The beauties of Nature were courted and won,  
 Till the Day-King in sunset o'erturned all their  
 zest.

As homeward they speed at a cantering gait,  
 The sun wheeled his disc the distant hills o'er,—  
 And the twinkling stars the return await  
 Of the galloping party that bound from the moor.

Led by the tapers whose raylights appear,  
 Through the vernal vest of the old farm cot,  
 The riders with spirits elated, draw near,  
 But the queen of that realm, the bride, cometh not.

"Behind they have tarried," the foremost one spoke;  
 "But methinks she cometh, her charger I hear!"  
 The clattering of hoofs the dead silence broke,  
 And the voice of the bridegroom struck sad on  
 his ear.

Each moment that shortened the distance apace,  
 Were weeks to the throng who thus eagerly stood,  
 And longed to encounter her radiant face,  
 E'en calm and serene in the mind's darkest mood.

But not the decked bride who gaily rode forth,  
 (For dyed was the pommel and garth of her  
 horse,)

Was brought to the cot so gaily she'd left,  
 A mangled, a bleeding, a misshapen corpse!

O, weep all ye mourners, for sad is her fate!  
 Thus crushed in youth's beauty, whilst love bade  
 her stay;

Weep, weep, soon thy bones on hers shall await,  
 And ages, like mortals, in silence decay.

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 WRITING AND ACTING.

Chatham commenced his career in the intrigues of a camp and the bustle of a mess-room; where he probably learnt that the way to govern others, is to make your will your warrant, and your word a law. If he had spent the early part of his life like Mr. Burke, in writing a treatise on the *sublime and beautiful*, and in dreaming over the abstract nature and causes of things, he would never have taken the lead he did in the British Senate.



## The Florist.

### Daily Life of Plants.

As the monthly changes in the appearance of vegetation are the result of the ever-varying conditions of heat, light, moisture and electricity, throughout each month in the year, so also the organization of plants has its daily changes from the variability during the different hours of the day of the same physical agents.

Heat, light, moisture and electricity are the principal stimulants of vegetation. Now the amount of heat and light received from the sun during the day, as also the quantity of moisture and electricity in the air, is continually varying with the elevation of the sun above the horizon; consequently the active vitality of plants must have its diurnal variations, and plants must necessarily enter, to some extent, upon a state of torpor and inactivity during the night, when these grand stimulants to vegetation are withdrawn. Hence we have produced, at the close of each day, that well-marked change in the appearance of the plant-creation which has been very properly called vegetable sleep.

It follows that the vegetable world has its daily, as well as monthly and annual life, and that vegetation oscillates daily as well as annually between a state of activity and one of comparative repose. In this respect a day is like a year in miniature, a space of time during which the earth runs through nearly one degree, or the 360th part of its annual orbit. Each hour, each minute, from the moment that he shows himself above the horizon, the sun exercises a new influence on the plant covering; for the peculiarities of the solar rays, their illuminating, chemical, and heating influences vary continually, increasing until the sun is on the meridian, and then decreasing until sunset. When the last rays of solar light have been reflected from the evening sky, it is only then that these influences cease, and a new life is necessarily called forth in the plant world.

These daily changes of nature are less marked in their effects on vegetation, those monthly changes have been so frequently described, because extending over a much shorter period of time; yet nevertheless their effects are sufficiently well marked and perceptible to be deserving of the most careful study.

### Exhalation of Plants.

The change from night to day produces an interchange of a different kind of air between the plant and the atmosphere, or an alteration in the process of vegetable respiration. Plants breathe out oxygen by day and absorb carbonic acid. We cannot see the pure oxygen thus given off by their foliage, because the air which surrounds them is invisible, and hence

for ages it has been poured into the atmosphere unknown to man; but when the same process is carried on in a visible medium such as water, as in an aquarium, the escape of this gas from the submerged leaves of the plants is plainly to be seen.

Now during the night this process is not only stopped, but it is actually reversed, for then plants breathe out carbonic acid and absorb oxygen. The breathing of plants is therefore at night like that of animals; but we must not imagine that they contaminate the air to the same extent. This is a very popular, and yet a very great mistake. It has been supposed that growing plants vitiate the air of a sleeping-room in consequence of the amount of a carbonic acid they exhale, that they are unwholesome and ought to be removed, especially from the apartment of a patient. But allowing that they give off carbonic acid and destroy oxygen, yet if everything that does this is to be expelled, then the lamps must be removed, and the fire put out, and all visitors at the same time.

### Perspiration of Plants.

If a plant with foliage is placed under a glass vessel and exposed to the sun, the sides of the vessel are soon covered with moisture, which is produced by the condensation of the invisible perspiration from the plant. This varies during the different hours of the day, depending on the dryness or moisture of the atmosphere, and the amount of light received from the sun. In bright sunshine, provided the atmosphere is dry, plants perspire most; in weak, diffused daylight least, and in darkness not at all. Morning and noon are, therefore, most favorable to perspiration; it diminishes in the afternoon, and ceases at night. It depends also on the number of leaf-pores and the amount of exposed leaf-surface. Compound leaves perspire more than simple leaves, evergreens less than trees with deciduous foliage.

### Influence of Light.

A remarkable example of the influence of light on the juices of plants is mentioned by Liebig in the *Cacalia ficoides*. During the hours of darkness this plant, like others, assimilates oxygen; and, therefore, in the morning it is as acid to the taste as sorrel; by the influence of the morning sun it loses this oxygen, and is at noon tasteless; and by the continued action of the light, and the abstraction of more oxygen, the plant is positively bitter in the evening, its acidity being again recovered through the night.

But the amount of moisture in the atmosphere is a variable quantity during the day. And many plants are weather prophets. Thus, if the Siberian

sow-thistle shuts at night, the ensuing day will be fine, and if it opens, it will be cloudy and rainy. If the African marigold continues shut after seven o'clock in the morning, rain may be expected; and if the bindweed, or *Anagallis*, is open in the morning, it will shut on the approach of rain. The last flower, from its nice susceptibility in this respect, has been called the "Poor Man's Weather Glass."

The phenomenon of heliotropism, or that faculty which some flowers possess of following the movements of the sun during the day, by bending or turning gradually from east to west as the day advances, and during the night returning gradually to their eastern position, so as to be ready to catch the first beams of the sun in the morning, is a fact well-known to all who have observed nature. So also everybody knows that flowers open in the morning and close in the evening; their petals, in fact, close up in the same folds and return to the same position which they originally occupied in the bud. This phenomenon was called by Linnaeus the sleep of plants; and with its consideration we shall very appropriately close our plant-day.

#### Heat of Plants.

It would appear from experiments made by Dutrochet, that the heat of plants manifests itself when evaporation is restrained. Evaporation was prevented by placing the plants in an atmosphere saturated with moisture. The experiments were made with a thermo-electric apparatus, and it was found their temperature rose from one twelfth to one third per cent. above that of the external air. Moreover, a rise and fall took place in the course of twenty-four hours, the maximum occurring between ten and two in the day, and the maximum at midnight.

Where, however, vegetable combustion is more rapid, the heat of plants is readily detected, even when evaporation is going on from their surface. This is the case in germination, which is always accompanied by a rise in temperature, and also in the act of flowering. The disappearance of the starch and sugar is the result of their combustion, or partial conversion into carbonic acid; oxygen is therefore consumed, and heat necessarily evolved.

The development of heat by flowers was first observed by Lamarck in the *Arum maculatum* of Europe. It was afterwards detected by Saussure in the bignonia, gourd, and tuberose. In these cases the heat was measured by a common thermometer. But since the invention of thermo-electric instruments, heat can be detected in any ordinary cluster of flowers. The best plants for experiment are the *Aracea*, where the heat is confined and reverberated by the hood-like inflorescence. In some of these plants the temperature rises at times to twenty and even fifty degrees of Fahrenheit above that of the surrounding air. The temperature increases from the first opening of the flowers, and reaches its maximum when they shed their pollen, at which time the heat developed is so

great as to be perceived by the hand; it afterwards gradually declines until the flowers fade.

The heat of flowers is strikingly seen in Alpine regions, when they bloom under the snow, by the disappearance of the snow which immediately surrounds them. This is well exemplified in the beautiful blue-eyed *Soldanella* of the Alps, which forms a complete cavity or hollow around itself when it blossoms under the snow, as was observed by the French naturalist Lortet.

#### Transmigration of Plants.

Busquebina, an Austrian, introduced the lilac tulip in Western Europe from Turkey, in the 16th century. Clusius, a Belgian, brought the horse chestnut about the same time from the East. Pope, the poet, introduced the weeping willow, by planting a slip he received from Smyrna. Within living memory the first orange tree was to be seen in Portugal, and which had been transplanted from the East. Plants indigenous to the steppes of Tartary, are now flourishing in France, the first seeds of which came in the saddle stuffing of the Russian troops who entered Paris in 1814. The Turkish armies left the seeds of oriental wall plants on the ramparts of Buda and Venice. The Canada thistle sprung up in Europe from a seed which dropped two centuries ago out of the stuffed skin of a bird. In 1501, when St. Helena was discovered, there were only sixty species of plants on the island; there are now seven hundred and fifty. From the straw and grass packing of Thorwaldsen's sculptures, there sprang up in Copenhagen twenty-five species of plants belonging to the Roman Campagna.

#### Opening and closing of Flowers.

The phenomenon of the opening and closing of flowers is not a momentary movement, but a slow and continuous process, which is continually varying in intensity during the different hours of the day. The complete expansion seldom exceeds an hour in duration, most frequently not so long. The petals then begin to close, at first slowly, but afterwards more rapidly as they become folded together; and in this closed condition the flower continues until the time of opening again returns.

Some flowers require a greater amount of light and heat, to enable them to open, than others. Hence the hours of the day are, to a certain extent, indicated by their opening and closing. Thus, the common morning glory opens at dawn, the star of Bethlehem a little after ten o'clock, the ice plant at twelve o'clock at noon. On the contrary, the goat's beard, which opens at sunrise, closes at midday, and the morning glory closes at the same hour, provided the day is fine; but if it is cloudy, and the atmosphere moist, then the morning glory keeps open the whole day. The four-o'clock opens about that time in the afternoon; the flowers of the thorn apple and the evening primrose open at sunset, and those of the night-blooming cereus when it is dark.

## The Housewife.

### Oustard Fudding.

Beat up seven eggs and half a pound of sugar; stir it into one quart of milk, and season it with peach-water or lemon. Butter a dish that will just hold it; pour it in; set a pan into the oven half full of water, and set the pudding-dish into it to bake. Bake it three quarters of an hour. Some persons boil the milk, and turn it on the eggs, stirring it all the time until nearly cold, and then season and bake it.

### To boil Rice.

Wash clean two cupfull of rice; put it into a pot with two quarts of water, and boil it quite tender; turn it into a cullender to drain, but do not stir it. Let it stand before the fire to dry about ten minutes. Every kernel of rice will be separate, dry, and look very white.

### A nice Apple Pie.

Peel, quarter, and core, about eight apples, to make two large plate pies, and put them into a saucepan with a very little hot water. Let them stew until they are quite soft, and then turn them into a dish to cool. While they are hot add a piece of butter about half the size of an egg, a little mace, the rind of a lemon grated, half a glass of wine, and sugar to the taste. Let it get quite cold; line flat tin plates with a good crust, fill them with the apple, and put on a rim and upper crust of puff paste.

### Washington Pie.

Three quarters of a pound of sugar; half a pound of butter beat to a cream; add a cup of cream, half teaspoonful of saleratus, six eggs beat up well; flavor it with lemon; add a pound of flour; bake it in round tin pans, or a wooden box-cover, about fifteen or twenty minutes; when cold, lay one on a plate, and spread over it marmalade, or any other jelly, as thick as the cake; then cover it with another cake. Frost it, or not, as you please.

### Lafayette Pie.

One heaping coffee-cup of flour; one even cup of sugar; four eggs beaten separately; a piece of butter the size of an egg; half a teaspoonful of cream tartar in flour; quarter of a teaspoonful of soda in a little water. This is enough for two pies.

### Pan-dowdy.

Take a deep, brown baking-pan; butter it; fill it with apples, peeled, cut in quarters, and cored; add a large spoonful of cinnamon, two teacups of brown sugar, one teacupful of good cider, if you have it; if not, a little water; cover with a common pie-crust; bake about four hours; then break the crust into the pan with the apples and juice. To be eaten with sugar and cream.

### Beafsteak, with Oyster Sauce.

Cook the steak quickly. Take the liquor of a quart of oysters, put it into a saucepan, with about six ounces of butter mixed with a little flour, and let it come to a boil; turn in the oysters; let this boil up once; turn it on the steak, and send it to the table very hot.

### Beafsteak, with Smothered Onions.

Cook the beafsteak as before directed. Cut up six onions very fine; put them into a saucepan with a cup of hot water, a piece of butter about the size of an egg, some pepper, salt and a little flour; let it stew until the onions are quite soft; turn this over the steak quite hot.

### Fillet of Beef.

Take the tenderloin from the rump of beef; lard it with fat pork; lay it into a saucepan with a quart of good beef stock, pepper, salt, a dozen cloves, and one onion; let it simmer two hours; dish the beef; take off all the fat from the gravy; stir in a little flour and water, and a spoonful of soy; give it one boil; turn a little over the meat, and send the rest to table in a gravy-tureen.

### Corned Beef.

The navel end of the briquet is the best piece to boil. It should be put into cold water. Just before it boils take the scum off. A piece of beef weighing eight pounds requires eight hours boiling. Before sending to the table, the bone should be taken out, and the beef pressed half an hour. If done so, it looks much nicer, and cuts much better.

### Minced Corned Beef.

Chop some corned beef, fat and lean together, very fine, and as much potato; mix them together, put them into a frying-pan with a good-sized piece of butter, and a little pepper; stir it frequently until it is very hot; then let it stand until the bottom is brown; turn it on to a flat dish, and dress it with a little parsley. This is a nice breakfast dish.

### Tripe.

The honey-comb part is the best; it should be well boiled. Cut it in square pieces of about six inches; wash it in salt and water; wipe it dry; dip it in eggs and crumbs, or batter, and fry it in hot fat. Serve it with oyster sauce. After dishing the tripe, turn a quart of oyster sauce over it.

### Imitation Apple Pie.

Six soda-biscuit soaked in three cups of cold water, the grated rind and juice of three lemons, and sugar to your taste. This will make three pies.

## Curious Writings.

### The Fatal Letter.

A tradesman's daughter, who had been for some time engaged to a prosperous young draper in a neighboring town, heard from one whom she and her parents considered a creditable authority that he was on the verge of bankruptcy. Not a day was to be lost in breaking the bond by which she and her small fortune were linked to penury. A letter, strong and conclusive in its language, was at once written and posted, when the same informant called upon the young lady's friends to contradict and explain his previous statement, which had arisen out of some misunderstanding. They rushed at once to the post-office, and no words can describe the scene: the reiterated appeals, the tears, the wringing of hands, the united entreaties of father, mother, and daughter for the restoration of the fatal letter. But the rule admitted of no exception, and the young lady had to repent at leisure of her inordinate haste.

### Chinese Poems.

In the *Kwoh Fung*, or national airs, is to be found the following, which appears to be a kind of refrain arranged for two voices: "The bland, soft wind breathes upon and cherishes the heartwood of the flowering shrubs; hence the groves flourish, and are renovated. But our beloved mother is environed with cares, and distressed with labors." "The bland, soft wind cherishes, by its breath, the wood of the grove. Like unto it is the prudence and understanding of our mother; we, her sons, are men of repute." "The cool, bubbling fountain waters and refreshes the lower part of the region *Tsun*: we are seven sons, whose mother's care is like the flowing waters." "Sweetly, harmoniously, and with tuneful voice, sings the yellow phoenix: we seven sons ought to solace our beloved parent."

### A Group of Scotch Curiousities.

About five miles southwest of Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, on the farm of Cairn Catta, is a prodigious heap of stones, which bears the same name as the farm. They lie something in the form of the top of a grave, being higher and broader at the east end than at the west. The stones are, for the most part, such as an ordinary person could easily lift. The Cairn is supposed to have been raised to some chief after an engagement. This seems the more probable, as the greater part of the farm is strewn with small mounds, there called "Picts' houses." These, on being opened, show four stones placed in the form of an oblong square, with a stone as a cover, of the same shape as the top. Neither tradition nor history throws any light on this circumstance; but, as the mound lies on the borders of Cruden, it has been conjectured to have some connection with the battle fought there in the eleventh century, be-

tween Malcolm II. and Canute the Dane (afterwards King of England). In this battle Malcolm was victorious, and the carnage was so great that there is some probability the outposts of the engagement might have extended to Cairn Catta; it is, however, about three miles from the place that the main battle was fought.

On the same farm, about half a mile northwest of Cairn Catta, at the bottom of a small descent, is a valuable natural curiosity, consisting of nine perpetual and prolific springs, called "The Morris Wells," which have neither increased nor decreased in the memory of man. They are placed in three equal divisions, and the first is not above twenty yards from the last. The water is excellent, and fit for culinary purposes. None of these springs ever freeze in the coldest winters. The ground where they rise is gravelly, but that which they open into is peat-moss, some part of which, near the springs, they have turned white, so that when calcined, the ashes are whiter than lime, but do not seem to possess any binding quality. About thirty yards from the springs, there grows in the stream a sort of long, spongy grass, rising like sugar-cane, which, when chewed, has much the taste of Spanish liquorice. The common name of this grass is "sugar-grass," or "hair-grass."

Five miles south of Peterhead by sea, are the Bullers, or Boilers of Buchan. These consist of a vast pit, immediately adjoining the cliff, separated from it by a narrow perpendicular rock, or wall, of the same depth with the cliff. The pit has a communication with the sea, by a noble natural arch, through which boats enter in fine weather; but when there is an easterly storm, the agitation is beyond description. Between the chasm and the sea, on the top of the cliff, there is a narrow passage, though which some have had the temerity to pass.

The Dropping Cave of Skina, on the eastern coast of Buchan, extends upwards of one hundred feet under ground. Numerous drops of water come through the roof, passing through a bed of lime, with which they are impregnated, and form fantastic incrustations or stalactites.

At Portsoy, in Banffshire, is found a curious mineral — a pale red or salmon-colored granite, the finest discovered specimens of which have been found in Arabia. This singular stone, when polished, assumes on its surface the appearance of Arabic characters, from which cause it has received the name of "Moses's Tables."

### Fairies.

The popular faith in fairies has existed in England for ages; and they are by far the most interest-

ing of all the mythological personages, a belief in whom was once an article in every popular creed. Some trace the opinions relative to fairies to the traditions derived from the Druidical superstitions. That the aboriginal Britons believed in fairies appears highly probable, from the similarity of character observable between the sprites of England and those of Wales and Ireland. But whether they did or not, "our Saxon ancestors," as Dr. Percy observes, "long before they left their German forests, believed in the existence of a kind of diminutive demon, or middle species between men and spirits, whom they called *dwaerges* or *dwarfs*."

#### Cure of Asthma by Electricity.

It has long been known, not only that electricity relieves, or even cures, this painful disease, but also that, although very useful in cases of *true asthma*, a disorder of the respiratory apparatus, it is quite ineffective with that which arises from heart disease. M. Poggioni has established these facts by experiments recently communicated by him to the French Academy. Perhaps no disease is so amenable to electricity as the true asthma; but failures due to neglect of the distinction just mentioned have, perhaps, tended to lessen confidence in that agent. There is reason, also, to believe that shocks produced by machine electricity, are far more beneficial than those obtained by any modifications of galvanism, or electro-magnetism.

#### A blind Printer.

The editor of the Green Castle Banner says he found a curiosity in a printing-office at Gosport. One of the gentlemen connected with the establishment is a blind man, and sets up types remarkably well. He is the first blind printer we ever came across. He stated to us that his average day's work was 5000 ems, and that on several occasions he set from 7000 to 9000. His letter is distributed for him, and his copy read by his partner, his memory being so perfect he can retain from four to six lines; when this is finished, he cries the last word "set," when another sentence is read, and thus continues on during the day.

#### Poisoning by Tobacco.

A Parisian physician relates a curious case of poisoning by tobacco. A man had wrapped together leaves all round his body on the naked skin, in order to smuggle the article across the frontier, but the perspiration caused by walking in hot weather gave rise to an absorption of the active principles of tobacco through the skin, which led to dangerous symptoms.

#### A Reporting Machine.

A novel and curious instrument has been invented by Mr. Bryois. It is for the purpose of taking short-hand notes with more than the usual rapidity. It consists of a series of levers worked by keys like a piano, and acting on a set of types which

impress themselves on a slip of paper that is gradually unrolled. Working only with one finger, an ordinary reporter can work as quickly as the best short-hand reporter, but by using the two hands the rapidity is increased immensely.

#### Inverted Glass of Water.

Wipe a wine-glass perfectly dry; then pour water into it until it is quite full. Now take a card, carefully place it on the top of the water, and press it on the rim of the glass. If this be cleverly done, there will be no air bubble between the card and the water; and if the glass be very full, this can be with certainty accomplished. Now dexterously turn the glass *upside down*, keeping the finger on the card the while. This being done, the finger can be removed from the card, and yet the water will not run out, nor will the card fall away, owing to the pressure of the air upwards on the card, and there being no air within the glass. If the glass still inverted, be placed on a dish, the card can with care sometimes be slipped away, and yet no water will run out. In this way you may hand a glass of water to a friend, but he cannot remove it without spilling the whole.

#### Useful Hints.

Epidemic diseases are those which occasionally prevail more or less generally in a community. Endemic diseases are those which are prevalent in particular districts; as, for example, *bronchocoele*, the scientific term for what is familiarly called by the English "a wen," or "a Derbyshire neck," and by the Swiss *a goitre*; or "the ague" in Lincolnshire. Contagious diseases require contact or touch for their communication; and infectious diseases are those which are communicable in any manner from one person to another.

#### A curious Horse.

The Correspondencia of Madrid describes a curious horse, which is now being exhibited in the Prince Alphonzo Circus at Madrid. It has not a single hair on the whole body, while the skin, which is white like that of a European, is so transparent that the veins may be distinguished through it. The horse cannot be used for labor in consequence of the fineness of the skin, which would be exposed to abrasion.

#### Self-igniting Lucifer Matches.

Lucifer matches are produced in Germany, that are ignited by drawing them out of the box in which they are kept. These matches, which are tipped with chlorate of potash, are inserted in the folds of a spiral coil of paper, that lies within the box, and on the upper edge of which is amorphous phosphorus. While the matches are in their places, the tipped ends are out of contact with the phosphorus, being below it; but while they are being drawn out, they rub so forcibly against the phosphorus on the upper portion of the paper coil, that they ignite.

## Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

### WONDERS OF THE STETHOSCOPE.

Doctor Laennec, a French physician, discovered the stethoscope, by the aid of which diseases of the chest and lungs are examined. This was nearly fifty years ago, and since that period great improvements have taken place in the stethoscope, so that at the present time a skilful physician, one who has a delicate touch and a sharp ear, can detect the very first symptoms of disease of the lungs and chest. Whether he can cure the same, after the presence of the disease is manifest is another question. We rather think there are just as many deaths by consumption at the present time, as there were previous to the invention of the stethoscope.

A journal, in speaking of the wonders of the stethoscope, and the ready manner in which disease is detected by its aid, says that, to many, who have presented themselves in the full pride of apparently rude health for acceptance by an assurance office, the stethoscope has caused bitter feelings of disappointment and disgust; and deep, if not loud, have been their exclamings against this destroyer of their hopes, until the sudden and unlooked-for realization of its warnings had ended alike hopes and disappointment. And there are, even in these days, patients among the poorer classes who with difficulty divest themselves of the belief that the process of "sounding," as they term it, is but a colloquy between the doctor and his familiar within; and who, were we living in the times when the black art was practised and witchcraft feared, would visit all the pains and penalties pronounced against their professors upon the practitioner who was sufficiently unfortunate to fail in effecting a cure.

It is not meant to be suggested that skepticism touching the revelations of the stethoscope is not often reasonable and justifiable enough on the part of the public. Too frequently, indeed, a false parade is made of a skill, of which the mere production and employment of a stethoscope is far from being a guarantee; too often the mode of manipula-

tion is such as to cause annoyance and discomfort to the patient; and it is just possible that, besides ignorance, vanity or prejudice presiding at its employment, may be too ready to misread and distort its indications; and thus not seldom the unoffending stethoscope, which could not, if it would, speak other than the truth, and that without any effort or violence, is made to suffer for the sins of its misusers. Instances such as these are happily becoming daily rarer; and, meanwhile, nothing can hinder the stethoscope, or rather the method of investigation in regard to which it stands simply as a means to an end, from affording to the skilled and truth-seeking operator indications of priceless value.

If a man, after an examination, finds his lungs diseased, he can immediately take precautions and remedies to check the malady, and for that reason the stethoscope is valuable.

### ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

An ingenious Frenchman is said to have taken out a patent for making diamonds, at Washington. With two bushels of charcoal he can make a diamond that will weigh a pound. Does he expect his patented process to be perused and not imitated? The "patent" is rather suspicious: the discoverer of the way to make artificial diamonds is not at all likely to take out a patent for it. The improbability of making diamonds is not so great, however, as many—even chemists—may imagine. Indeed, a French chemist is said to have already produced very small ones by fusing carbon with the acid of borax. All that would be requisite to produce diamonds of large size would be the discovery of a solvent of carbon; and the alchemists were said to have possessed such a solvent and tincture. Just as alum dissolved in water can be made to crystallize into alum baskets, so might carbon, if it could only be dissolved in some fitting menstruum, be made to crystallize into abundance of diamonds.



### "OYSTER FARMS."

The French have organized and arranged what they call "oyster farms." The workings and success of these singular institutions are all that could be desired by the lovers of bivalves. We have "oyster farms" in our own bays and rivers, but they are not cultivated in a scientific manner, therefore the returns are not certain and the profits not so large as they might be with careful management.

But in the first place let us premise that the oyster is beset by enemies on all sides; and even if he escape these, the dredger cuts his career short. There is something very wonderful in the natural history of these fish. At some period during the summer, the oyster puts forth a quantity of sperm, which adheres to the outside of the shell, where it is retained by a kind of varnish. After a certain time the sperm quits the parent shell, and separates into about 1,500,000 minute eggs, not larger than grains of coarse flour, which form what is called the *spat*. Each egg is capable of becoming a complete oyster.

A gentleman who has devoted much time to the study of the French "farm system," has calculated that if all these million and a half of oysters produced at one birth, were to grow up in three or four years to a size equal to their parent, they would be worth, at two cents each, about \$30,000, a fortune that some of our oystermen would like to pick up. It is very easy to estimate the amount of money which a thousand healthy oysters could produce at this rate, provided, of course, all the young lived and did well. But far from the million and a half, not more, on an average, than a dozen—some think only half a dozen—come to maturity. Of their various enemies, the principal is the star-fish. This fish grasps the unfortunate oyster with his five fingers, and then, from the centre of his star, protrudes four or five jelly-like bags, filled with a clear fluid: with patience and perseverance, and upon the thin-end-of-the-wedge principle, he manages to squeeze these bags between the shells of the oyster, and then cleans them out until they are as empty as a soap-bubble. These five fingers have monstrous appetites, and eat their hundreds of dozens. Another enemy is the dog whelk; which bores into the shell with his rasp-like tongue, enters at the hole, and eats up the oyster. Another, still, is a kind of sponge, that takes up its home in the substance of the shell, and hollows it out like the rind of an old Stilton cheese. These are foes that attack the oyster when it has

risen to the dignity of having a shell of its own; but some never arrive at that state, for much of the spat is driven out to sea by currents, or is carried away by floating weeds, or is choked by mud, or is ground to pieces by rolling shingle, or is devoured at once, as a delicate mouthful, by some epicure fish. If the victims survive all these troubles of childhood, and become eatable oysters, the deep-sea dredger gathers them up so greedily as not to leave even enough to continue the race; and thus it is that our "prime natives" are twenty-five cents a dozen, and even more, at times.

The French have been the first to adopt a systematic mode of remedying this evil. They tell us that, instead of letting the spat go whither it likes, we should make it go where we like. The French oyster fisheries having been rapidly and seriously deteriorating, M. de Quatrefages, in 1850, drew the attention of the Academy of Sciences to the subject. At Rochelle, Rochefort, Marennes, Ile de Re, and Oleron, twenty-three rich oyster-beds had gradually come down to five, and these were very much impoverished. In the Bay of St. Brienne the oyster trade has fallen from 200 boats and 1400 fishers to 20 boats and 150 fishers. At Cancale the boats have lessened in number from 300 to 50, and the catch of oysters from sixty millions to four millions annually. M. de Quatrefages attributed this deterioration to the causes we have above enumerated; and insisted that, unless these are removed, oysters will become too scarce and too dear for any but the very wealthy.

In 1858 M. Coste, on the part of the French government, organized "oyster farms" on portions of the coast; and these farms are now attracting great attention. What the spat requires is something to cling to; and the French method consists in ensuring that this something shall be in shallow water, with all suitable accessories around it. A strip of land between high and low water mark, is found best suited for the purpose. A great number of persons from the interior established on the shore of the Ile de Re an equal number of "oyster farms," which the government conceded to them by lot. They first cleared away an immense mass of mud, till they arrived at a moderately hard bottom. Then, with the aid of gunpowder and the pick, they broke down the rocky cliffs near at hand, and constructed parks, or inclosures, one to each "farm." Within these inclosures they placed stones vertically, in such positions that the

waves at high water, washing between and around them, might carry away superfluous mud, roads and paths being left between them. In these farms, besides the park, there is the bed, an inclosure on the upper part to keep a few inches of water over the oysters: and a tidal pond, in which the water is renewed twice a day. The culture—that is, the arrangement to ensure that the spat shall grow up into oysters—is effected in the parks; the fattening, or further improvement for the table chiefly in beds. The spat, as we have said, wants something to cling to: this collecting apparatus for deep water may consist of large fascines of branches, bound together by a thin chain of galvanized iron, and sunk by means of a heavy stone. In the foreshore farms, piles or planks, boxes, tiles, pieces of stone, brick, slate, earthenware, glass, metal, wood, rope, cork—almost anything may be used for the purpose. Dr. Kemmeres, superintendent at Ile de-Re, uses tiles something like those employed for roofing, and coated with a particular cement. These are placed in various positions, mostly with the concave side downwards, and the spat clings to them, to the rocks, to the bushes, and is amply protected from its enemies, the star-fish, the whelk, and dredger, for the owners of the “oyster farms” are continually on the lookout for robbers, and are repaid for their trouble. Let us have “oyster farms.”

#### TREATMENT OF IDIOTS.

Our readers must not suppose from the heading of this article that we are about to punish them with a long treatise on members of Congress, financiers, and brigadier and major-generals. We have no such intentions, for the very good reason that we allude to born idiots, not those whom position has made idiotic and imbecile. The public can sympathize with the misfortunes of the former, but not with the latter class of pests.

In this country some little attention has been paid to the proper treatment of idiots. We do not recollect how many establishments there are in the United States for idiots, neither do we know what course of treatment they undergo for the purpose of being amused or instructed, but as it is a subject of considerable importance, we propose to take a few extracts from an English journal, to show how they are managed in Great Britain where two or three hundred idiots are brought together, fed, lodged, amused and instructed in many useful matters, and at an expense that does

not compare with the cost of some of our charitable institutions. In regard to the method adopted to teach the idiots how to count, at the Earlswood Asylum, the account states:

“An ingenious mode of conveying instruction, is by engaging the pupils in playing at shop-keeping. A counter is set out with various articles in daily use, at which a boy presides as shopkeeper, while the others come forward in turn and act as buyers. It is most curious to see what a puzzle it often is to find the correct weight; when it is found the class is well questioned upon it, and, indeed, on every other weight the shopman touches, before it is put into the scale. Then there is further perplexity in getting the correct quantity of the required substance, as, for instance, sugar, into the scale. When the quantity is large, they will often begin with little spoonfuls, and when at last the balance approaches, it is sometimes a thorough poser whether they are to remove some of the commodity or to add to it. All this causes a regular excitement till the due proportions are achieved; and then comes the moment of pay, which is one of great excitement, the whole class trying to check every step in the reckoning. Combinations of pence and halfpence are trying things to get over; and sometimes the purchaser who cannot calculate them uses cunning and tries to pay with a silver coin, and asks for change, thus throwing his perplexities on the shopman.”

This is certainly better than keeping the poor creatures in unwholesome dens, without change or variety, where they never learn anything or make an attempt to do so. But it seems that the asylum has other resources for its inmates. The account before us says:

“The asylum is at once a hospital, a school, and a workshop within; without, a gymnasium, a garden, and a farm. In the workshops the inmates practise tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, mat-making, and the like. The clothes of the inmates and the attendants are nearly all made by imbeciles, who have learned their trades in the asylum. They all take a great interest in their work, and are very proud of the results. Some of the lads act as cooks. Each one is allowed to choose the employment for which he has a fancy. Some of them occupy themselves in drawing, and in making models and toys, simply for their own amusement.”

“The girls’ side of the asylum comprises, besides the dining-hall and dormitories, a new-

ing school, and a play-room. In the school the girls are taught to read by the aid of large letters chalked on black boards; they are also employed in useful work; in the afternoon they are allowed to make the fancy articles which may be seen exhibited in the reception-room. In another apartment there is a baby class taught entirely by pictures. In these rooms are stands of flowers and ferns prettily arranged, rendering the place cheerful and attractive. Some of the girls have learned to read and write very well.

"The farm, situated at the end of the garden, gives regular employment to twelve of the inmates, and in hay and harvest time brings others from the workshops, who profit greatly by the change."

In addition to the above work and amusement they have theatrical performances and charades. We commend this course of treatment to those in this country who have the charge and care of idiots. It is of great importance, for although we may have but few youthful idiots at the present time, we think that the next few years will largely add to our numbers, especially if the children inherit their fathers' dispositions and intellects.

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#### FREEMASONRY.

The term Freemasonry expresses and includes the entire nature and effect, the whole internal and external existence of the Society or Fraternity of Freemasons. The practice of Freemasonry consists in the external representation of the Masonic *spirit*, by certain symbolic forms, figures, and ceremonies, and then by the demonstration of the acts expressed by these forms, towards themselves, towards the united members of the society and towards all men. We may therefore designate as the two chief elements of Freemasonry, *first*, the *Masonic ideal or Spirit of Masonry*, and *second*, the *symbolic form of the Masonic ideal*, known as *Masonic Symbolism*, and borrowed as it is from the art of architecture, not inaptly termed "*Symbolic Architecture*." Thus, Freemasonry like the human being consists of two parts, body and soul. The body of Freemasonry is the covering, the garment, the external phase, the totality of the masonic symbols and ceremonies. The soul of Freemasonry is the essence, the spirit, the masonic ideal, the totality of the fundamental ideas and principles of Masonry. These ideas and principles have ever existed and prevailed among men; therefore the *spirit* of Masonry (but not Freemasonry) is as ancient as humanity

itself—it was born with the first man. The highest aims of Freemasonry are humanity and cosmopolitism; the two poles between which it moves, are union and moral perfection. Freemasonry is the spirit-power, which seeks to unite mankind by morality, leading through moral perfection, to union. The great work of moral improvement on which Freemasonry is engaged, we liken to the building of a temple, a comparison which is consistently sustained throughout the whole system of Masonry.

Hence arises not only a symbolic language, but also a symbolic usage of working tools and materials peculiar to the building art, as well as a performance of symbolic customs and ceremonies. This symbolic architecture is a representation of the spirit of Masonry which thus speaks to us, not in words, but in forms and figures. In these forms and figures the spirit appears to our view, visibly embodied, we not only hear it, but see it. The use of the technical language, implements and materials of Operative Masonry, inexhaustible in their moral application, expresses strongly and forcibly the active moral tendency of the society. The great truths of Masonry lie concealed beneath ingenious symbols and call not merely for acknowledgement but for practice—for acknowledgement through practice. The given interpretation of the symbols is always merely a suggestion, and constantly leaves room for further reflection and for the discovery of new applications. The thorough comprehension of the symbols unites the initiated and constitutes a bond of union, continually drawing them closer to one another. At the same time this symbolic language is intelligible to men of every tongue, and is consequently a means of uniting men of all countries and languages. Thus Symbolic Architecture expresses the two chief objects of the Freemason's Society,—the moral culture and the union of mankind. The place where this Symbolic Architecture is practised is "the Lodge;" and the Lodge is the living union of the body and soul of Freemasonry.

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JUST so.—When do we begin to love people? When they begin to let us look into their hearts, and their hearts are found to be worth looking into.

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CRIME IN LONDON.—Child-murder is almost as common in London as in China—so says a leading London journal.

## Facts and Fancies.

### A DARK LOVE SCENE.

A war correspondent, who is travelling with the Union army in the southwest, says that he witnessed the following scene:

This morning, upon descending to the cook-house, in the basement, to procure a tin of coffee, I witnessed an amusing love scene, in which the ostler and a mulatto girl named Sally, were the principal speakers. Sally did not belong to the house. Tom, the ostler, had lost his companion quite recently, and was anxious to repair damages. But let them speak for themselves:

Tom—"Sally, I'se glad yous cum. War jes gwine down dar purpus to see you."

Sally—"Wat's dat you hab to do along wid dis chille now, bub? he—he—he."

Tom—"Doe'st laff, Sally. Doe'st you laff! I'se in mighty deep trouble, I is. Dinah done gone and died, and left me long wid dem chillen; dat's so!"

Sally—"Oh de Lod! When do dis happen. Dinah dead! Poor Dinah!"

Tom—"t pears mos like free yeahs. Trubble make de time berry long. It war—les see, de dey afore de fouth. No, de day after de fouth. Yes, dats um—de day after de fouth. Dat when Dinah gwine leff us, Sally."

Sally—"I'se sorriest kin for Dinah. I lubed her fuss rate; dun so deed dubble. Gwine what for to dun with chillen, Tom? Pooh chillen, dey miss dar mudder."

Tom—"Sally dats jist wat fah I'se gwine foh to sult long wid you bout. I wan yu to cum and lib along wid me, and ten to dem little niggahs; will yu dun it?"

Sally—"Lod a massy! Yu jes a jokin, yu is. Pooh Dinah! Pooh chillen!"

Tom—"Me jes a jokin! I'se clar dun jokin now, Sally. Dats so! Lookee heah, dars jes foh ob deb young-ans, and deys all ob a coloh. Deys not one ob em mos white, and de udder mos brac, like mos of de darkies bout dis heah town."

Sally—"Jes stop right dar. Isent yu ashamed yusef. Dry dat up, sah; no mo ob dat."

Tom—"It am de face! me shame foh ludin to de trufes. Now, Sally, lookee heah while I dun splain myself. Spose Jeff. Davish (dats de oldes) war bracker den I is; and

spose Vitory (dats de nex) war whiter den I is; and spose de udders, dem dats twins, Abe Linkum and ugeny, war ob de same stripe; den I dun gwine ben shamed ob myself, and dun shamed ob Dinah too, and ob de brats all-wise, now dats so."

Sally (blushing indignantly)—"Mr. Brown, you needum cum trowin dat up roun along wid dis chille. Heap you gemmen no ob de natur ob de darkey; deys like appleseed—dey spote! Ef you tend on sultin' ob me, Mr. Brown, den dis gal leff you lone, dats all!"

Tom (energetically)—"Sally, now jes lookee heah; you needum git mad and say 'Mr. Brown.' Sult you, Sally! ha ha! I'se gwine not fur to do dat. Listen to de trufe. Sally, I'se noed you evah sins you's so high, and nevah seed no harm long ob you; now dats so, and ems de rusum why dat I axes ob you to cum and lib along wid me; den you be Mrs. Brown, ha-ha! How you lub de soun ob dat, hey, Sally?"

There was an awkward pause, when Cæsar, the huge ebony cook, came to their rescue saying:

"Tom, you bess hab me to sist in de courtin. You neber larned de fust tu lettahs ob de trade. You mus hug de gals and kith em dis fashum (suinting the action to the word). Dats de way to fotch em ob de notion, ha—ha!"

Tom (looking dangerous)—"Dat's nuff ob dat, Cæsar. I nebbber hugged Sally in my life and nebbber spect to." (Relenting)—"Golly, I'se gwine to jist dis onct." (Clasps Sally to his bosom). "Now den, how ye like dat. Wont you come and lib along wid me, Sally?"

It affords me much pleasure to state that Tom, through the timely aid of Cæsar's precept and example, finally overcame the obduracy of Sally's heart, who, for the sake of the love she bore to Dinah, consented to take charge of the four motherless babes, which were so singularly "all ob the same coloh." I saw Tom in the evening, and heard him declare, "Sally, she's all right, sah!—she dun gwine to lib along wid me, sah!—dat am de facts—dat's so, sah!"

Poverty must be a woman—it is fond of pinching a person.

## THE LITTLE QUAKERESS.

An amusing matrimonial story is told by a correspondent, of the olden time in New England. It so fell out that a young couple became very much smitten with each other—as young people do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey—that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She “met him by the moonlight,” while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears, which women oftener reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damask cheek passed off. She let concealment like a worm in the bud prey on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old man was a widower, and loved his daughter dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would never have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breathing out:

“Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee pleases.”

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then directly to the house of her intended as the street would carry her. She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected and so unusual an apparition, as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heeded it not. John looked up inquiringly. She walked directly up to him and took both his hands in hers.

“John,” said she, “father says I may have thee.

And John got directly up from the dinner-table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty-five minutes they were man and wife.

## “TOO MUCH DITTO.”

A correspondent communicates the following story:

“In a small village in New England lived an old chap who though quite wealthy did not possess a good education, as also did not his wife. He purchased much of his household goods at a dry goods and grocery store in the village, and at the close of the year the bill was presented for payment. On one occasion in looking it over, he observed that the word “ditto” occurred frequently. On reaching home he said to his wife: ‘What have you been doing with so much ditto this year?’ showing her how it stood on the bill. ‘I haven't bought any; and what have you been doing with so much?’ ‘I haven't had a bit,’ she replied. ‘You must have had it,’ he returned; ‘for G—— always dealt honestly by me, and here it is on the bill, you can see for yourself.’

“‘I don't care if it is; I haven't had any, and G—— has cheated you; I always said he would!’

“‘Well,’ he replied, ‘then I must see about it.’ So he trudged back to the store. ‘Look here, G——, what do you mean, charging me with so much ditto? I haven't had any, and my wife says she hasn't.’ G—— bit his lip and politely explained.

“When the old gentleman returned home his wife inquired if he had found out about the ‘ditto?’ ‘Yes,’ was the reply, ‘I have found out that I was a great fool, and you was a ditto!’”

## CHARCOAL FOR TWO.

Laughton is a painter, always in debt, always happy, and always ready to bid defiance to duns and creditors.

One morning, at his studio, the clerk of his tailor entered.

“I come, sir, to ask you for money,” said the clerk, politely, but with the decided tone of one who means to have what he asks for; “my employer has heard that you received some money yesterday, and—”

“Excuse me, sir,” interrupted Laughton, with perfect equanimity, “but if you have made up your mind to preach to me, I must tell you beforehand, that however eloquent your sermon may be, it will be impossible for me to pay your bill to-day.”

“Is that your final reply, sir?”

“You have said it.”

“In that case, I must tell you, with great

regret, that I am ordered not to leave here until you have given me the money."

"As you please, sir; take a seat."

The clerk sat down, and Laughton, opening the door, calls out to the porter:

"I am at home to nobody, only I wish you would come in to-night and take the letters you find on my table to their addressees."

Then he shut the door, put the key in his pocket, sat down to his desk, wrote a number of letters which he sealed with black, and then scribbled all over a large sheet of paper headed in large letters:

"THIS IS MY WILL."

The clerk followed all his movements, and laughed to himself with that knowing air which seems to say: That is not very smart!

When Laughton had done writing, he opened a large closet, got on a chair, and unwound a long roll of list of all colors. Now the tailor's curiosity began to be aroused.

"What now?" he thought to himself. "Has he an idea of making me his prisoner, and compelling me to make list shoes?"

Laughton, arming himself with a hammer, began to fasten the doors and windows with a seriousness which resembled sadness. This accomplished, he took a large bronze cup, from which he improvised a chafing-dish; he filled it with coal and lit it.

"This is a farce," thought the clerk to himself; but this time he did not laugh.

Laughton goes back to his desk, arranges his papers, and writes these words, which he sticks on the wall:

"ACCUSE NOBODY OF OUR DEATH."

At that moment, the tailor, who began to sneeze, either from fear or incipient asphyxia, got up and said to Laughton, who was stretched out on an arm-chair, his eyes already closed:

"Excuse me, sir, I get 1800 francs a year for collecting bills and not for getting suffocated;" and he turned towards the door.

"It is too late," said Laughton, placing himself before him and over-topping him with his great height, "our determination is irrevocable!"

"Sir, I am suffocating, let me out—either through the door or through the window!" cried the tailor.

Laughton, who had all he could do to keep from laughing, at last turned the key in the lock, the door was opened, and the bill and

the clerk went down stairs four steps at a time, and Laughton has never seen nor heard of either of them since.

### LILLY'S DOLL.

Little Lilly S., who is three years old, says many funny things. One day she was playing with her kitty, of whom she is very fond; suddenly she began striking her very hard with her little fist.

"*She shall be whipped!*" said Lilly, in a very determined manner; "she swared, she did, and *she shall be whipped!*" at the same time dealing the poor cat the most merciless blows in her power.

"Why, Lilly! you will kill your kitty," cried her mama, catching the little fist as it was about to descend again upon the helpless victim.

"Now, mama," said Lilly, beginning to cry, "*she did swared*; she said," and Lilly repeated some naughty words she had heard bad boys use on the street, and which sounded not unlike the *m-e-o-w-ings* of a cat uncomfortably tended—"and *she shall be whipped!*"

It was quite difficult to convince the little girl that kitty knew no better than to say such words, and didn't intend to swear at all.

### AN "OFF-HAND" JOKE.

A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to the amputation of his hand, the surgeon offered to administer chloroform as usual; but the veteran refused, saying, "if the cutting was to be done on him, he wanted to see it," and laying his arm on the table, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain except a firmer setting of his teeth as the saw struck the marrow. The operator as he finished looked at his victim with admiration, and remarked:

"You ought to have been a surgeon, my man."

"I was the next thing to one afore I enlisted," said the hero, holding up the stump of his arm and complacently regarding it.

"Ah, indeed; what was that?" asked the doctor.

"A butcher!" responded the sergeant with a grim smile, which despite the surroundings communicated itself to the bystanders, and evoked quite a laugh at the surgeon's expense.



## HUMORS OF WESTERN LIFE.

A Cairo correspondent relates a pleasing illustration of Western life. A man in one of the hotels of that town, was observed to be very moody, and to regard the Cairolan with looks particularly sad, and as our informant thought, somewhat savage. By-and-by he approached him, and said:

"Can I see you outside the door for a few minutes?"

"Certainly, sir," said the Cairo man, but not without some misgivings.

The moment the door had closed behind them, the moody man reached over his hand between his shoulders, and drew from a pocket a tremendous bowie-knife, bigger than a French carver; and as its broad blade flashed in the moonlight, the Cairolan thought his time had come.

"Put up your scythe," said he, "and tell me what I've done to provoke your hostility?"

"Done, stranger?—you haven't done anything! Nor I haint any hostility to you; but I want to pawn this knife with you. It cost me twenty dollars in New Orleans. I lost my whole 'pile' at 'old sledge,' coming down the river, and I haint got a red cent. Lend me ten dollars on it, stranger. I'll win it back for you in less than an hour."

The money was loaned; and sure enough, in less than the time mentioned, the knife was redeemed, and the incorrigible "sporting man" had a surplus of some thirty dollars, which he probably lost the very next hour.

## A GREAT MEDICINE.

Messrs. Smith and Creper have thought fit to publish the following certificates in regard to the efficacy of the "last Iron Pills," a great invention, the renovators of the age:

"Awll hale, benny sackter of monkind. Yure pills have made a new man of me. I shall be a hundred and atey years of age next fust of April. I have been suffering from that dreadful dizeeze called Informashun of the stummuck, for upward of a hundred years. My doctor tohl me ten years ago, that ef I didn't hev sumthin 'dun for it soon, that it would get to be krounik, and then nuthin woodent kure it. Part of the time I was insane, so grate was my agerney. Sumetimes I would be in sech pane that I koodent be moved without hairnessing on two yoke of ocksen. For three years I koodent neither lay nor set, so I was obleeged to roost. One day you cum along this way with a little

green chist in yure hand and a blue cotton umbrella under yure left arm. You looked greener than yure chist, so I thort you might still be honst. Sez I to you, "Strainger, ken you giv sumthin that'll kure or kill me?" Sez you to me (handin out a little tin box), "Take them akkordin to the direkshuns; if they don't kure you, they will kill you, sure; they never labor in vane. One dollar, ef you pleze." I felt jest as thow I'd jest as live be killed as not, so I took the box, and you took the money. Wal, I swallerd the pills, but it was the tuffest job I ever done. It went agin the grain as much as paying the rent does. But in two weeks, after the grippin and strugglin was over, I was a new man. I've been a new man ever since. The Informashun has all left my stummuck and gone into my brane, and I have seris thorts of studyin for the law. I think I could praktis at the bar. May the blessings of the widder and the fatherless follow you wherever you go, for you doctored their husbands and fathers.

"Yourn till death, JOHN SMITH."

"After twelve years of happy union with my Charlotte, she was seized with a dreadful indigestion. A month continued, and it was obstinate. I had an explanation of a warm character with her father-in-law, whom I accused of deceiving me. The malady of Charlotte increased, and I resolved to call a family council, when one night I had a dream, and a beautiful angel appeared, who counselled me to use your pills. Thanks to the pills, Charlotte was better in two days, and I received her into the arms of her husband again.

"(Signed) CREPER."

## CLANNISH PRIDE.

A dispute arose between Campbell and McLean upon the subject of genealogy. McLean would not allow that the Campbells had any right to rank with the McLeans in antiquity, who, he insisted, were in existence as a clan from the beginning of the world. Campbell had a little more biblical lore than his antagonist, and asked him if the clan of McLean was before the flood.

"Flood! what flood?" said McLean.

"The flood, you know, that drowned all the world but Noah and his family and his flocks," said Campbell.

"Pooh! you and your floods!" said McLean, "my clan was afore the flood."

"I have not read in my Bible," said Camp-

bell, "of the name of McLean going into Noah's ark."

"Noah's ark!" retorted the other, in contempt; "who ever heard of a McLean that had not a boat of his own?"

### A STRONG SUPPOSITION.

Some years since, just after the Maine Liquor Law had been introduced into Massachusetts, a case of selling liquor was brought before the Boston Police Court, and the District Attorney appeared to prosecute the matter. He called an undoubted "customer" to the stand, a man who would know a rum jug "at sight," and with him held the following colloquy:

"Mr. Sargent, were you ever in Benjamin Kimball's bar-room?"

"Yes, s-i-r-r," answered the witness.

"Did you see any liquor there?"

"No, s-i-r-r."

"Did you see any thing *containing* liquors there?"

"Not as I knows of."

"Did you see any decanters or tumblers there?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see any barrels or kegs there?"

"Yes, I see some *kags* there."

"Ah, yes," (exultingly urged the lawyer,) "you *did*, then, see some kegs? Now, sir, tell the jury what there *was* in those kegs."

"I don't know; I didn't look in."

"Yes, sir, but were there no marks upon the outside? tickets, or labels, or writhing of some kind?"

"Yes, well there was; I remember it neow; I veow I should have forgot it if you hadn't put me in mind."

"O, yes, you do remember; just state, then, sir, before you forget, what there was written or printed."

"It was different on all of 'em—none of 'em had it alike."

"Well, sir, tell us what it said on the first one you saw."

"Well, I mostly forget neow, but I believe it said gin on the fust 'un."

"Gin! Then, sir, I guess we can find out what there was in those kegs, if you didn't look in. Now, sir, tell us what it said on the next one?"

"Well, on the next one it said, Ben Kimball, but I didn't suppose that Ben Kimball was inside the *kag*."

Verdict for the defendant, and the court adjourned.

### THE DEACONS RETORT.

The deacon was not very much behind, if the following story be true: In a small town on the Schuylkill river, there is a church in which the singing had run down. It had been led many years by one of the deacons, whose voice and musical powers had been gradually falling. One evening the clergyman gave out the hymn, which was, in material measure, rather harder than usual, and the deacon led off. Upon its conclusion the minister said:

"Brother B—— will please repeat the hymn, as I cannot pray after such singing."

The deacon very composedly pitched into another tune, and the clergyman proceeded with his prayer. Having finished, he took up the book to give the second hymn, when he was interrupted by the deacon gravely getting up and saying:

"Will Mr. C—— make another prayer? It would be impossible for me to sing after such praying as that!"

### A TALKATIVE PARROT.

A gentleman had a parrot which had been taught many sentences; to a stranger he generally said, in a very consequential tone, "Who are you, sir?" There was also a black cat in the neighborhood which had a bad character for honesty, and who often made excursions into the room where the parrot was kept, in search of prey. In the course of time Miss Pussy got the name of "the black thief." Polly heard this and of course caught it up. One morning a chimney sweep came into the room, when Miss Polly called out, "Who are you, sir?" And then, after a pause, added again and again, most vehemently, "You black thief!" The poor man stood aghast at being thus accused, nor could the owner for some time make him believe that the parrot did not mean it for him.

### AN INCREDULOUS GIRL.

A little girl was listening to an old lady telling her stories from the Bible—at last she told her how the whale swallowed Jonah.

"O, aunty," she cried, "I can't believe *that*!"

"My dear child, you *must*, it's in the Bible."

For a moment the little one looked serious.

"Did they never tell you these things at home, my dear?"

"Yes; some of them."

"Didn't they tell you they were *true*?"

The child gazed earnestly in the old lady's face, and replied, slowly:

"Well, I guess they didn't hear about *that*."

# Our Picture Gallery.



Mr. Earnest as he appeared in the play of the Cata-  
ract of the Ganges. He defies the English soldiers.

Mr. Earnest as he appeared after defying the Eng-  
lish soldiers.



A Yankee in search of Cotton in the swamps of Louisiana.



"I've got mama's eyes!"



"I'm just like my papa—so hungry."

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



## A LITTLE TOO LATE.

Police Officer—"Train just gone, sir."

Disguised Individual—"The deuce it has. And the draft takes place to-morrow. What shall I do?"



## PROPER DIGNITY.

"Now, George, behave yourself properly, sir, or else you sha'n't take me d



## MODERN DRY GOODS STORES.

The Consolable and Inconsolable Departments.



# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX.—No. 6.....DECEMBER, 1864.....WHOLE No. 120.

## CHINA AND THE CHINESE.



NEW CHINA STREET, CANTON.

WE never tire of reading of the peculiarities of the Chinese, and of the wonderful productions of the land which they occupy and have occupied for so many centuries, dating back long before Christ, at which period they were just as far advanced in all that relates to improvements and civilization as at the present time. Perhaps they did not understand the use and manufacture of gunpowder three hundred years ago, but this is an open question, and one that is hardly worth investigating.

The Chinese historians contend that the use of gunpowder was known in the Celestial Empire many hundred years before it was discovered and manufactured in Europe; and so we will let the matter rest, with the assertion that during all the internal wars of the empire gunpowder has not much to answer for in the shape of killed and wounded through its agency, for the Chinese are too fond of retreats to remain on a battle-field and lose their lives. They don't like the noise of cannon, whistling

shell, and screaming bullets, and there are but few veteran soldiers who do.

But we want to treat of China as it exists at the present time; we want the reader to see the Celestials in the streets eating food, making a visit of ceremony, tending their shops, gambling, fishing, living on the water in their boats, or junks, and in fact show the readers of the *DOLLAR MONTHLY* much of the real life of the Chinaman, accompanied by several superb illustrations prepared expressly for this number of the Magazine.

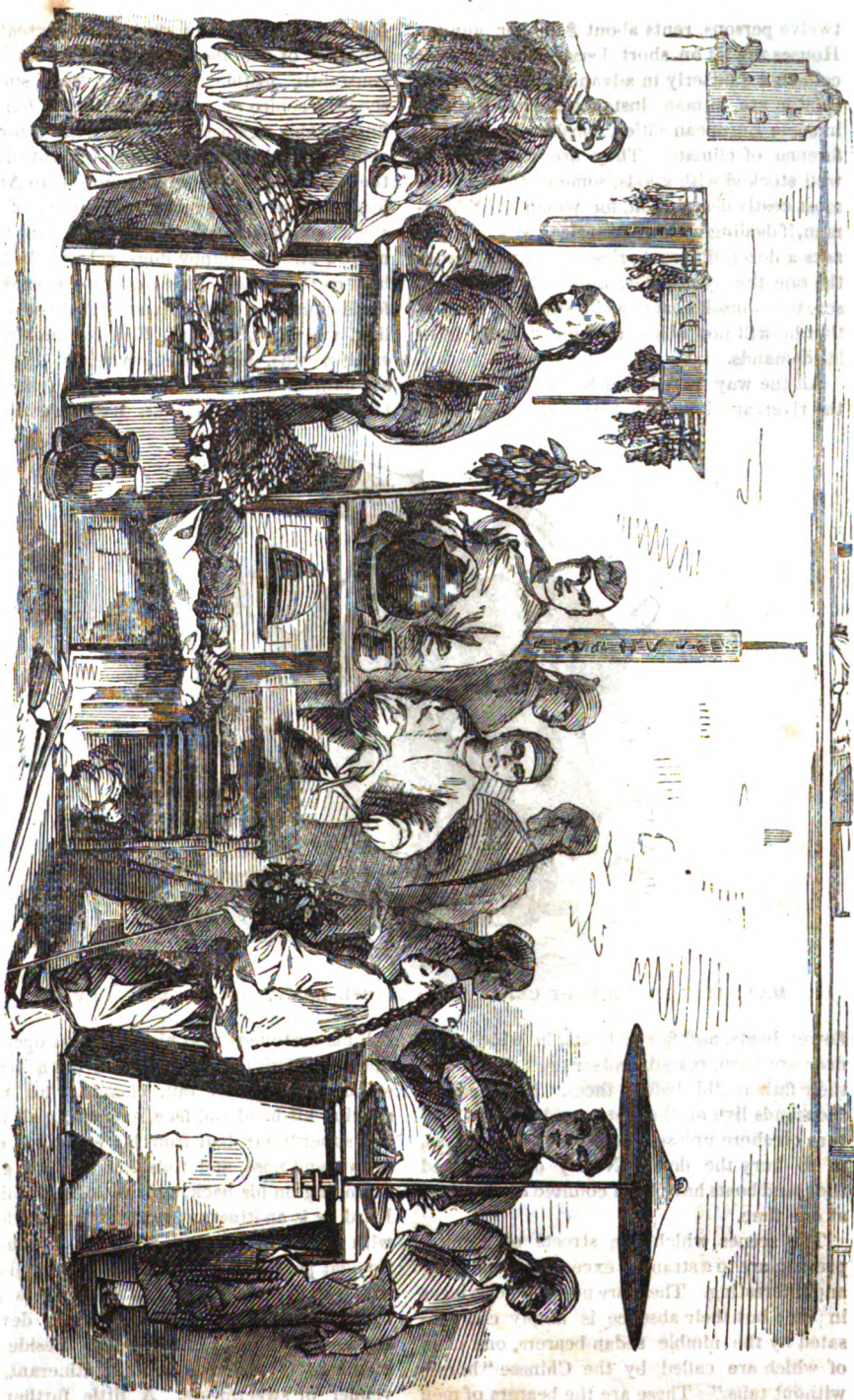
Let us begin with Canton, the most important city in China. From Whampoa to Canton the banks are enlivened by villages and pagodas, the stream becomes more and more crowded with boats and vessels, and the noise and bustle attendant upon an intricate navigation gradually increases, until the visitor finds himself in the midst of innumerable war-junks and merchant proas, with thousands of fancifully painted and gay streamers floating in the breeze. Everything, in short, indicates an approach to a great trading city, and produces a degree of excitement and interest, from its novelty, of which few other scenes are capable.

The city proper, or that part of Canton which is surrounded by a wall, is built nearly in the form of a square, and is divided by a wall, running from east to west, into two unequal parts. The northern part, which is much the larger, is called the Old City, the southern is called the New. The portion of Canton enclosed by walls is about six miles in circumference; the entire city, including the suburbs, or that part of it without the walls, is about ten miles. The walls themselves are composed partly of stone and partly of bricks; the former is chiefly coarse sandstone, and forms the foundation and the lower part of the walls, and the arches of the gates; the latter are small and of a soft texture. The walls are from 25 to 40 feet high, and from 20 to 25 feet thick, having an esplanade on the inside, and a line of battlements, with embrasures, at intervals of a few feet, on the top, all around the city. The gates are 10 in number, 12 outer and 4 inner; one of the former is 12 feet high and 15 wide. They are shut at night, and strictly guarded both night and day. The streets of Canton are very numerous, being estimated at upwards of 600, although many of them are mere alleys or lanes. Some of the principal have such names as Golden Street, Golden Flower Street, Dragon Street, Martial Dragon Street, New Green

Pea Street, etc. They are generally slightly curved, and varying in width from 6 to 16 feet, the average breadth, however, not exceeding 8 feet. Some, again, are so narrow, that a man may stand, and with his arms extended, touch the houses on either side, while elbows and angles of almost every name, formed by the blind corners of buildings, oppose the progress of the wanderer, and perplex him with their multiplicity. Nor are there any public squares or open areas containing fountains and shrubbery as in America, to compensate the oppressive density and straitness which everywhere prevails. The streets, however, are, upon the whole, very well kept, and are tolerably clean. The houses are generally small and low, seldom exceeding one story in height. The dwellings of the poorest class, who live in the extreme parts of the suburbs, along the banks of the river and its creeks, are mere mud hovels, having but one single apartment, low, dark, and dirty; those along the water are all built upon piles driven into the ground. The houses of the better classes are rather more spacious, and more cleanly, and are built of brick; they stand close upon the street, and have usually but a single entrance, which is closed by a bamboo screen suspended from the top of the opening; the windows are small, and rarely supplied with glass, in the place of which, paper, mica, and the interior laminae of oyster-shells are used. In this description of dwellings there are generally three apartments, one of which is used as a common eating-room. The houses of persons of wealth and consequence, again, are large and commodious, and are surrounded by a wall 12 or 14 feet high, which fronts the street, and completely screens the buildings within. The interior is decorated with carved work, varnished and gilded, and hung with scrolls covered with writings, or representations of landscapes, flowers, birds, etc. In the densest parts of the city, the roofs of the houses are covered with a loose frame work, on which fire-wood is piled, clothes washed and dried, and meals cooked; it also affords a lounging and sleeping place in summer, but in case of fire, which is of frequent occurrence, these lumbered roofs tend to increase the calamity. Chinese wood and mason work is showy and unsubstantial, requiring constant repairs, and, therefore, both gardens and houses, when neglected, soon fall into a ruinous condition; but when new, they present a pretty appearance. A house of six apartments, and capable of accommodating ten or



CHINESE STREET COOKS AT CANTON.





twelve persons, rents about \$150 per annum. Houses are let on short leases, and the rent collected quarterly in advance. The shops in Canton are, in many instances, equal to those in some European cities, considering the difference of climate. They are commodious, well stocked with goods, some of them of the most costly description, for which the Chinaman, if dealing with an American or European asks a dozen different prices, and finally takes the one that you offer, although the rogue screams himself hoarse while swearing by Joss that he will not abate a single "cash" from his demands.

All the way from Hong Kong to Canton by the river, are thousands of junks, fishing boats,

breadth of the narrow street, to the great annoyance of the foot-passengers, whom they constantly jostle. Recovered from such a shock, a coolie or porter, bearing a burden, knocks him against the wall, with a sort of grunt, while he is shuffled in an opposite direction by a second. Peculiarly curious to American eyes are the number and variety of live stock which are exposed for sale in these narrow streets—puppy dogs, yelping in bamboo cages, kittens mewing, rats squeaking, fowls chucking, ducks quacking, geese cackling, and pigs grunting. Fish swimming, and earth-worms, slugs, etc., variously disposed, are exhibited in tubs and earthen pans. A barber close by twangs his iron tweezers to



MANDARIN IN DRESS OF CEREMONY, CHINESE LADY, HER SON AND SERVANT.

flower boats, and family boats, in which children are born, reared, and struggle for food as their fathers did before them. Hundreds of thousands live on the water, and seldom venture on shore unless it is to visit a Joss house, or to bury the dead. Nearly one hundred thousand boats have been counted on the river at one time.

The scenes which the streets of Canton present, are to a stranger exceedingly amusing and interesting. There are no wheel-carriages in use; but their absence is amply compensated by the nimble sedan-bearers, one class of which are called by the Chinese "horses without tails." These are the bearers of men of wealth, who generally appear abroad in sedan-chairs, taking up nearly the whole

call his customers near him; another operates upon a patient customer, seated on a tripod stand—plaiting his tail, cleaning his ears, shaving his head and face, extracting all long and superfluous hair from his eyelashes, eyebrows, and nose, and finishing off by a good thumping on his back, and cracking his joints. Hard by is an itinerant vender of cooked food, with an enormous reed umbrella, dispensing rice, fat pork, and stews, swimming in oil and soy, which he serves out in small bowls and basins to his hungry customers, who devour the mess with an epicure's gout. Beside this merchant is seated a brother itinerant, the vender of sweetmeats. A little further on stands a bookseller, exposing his library, the contents of two boxes, which he hawks about.

In his vicinity is a fortune-teller, in the act of unfolding the future to an anxious dupe; and a doctor, decorated with a string of human teeth around his neck, extending below his waist, while his box of drugs hangs before him. Then an aged woman may be seen, with feet three inches long, seated under an umbrella, mending old clothes, while a passer-by wanting a button sewed on, repairs to her, and remunerates her with a "cash." Not far distant a leprous beggar exhibits his disgusting sores, and rattles two pieces of bamboo to attract attention. Suppose the air filled with the noises, cries, and vociferations of these various venders, and of the constantly-changing throng of human beings, and some slight conception

flowers and jewels, answering to the rank or means of the possessor. The ordinary style of dress differs but little in both sexes. It consists of loose pantaloons, and an overgarment or robe, with long dangling sleeves, and which varies in length from the knee to the ground. Their girdles frequently answer the purpose of purses. The stocking has no reference to the shape or size of the limb, and the shoe has a thick, clumsy sole turning up in front, and destitute of elasticity to aid the step. Beggars, most of whom in Canton are blind, are a numerous and privileged class, and a source of great annoyance to passers.

In China, on new year's morning, all shops



MILITARY MANDARIN AND CHINESE SOLDIER.

may be formed of Canton on approaching to Hog Lane.

The people of Canton have some personal peculiarities; amongst the most striking of which is a great variety of complexion, the general flatness of face, and uniformity of features, and especially the strange formation of the eye, with the lid in many cases so small as to appear unadapted to its natural functions. With exception of the occiput, the heads of the men are shaved; while in that region, if its luxuriance will admit, it is permitted to grow until it reaches the heels. The girls wear the long plait, according to the fashion of the men, but do not shave the other parts of the head. After marriage, the hair is braided and decked with a profusion of

are shut, and the streets nearly deserted. As the day advances, however, they begin to fill with well-dressed persons, in holiday attire, hastening to make calls of friendship and congratulation. Who that knows the practice in New York, on similar occasions, will fail to be struck with the resemblance between it and that of this remote empire. Gambling is universal in China. Hucksters at the roadside are provided with a cup and saucer, and the clicking of their dice is heard at every corner. Gaming-houses are opened by scores; and women, in the privacy of their apartments, wile away their time at cards and dominoes. Porters play by the wayside while waiting for employment; and hardly has the retinue of a great official seen the latter enter the house,



than they pull out their cards or dice, and squat down to a game.

Education is in so low a state that it is believed that not more than one-half of the male adult population of Canton can read. The education of girls is wholly and systematically neglected, there being scarcely a school for females in the city, public opinion and immemorial usage being against their education.

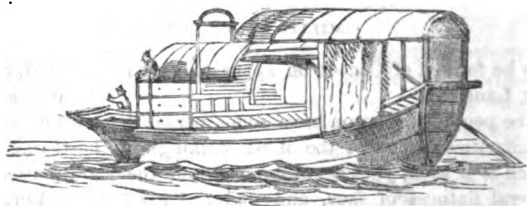


FLOWER BOAT.

The prices of the principal kinds of provisions in Canton depend very much on the seasons, but nearly as much on the amount of the extortions of the local officers; they are, however, in general high. As an article of food, puppies and kittens are highly esteemed; those intended for the table being fed on rice. Rats, mice, and snails are also among the delicacies, but are scarce in the market. As the articles exposed for sale in the streets are chiefly adapted to the necessities of the day, the extremes to which the principle of accommodation is carried are remarkable. Poultry and fish are dissected into very minute portions. A quarter of a fowl, the head and neck, and frequently the entrails alone, are all to which the means of the buyer extends. Vegetables are exposed to sale in the streets in the greatest profusion. Canton, of which we have been speaking, is but one of the populous cities of China. Among several of note, the city of Pekin has also claims on our regard. This city is situated on an extensive plain in the province of Petcheli, between Peheio and Holupo. It is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, and about twenty feet thick, and, including the suburbs, it encloses a circuit of twenty miles. It is divided into two distinct portions—the north, or city of the court, called Mei-ching, and the south, called Wai-chang, a suburb. The northern department has three

separate enclosures, within the innermost of which are the imperial palace and the most splendid buildings. The well-known gate of Pekin consists of a handsome arch of stone, imposing in effect. In many parts of the city, the streets are one hundred feet wide, but so badly paved as to detract considerably from their splendor. A large and magnificent Lama temple is conspicuous among the objects of interest which arrest the eye. Among these are a noble conservatory, and a variety of mosques, temples, churches, convents and colleges, with the celebrated imperial academy of Han-lin. Pekin can also boast of a journal, which, being subject to rigorous official inspection, may vie in this respect with those of Paris. Its manufactures are porcelain, colored glass, precious stones, the trade in which is carried on chiefly by fairs, some of which are held monthly, and some annually. The population of

this remarkable city is estimated at two millions. The imperial palace at Pekin is a fine specimen of oriental architecture. Vast and ponderous, it is at the same time minutely ornamental and blazes with variegated colors. Two bold wings project from the extremities of a lofty central building, the facade of which is relieved by a deep gallery overhung by a richly decorated roof. The palace is divided into an immense number of apartments, and is fitted up in "celestial" luxurious style.



FAMILY BOAT.

We have not room to speak of other matters relating to China, of religion as practised in that part of the world, of the Joss houses, trade and commerce. We have given enough to convey to the reader a just idea of China and celestial life, and those who would know more must go outside of the limits of a magazine. Late researches have added greatly to our knowledge of these people.

## FREAKS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

William Beckford, one of the most remarkable men of modern times, was the only son of Alderman Beckford, of London, who died when his son was only ten years of age, bequeathing him West Indian and other property which yielded him an income equal to half a million dollars a year. Young Beckford's mental powers were good, and no pains were spared in cultivating them by a refined cultivation. Sir William Chambers instructed him in architecture, while the great Mozart taught him music. At twenty-one, with the income of a prince, and accumulations in ready money to the amount of a million sterling (five million of dollars) he launched upon the world. The great talent of promoting human happiness was placed within his reach; but he threw the golden opportunity away. Proud and haughty, the youthful Beckford withdrew from the active business of life, and retiring to Portugal there devoted himself to a life of luxurious ease. The first outlay of his wealth there was the erection of a gorgeous palace. During his residence in Portugal, he visited, under the royal sanction, the wealthy and luxurious monasteries of that country. It is difficult to convey an idea of the pomp and splendor of this journey, which resembled more the cavalcade of an Eastern prince than it did the tour of a private individual.

"Everything," he himself says, "that could be thought or dreamed of for our convenience or relaxation, was carried in our train—nothing to be left behind but care and sorrow." "The ceiling of my apartment in the monastery," he adds, "was gilded and painted, the floor spread with Persian carpets of the finest texture, the basins of chased silver."

The kitchen in which the dinner was prepared, is thus described:

"A stream of water flowed through it, from which was formed reservoirs containing every kind of river fish. On one side were heaped up loads of game and venison; on the other side were vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, finer than snow, blocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in various abundance."

The dinner which followed these preparations was served in a magnificent saloon, covered with pictures and lighted up with a profusion of wax tapers in sconces of silver. "The banquet," he adds, "consisted of rari-

ties and delicacies of every season from different countries."

Confectionery and fruit awaited the party in a room still more sumptuous, where vessels of Coaglligree, containing the rarest and most fragrant species, were handed around. Such was Beckford's mode of life during this journey. Returning at the commencement of the present century to his native country, Beckford again abandoned himself to the selfish enjoyment of his wealth. Taking capricious dislike to a splendid mansion on his estate, which had been erected by his father at a cost of \$1,400,000, he ordered it to be pulled down.

He was resolved that, Phoenix-like, there should arise from its ruins a building which should surpass all that had hitherto been known in English art. Fonthill Abbey, once one of the wonders of the west of England, was the result of this determination. Whole galleries of that vast pile were erected, solely for the purpose of enabling Beckford to emblazon on their windows the crests of the families from whom he boasted his descent. The wonder of the fabric, however, was a tower of colossal dimensions and great height, erected in the manner and spirit of those who once raised a similar structure on the plains of Shinar: "Go to, let us build a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven; and let us make a name."

To complete the erection of Beckford's tower, four hundred and sixty men were employed both night and day during the entire winter, the torches used by the nocturnal workmen being visible to the astonished traveller at miles distant. Beckford's principal enjoyment was in watching the erection of this structure. At midnight he would repair to some elevated parts of his grounds, and there in solitude would feast his senses for hours with the singular spectacle presented by the dancing of the lights, and the reflection of their glare in the surrounding wood. The building was indeed Beckford's idol—the object for which he lived. He devoted the whole of his energies to make it realize the most fascinating vision of a vain imagination. The tower was finally erected, but as might have been expected, the mortar and cement had no time to set properly ere a violent gale of wind brought the vast structure to the ground. Merely remarking that he should have been glad to witness the fall of such a mass of materials, he gave orders for the erection of another tower two hundred and



CHINESE FISHING BOATS.



seventy-six feet in height; this also fell to the ground in 1835.

After the completion of the abbey, Beckford's conduct was still more extraordinary. A wall nearly two miles in circumference surrounded his mansion, and within this scarcely any visitors were allowed to pass. In sullen grandeur he dwelt alone, shunning converse with the whole world. Majesty itself was desirous of visiting this wonderful domain, but was refused admittance. Strangers would disguise themselves as servants, as peasants, or as pedlars, in the hope of catching a glimpse at its glories. Nor was its interior unworthy of the curiosity. All that art and wealth could give to produce effect was there.

of West India property took place. Some lawsuits terminated unfavorably, embarrassments poured in like a flood on the princely owner. The gates which had refused admittance to a monarch were rudely thrust open by a sheriff's officer. The mansion erected at so vast an expense was sold. The greater part of its costly treasures were scattered by the hammer of the auctioneer, and Beckford driven, with the scattered fragments of his fortune, to spend a solitary old age in a watering-place; there to moralize on the instability of wealth; there to feel how little pleasure the retrospect of neglected talents can give; and to point the oft-told moral of the vanity of human affairs.



CHINESE PEASANTRY AND WATERMEN PLAYING AT DICE.

"Gold and silver vases and cups," says one who saw the place, "are so numerous here that they dazzle the eye; and when one looks around him at the cabinets, candelabras and ornaments which decorate the room, we may almost imagine that we stand in the treasury of some oriental prince, whose riches consist entirely in vases of gold and silver, enriched with precious stones of every sort, from the ruby to the diamond."

Such was Beckford, of Fonthill. With an income of more than a hundred thousand pounds per annum, he seemed above the reach of adverse fortune. Who would have ventured to style all this prosperity evanescent as the mirage. A sudden depreciation

He fell, it is said, unpitied by any. The tower which he had erected at so great a cost, fell to the ground, and Fonthill Abbey was pulled down by its new owner. Thus melted away, like frost work before the sun, the extravagant productions of a man of wealth. His whole life had been a sad misapplication of the talents committed to his care, and in the end he discovered he had been cheated by the mirage. Though Beckford's princely lavishness caused him to be talked about all over the world, his true claim to remembrance rests upon his talents as an author, and his genius as displayed in the wild and singular Oriental tale of "Vathek," which is so splendid in description, so true in Eastern costume,

that Lord Byron considered it difficult to credit that it was written by an European, and said, "Even Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas* must bow before it." Mr. Beckford was the author of numerous other works. He died in the year 1844, aged eighty-four years, leaving two daughter, one of whom is the present Duchess of Hamilton. His wife was Lady Margaret Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Abyone.

#### NUTRIMENT FROM BRINE.

Hitherto a vast quantity of waste brine has been thrown away—so much as nearly 100,000 gallons in Glasgow alone. Each gallon is supposed to contain, dissolved in it, as much nutrient as would be obtained from seven pounds of meat; this was hitherto allowed to go entirely to waste. A process for the obtaining of the extract of meat from this waste brine has, however, been recently patented. It consists in filtering the brine, and then placing it in bladders, which are hung in water, that is renewed once or twice a day. In consequence of a principle which has been termed *dialysis*, nearly all the salt and nitre pass out through the bladder into the water, and the pure juice of the meat remains within. This may either be made at once into rich soup, or concentrated and packed in tins, hermetically sealed. The soup thus obtained is said to be perfectly wholesome and good.

#### TRAINING PIGEONS.

Paris is all eyes just now for a Hindoo prince, who has just gone through the city with an immense collection of wild beasts, destined to his private menagerie in one of the midland counties of England, where he has an estate which cost him just one million of dollars. This is nothing to him, for he has \$230,000 a year income. His name is Maharajah Duleep Singh. The rarest treasure of his menagerie are his pigeons. He has several thousand of them. They are objects of amusement. They have a master who teaches them a drill in which they become perfect and learn to obey him implicitly, whether he commands them by his voice or by a wand. Some of these exercises are as follows: He begins by letting fly twenty brown pigeons, who rise in the air until out of sight and then slowly sink in a column until they fall at his feet. Then twenty brown and twenty white pigeons are let fly; they rise apparently in the greatest confusion, but upon a signal the brown pigeons form one column and the white pigeons another

column. Then twenty brown, twenty white, and twenty blue pigeons are let fly, and they rise pell-mell together; upon a signal each color separates and forms a column in the air; another signal is given and one column rises, another descends, and the central column flies from column to column, as in feint attack; the outer columns open and the combatants form two columns beyond which were just now the outer columns. In India wasps are trained to stoop at flies and kill them as falcons are taught to stoop at game.

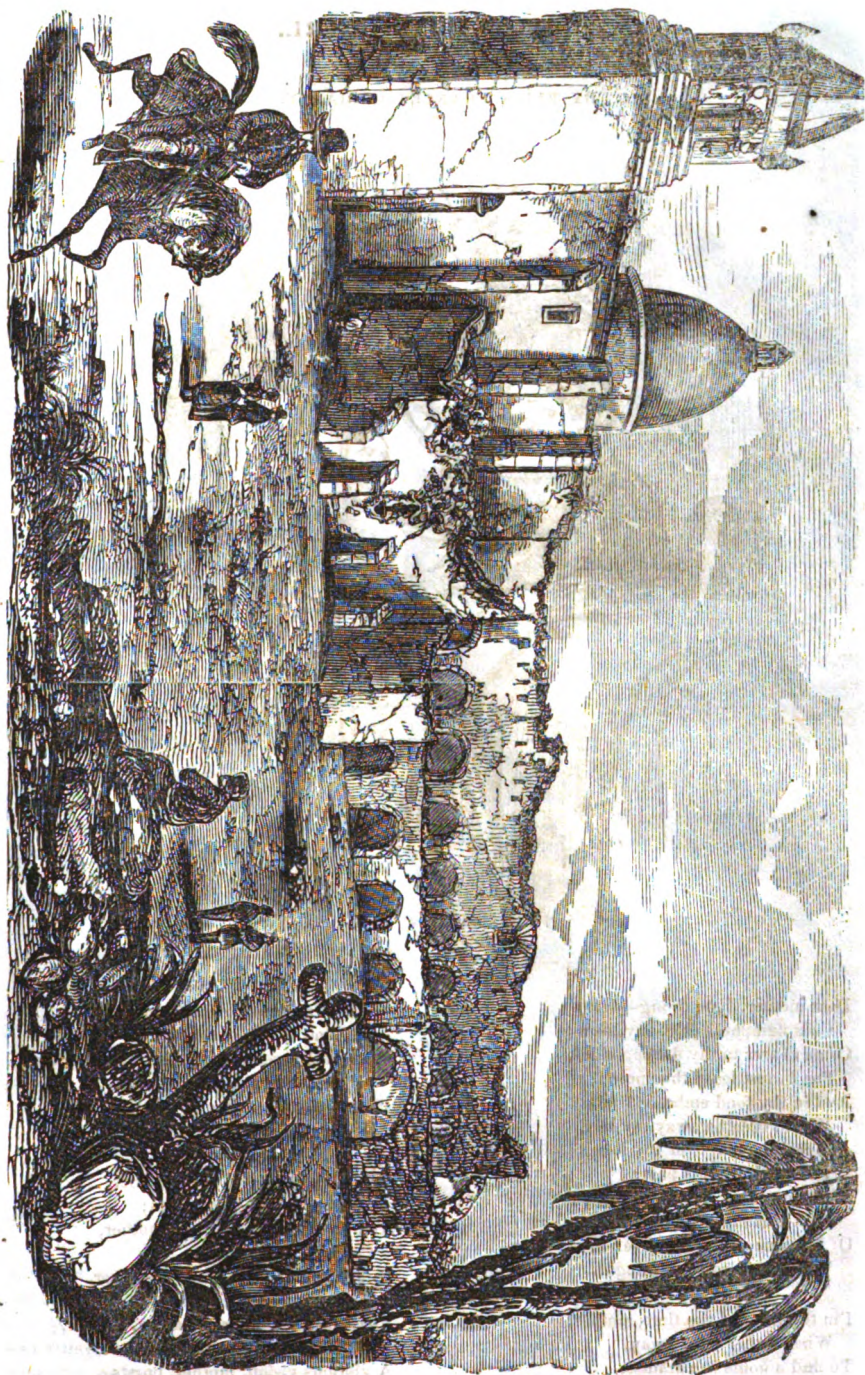
#### SPANISH RUINS, SAN JOSE, TEXAS.

The Catholic priests who settled in Mexico and California in the early days of Spanish rule in those countries, were men of great perseverance, endurance and courage. With a firm belief in their religion and their mission on earth, they gathered the Indians around them, learned their language, converted them to Christianity through kindness, and then employed them in erecting large and substantial houses, cathedrals, chapels, workshops; in cultivating the land and making it yield fruits and grain, in raising immense herds of cattle, and in a hundred other ways rendering themselves useful to the world.

The engraving on page 435 is an original and accurate sketch of the ruins of an old Spanish building, situated in the State of Texas, on the San Antonio river, six miles from the town of that name. It is one of a chain of posts, half-military, half-religious, erected by the Spaniards before the independence of Mexico, extending to the Gulf. It is built of stone, beautifully and elaborately carved in front—five statues of the natural size, representing saints of the Roman Catholic faith, being among its ornaments—and stuccoed. It has not been used for many years, and has consequently fallen into decay and ruin. It is built in the centre of an area of about two acres, walled, and was at one time a formidable fortress; the land for miles around has once been irrigated, as innumerable ditches testify. It was then the centre of wealth and influence; but all these things have passed away. When Mexico became involved in wars, external and internal, she could bestow no attention on her distant posts; and thus neglected, they were unable to protect themselves against the incessant attacks of the Indians of the prairie, and were abandoned to the influences of time and those Bedouins of our continent. The present Mexican population of Texas revere their names.



SPANISH RUINS AT ST. JOSE, TEXAS.



## THE DYING GIRL.

BY ELIZA FRANCES MORIARTY.



THE DYING GIRL.

Dear mother, I am dying—death's

Cold dampness chills my brow;  
Come nearer to thy darling child,  
For I must leave thee now.

And in thy fond embrace I fain  
Would breathe away my last,  
And feel the magic of thy love,  
Till death itself is past;

While memory, busy with the past,  
Wakes many a slumbering thought  
Of by-gone years, that ever were  
With many sorrows fraught.

I'm thinking of the time, mother,  
When father went away,  
To find a home in paradise,  
For us, some future day.

And when they laid him in the earth,  
How sad we were and lone,

Without a friend to comfort us—

A friend to call our own.

What whispered sounds are those, mother?

My father's voice I hear!

He's come to bear me up to God,  
And you will meet us there.

My heart forgets to beat, mother,

My soul unfolds her wings;

And on my wakening ear, mother,  
Celestial music rings.

Bright angels float around, mother,  
Upon the perfumed air—

They are beckoning me away, mother,  
Their endless bliss to share;

A glorious vision, mother, bursts  
Upon my raptured view;

'Tis heaven's beauteous land I see!

My mother dear—adieu!



## VIEW OF BALBEC, SYRIA.

With the ruins of Balbec almost every one is familiar by means of description and illustration, but few readers, perhaps, have formed a conception of the appearance of the modern village; hence the accurate delineation on this page will probably be very acceptable. The crescent shape of the principal street, with its quaint architecture, the tranquil

habitants of Balbec, almost all Christians, was 5000. In 1733 there were about 2000. In 1784, Volney reckoned only 1200 souls, and the population is now reduced to 200. A few Christian Arabs profess their faith under the guidance of a bishop. The other inhabitants are the Montonalis, descendants of the ancient Syrians, and converts to Islamism. They have no business, and their probity is not highly



VIEW OF BALBEC, IN SYRIA.

waters, the whispering trees, the woody heights, the indolent orientals lounging out of doors, conversing gravely, riding in state, or floating in their light caiques, all make up a scene of peculiar beauty and interest. The modern village has only preserved the name and the site of the ancient Heliopolis, the proud "city of the sun." At the commencement of the 18th century, the number of in-

habited. The village is poor; most of the houses are built of earth or wood. The promenade on the quay, which is planted with large trees, is not without character and beauty. Elegant and swift barks animate the scene by furrowing the limpid waters of the little river of Ouadi-Nahle, which, after having bathed the ruins and the village, loses itself in the Nahr-Kasmick.

**ART OF BATHING AND SWIMMING.**

Every man and woman should know how to swim. Every child should learn the art if it is possible, for by knowing how to sustain yourself on the surface of the water is an insurance against one form of death. A writer, who is enthusiastic in the art of swimming, eager for every one to learn, remarks :

Let us now see what swimming is. To *float* is to be sustained on the surface of a fluid by the force of specific gravity. A solid object, dropped into a liquid, displaces a quantity of that liquid exactly equal to its own *weight*—no more. If the size of the object be greater than the size of an equal weight of the liquid, it is clear that it cannot entirely enter into that liquid—it cannot sink; that is, it floats on the surface. The object is lighter than the liquid; its specific gravity is less. Thus, lead floats on mercury, iron on melted lead, the majority of woods on water, and cork on spirits of wine. To float is scarcely an action; inanimate objects float. A buoy floats. A corpse floats.

To *swim*, is to move at will on or in a fluid. Swimming is aided by, but is not entirely dependent on, specific gravity. Many fishes which have no bladders are heavier than the water they swim in. They may almost be said to fly in water. To swim, therefore, is the action and effort of an animated organism. A dead duck floats; a live duck swims.

And yet you (who are not only alive, but also, I hope, well) cannot float until you have learned to swim. Floating is one of the most practically useful details of the art of swimming. You *would* float, when you fall into water, if you could only imitate the inaction and impassiveness of a dead body. But you cannot; your fears prevent you. You are alive, not dead. Impressionable by alarm, distractable by despair, you struggle, and, filling your lungs with water, become altogether heavier than water. Consequently you sink. The art of swimming teaches you that there is no need to feel either alarm or despair. The swimmer, obeying the laws of specific gravity, and keeping his lungs clear of water, floats motionless for any reasonable length of time. The duration will depend on the temperature of the water in which he is floating.

Now, the human body, as a whole, is so nearly of the same specific gravity as river water, that when the lungs are in their natural state, that is, occupied by air, it floats in that medium; when filled with water, it sinks. The different capacities of chest in different

individuals, and their different degrees of fatness, will cause their line of floatation, their mark of tonnage, to differ slightly. I have read of a Neapolitan ecclesiastic so fat, that he used to swim about the bay without being able to bathe his person higher than the waist, in spite of all his efforts to sink deeper. Grease *would* float, whatever pains he might take to submerge it. Still, the rule holds good as a generality.

With the equilibrium, therefore, so nicely balanced, every inspiration which a person fallen into the water attempts to make while his mouth is under water, diminishes the possibility of his floating, by causing him to inhale water instead of air. Three such inspirations generally suffice to bring about the final catastrophe.

The writer gives some directions for learning how to swim, which are useful. He says:

“Grasp with both hands the stave of the ladder, which is on a level with, or a little below, the surface. Assume the horizontal swimming position. Get your legs well up, the feet nearly or quite to the surface, your head well down and a little on one side, so that as much as possible of your brain is submerged, and your mouth only just out of the water. The mouth even need not be above the water, except at the intervals of taking breath. Then strike out slowly, to your heart's content, with both legs at once, in regular strokes, bringing them together afterwards, until you are tired. Rest, and repeat the operation. The grand preparation for acquiring the faculty of swimming consists in daring to keep the head down, the legs up, and the whole body horizontal. Man walks erect, but he swims prone, prostrate, or reclining.

“For the second lesson repeat the above rules, holding to the ladder with one hand only, and either paddling with the hand open and the fingers closed, or giving the arm stroke, with the arms disengaged. Do this with each arm alternately, and at last with both, and then you have learned how to swim.”

**RESPECT AND SELF-DEPENDENCE.**

Be and continue poor, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upwards; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblenched honor, bless God, and die.





INDIAN FALLS, NEAR COLD SPRING, N. Y.

**INDIAN FALLS, COLD SPRING, N. Y.**

Tourists are always in raptures with Falls, because the sound of the moving waters is pleasing to the senses, soothing those who have tender nerves, and creating a feeling of delicious happiness in the breasts of men without nerves. That which our artist has de-

picted here is called Indian Falls, and is situated near Cold Spring, N. Y., and is formed by Indian Brook, so called, which also gives material for several lesser falls in its romantic course. It is much visited during the summer months, for there health and comfort can be obtained without display.





GATHERING APPLES.

**GATHERING APPLES.**

The engraving above will recall a familiar scene to many of our readers; will carry them back to the time when they were girls and boys, and hailed with delight the moment when the apples were to be gathered from the

trees and stored in the cellar for the winter, or else carted to the mill and turned into cider. Those were days of pure delight, yet we did not enjoy them as much as we should, and now when we visit the old homestead we think of our apple-gathering hours pleasantly.

## THE VIVIANS.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

ALECK MARION had grown to manhood under the cold skies of the North. His complexion with its splendid commingling of red and white, clear, shining eyes, blue as the heavens above him and as bright, except when they now and then grew dark, soft and dreamy, as blue eyes have a way of being, close-curling fair hair, and moustache to match, alert, proud bearing, and eager, restless spirit, had come down to him from his brave old Saxon ancestors, unmodified by any foreign influences.

I am aware that all the world dotes on heroes of the dark, corsair type, on midnight eyes and tawny complexions, the winning language of the tropical races, their fiery passion and alluring sweetness.

Aleck Marion was not too wise to share this weakness, and that was precisely the reason why he had fallen in love with Juliette Vivian.

But if you imagine that the Southern heart hides profounder depths of love and tenderness, more terrible abysses, grander heights, than the cool Northman, who does not blanch under torture, and smiles while you probe him, it is because you do not know. He is pure, crystalline ice on the outside, but there are volcanic elements within. All these weary miles back Aleck had warmed his heart with the thought of Juliette, and the lonesome homesickness he experienced had not beguiled him from his purpose. Riding along the white, sandy road that wound through the pine woods, the summer that had just passed pictured itself anew in his mind. It was pleasant to go over it all again. Every separate event had enshrined itself in his memory, and so it was as if he lived against those delicious days.

The Vivians had come North in April. Madame had letters to friends of his own, who begged him "to try and charm away their loneliness by his presence." The Woodlands touched his own estate, and Aleck, who hated watering-places, never stepped within its precincts. What right had these city spoiled people to air their frivolities in the sweet, green temple of Nature, defiling her pure robes, and mingling discordant notes in her melodies. Last summer a dancing house was

built just on the edge of the lake, and an absurd black fiddler frightened away the orioles with his nonsensical music.

But that April afternoon when Aleck Marion stepped upon the piazza at the Woodlands to pay his compliments to the Vivians, was sweet and still. There was a shady brightness in the sky, the sun peeped shily from veiling white clouds, and at intervals a shower of raindrops came singing through the air. The distant landscape was a misty green floating sea, the far mountains melted hazily into the sky. Down in the copses the arbutus and violets were blowing, and the robin chirped his roundelay in the elms. The parlor, too, was sweet, cool and fragrant. The Indian matting was unsoiled, the dark green sofas, the easy chairs, the light, graceful bamboo table, the snowy window draperies, were pleasant to the eye. There was a great white camellia in full bloom upon the window, a basket of ivy hanging above it that swept the camellia with its long sprays, and mingled its tiny purple blossoms with the splendid petals of the stately exotic. A little rose upon the piano caught his attention. A single stem of arbutus flowers and some leaves of the mountain laurel. Aleck's heart softened.

"I wonder if these people," he said, dreamily, and now the door opened and Juliette Vivian was with him, entering noiselessly like a star dropped from the evening sky, and as beautiful, thought Aleck.

After a time he had a sense of other persons in the room—a petite lady, suave, graceful, penetrative, and a light, fair-haired beauty, who flashed her smiles upon him vainly, for Aleck could see and think of nobody except Juliette.

"How came you to come among us so early?" he asked.

Madame's lips parted in her usual smile, the white teeth glittered, and the dark eyes swept the speaker.

"It was a freak of Lulu's," she said sweetly. "She wanted to see your slow spring and gather your famous wild-flowers."

"It is time for them, is it not, Mr. Marion?" asked Lulu.

"Adolph, our little negro boy, you know, brought in a handful of things. I believe Ju-

liette picked out a flower or two—not half open, though.”

“Do you know where they grow?” asked Juliette, softly.

He answered *her*. Miss Lulu bit her lip and threw open the piano and drowned them in music, and to Aleck it was all a part of Juliette’s sweetness. And then when Lulu whirled around upon her seat and challenged his praise, he replied that it was very beautiful, looking all the while at Juliette.

He poohed at himself as he walked away, for our fair Saxon always knows when he does a foolish thing, and doesn’t in the least try to excuse himself. It certainly was very foolish to fall in love at first sight. Perhaps he did not, but had floated along with the current of those sweet April days, past the buds and the springing grass, into the bosom of rosy, blooming May.

So on a May afternoon they were all in the woods together, Maying as they said.

A green spot near the lake, where the sunshine fell brokenly, a gleam of blue water through the trees, the air saturated with the fragrance of the arbutus, a white cloth and a glitter of silver and china in the foreground, and Adolphe, black and brilliant, dancing hither and thither, smiling to his utmost capacity. Into this scene madame fitted most picturesquely—a petite brunette, with fairylike hands, and eyes and complexion that had not forgotten their youthful beauty.

Lulu was superb. The rich abandon of her loveliness intoxicated you. Graces were lavished upon her. She wore them as she did her diamonds—everywhere and always. She flashed her charms upon you unawares, and surprised you when you thought you knew her by heart. She was in her gayest mood, startled the birds by her songs, and won her way to Aleck’s heart for a moment. He put a handful of flowers into her lap.

“O, how exquisite! These must be the immortal asphodels that grow by the river of Life, in the garden of the Lord,” she said, touching them daintily and with a kind of reverence.

Aleck looked at her.

“I will get you some more,” he began.

The great, soft eyes opened wide, then took in the meaning of the look in his face. Juliette had strayed away to gather flowers, but he should not follow her. Lulu put her hand upon his arm.

“Wait! You shall tell me how to combine them. These pearly white ones with their

leaves—they would make a lovely garniture, would they not? Or, stay! Pink would be more becoming to my style. See.” She deftly introduced a knot of the brightest ones into the mass of sunny curls. “How do you like it?” and she put her head one side with a pretty, childlike air.

“Very pretty!” he said, glancing absently at the flowers.

The tangled curls shone in the sunshine, and the long eyelashes drooped, but he did not mind them in the least. Lulu grew white with anger as he walked away.

“You are cold as ice,” she exclaimed, in a low, bitter tone, and springing up, tossed the flowers into the lake.

Madame looked up from her embroidery.

“Fie, my child! You are impatient,” and the lady rose slowly and walked away into the woods.

Lulu dropped upon the grass and broke into passionate weeping.

Aleck Marlon strode through the woods in haste. These were perilous places, where a single misstep would send one headlong into the cold, cruel waters that lay so dark and deep below.

“Juliette!” he called, but there was no answer. Only the birds sang and the wind whispered in the pines. The crushed flowers breathed out their life in fragrance at his feet. He did not mind them. All his love for Juliette revealed itself to him. Out of the whole world he asked only her. “Juliette!” he shouted again.

A faint cry answered him. The pines opened here in long avenues. He rushed along them, came in a moment to the edge of the steep bank slippery with the dead pine needles. A gleam of white drapery, and then a glimpse of a pale, frightened face. He swung himself down to her, where she clung to a branch of a fallen tree over the deep, black water. He threw his arm around her, drew her to him. Looking in the sweet face that had grown so dear to him, all his love in his eyes, he cried with passionate tenderness:

“My darling, my darling!”

She clung to him; she did not shrink from his kisses, nor from the words that came so brokenly.

“I love you, dear—I want you—Juliette!”

“Are you there, Mr. Marion?” called out madame from the top of the hill. “You have given us quite a fright,” and her keen glance swept the faces of both.

They walked back to the opening as Juliette

related the way in which the accident came about.

"Poor, dear child!" said madame, sweetly. "She shall lean upon my arm. Mr. Marion will be kind enough to show the way."

"Very near being a tragedy, was it not?" said Lulu, sharply. "You are very pale still, Juliette. Pray don't talk about it any more now, mama. Don't you see how nervous she is? Will you hand the tea-urn, Mr. Marion, and will you take a sandwich? Juliette dislikes them—says they are neither bread nor meat. Ah, you take one. Mama, the cream if you please," and so Lulu chatted on, and all the time watched Juliette, so that no look of hers escaped her. And madame's observation though less obtrusive was not less vigilant.

Aleck Marion rode away at nine o'clock. A white flower was hidden in his bosom and one was missing from Juliette's dark hair. She went up stairs humming a fragment of song in her low, melodious voice. Lulu listened some time in silence.

"Don't, Juliette," she exclaimed, at last. "You make me think of Ophelia."

Juliette was silent, going to the window and looking into the black night. The sky was overclouded, and large drops of rain dashed at intervals against the pane.

When they awoke in the morning it was raining heavily. Too rainy to ride to the Woodlands, thought Aleck Marion, at breakfast time. He would be sure to find them all in the parlor, and it was Juliette alone whom he wanted to see—whom he must see. He could not wait a day longer now. The cool Saxon blood flowed faster, and the keen blue eyes grew intense as he thought that she might love him. Did she not? Was he overbold to hope it? What did that look in her eyes mean as she stood clinging to him just drawn back from death—that sweet yielding to his caresses? His face flushed at the remembrance.

At noon the clouds parted; a rift of sunny blue smiled through the mist, and then he ordered his horse and rode over.

Madame met him in the parlor with her usual bland grace. Lulu presently swept in, her rich violet brocade rustling along the length of the large saloon, a vivid color in her cheeks and evanescent smiles fitting around her lips. Aleck hoped Juliette would come in a moment, with a lover's art was planning a way to see her alone, and so was absent-minded, as lovers are. Lulu sat down in the flood of sunshine that poured in at the great west window. It played among her crinkled

yellow hair and lighted up her sheeny, silken robes.

"You are very good to come to us in our loneliness," she said, sweetly.

Aleck started. Madame looked up.

"You do not know that Juliette has left us, Mr. Marion? It has really been lonely since she went this noon."

"Miss Juliette gone!" stammered Aleck, mechanically, in painful surprise.

He was no match for madame. She might have spared so much art. But she went on in explanation of Juliette's departure. She had promised a friend to come to New York. It was indeed a wedding, and one must make sacrifices on such occasions, as Mr. Marion knew; and so she had resigned herself to Juliette's absence from them all summer—and afterward she would go to Newport, and they would not see the dear girl again till they met at home. Did Mr. Marion ever travel in the South?

And while madame thus skillfully masked her plans, Lulu strayed carelessly to the piano and played low, sweet *morceaux* from the old masters, and the birds outside listened and chirped in accord, and so the sweet May afternoon drew to a close.

Aleck rode away at dusk. He had hardly concealed his bitter disappointment.

Lulu watched him from the window. He would come again, she said to herself, in a proud confidence in her gifts and graces. If it had not been for Juliette—and the handsome face darkened—he would have loved her at the first. Why must Juliette always be a rival and a constraint?

Juliette, who, if Elsie's word was to be taken—well, it would not do to speak of that. But mama suspected, if, indeed, she did not know. Something disquieted Lulu, it was plain. She sat by herself in thought till the tea bell rang.

The next day was deliciously warm and soft. Would Mr. Marion come? And Lulu blushed as she asked herself the question. Poor Ferdinand! But that did not matter. A half promise was not to hamper her; and Lulu, dressed in her pretty chatty wrapper, went down stairs and spent the whole morning watching for Aleck Marion. And Aleck Marion did not come. Not that day nor even, and not till a week afterward did Madame Vivian learn from a chance caller that Marion had been suddenly summoned from home upon urgent business.

If there was any chagrin at this news expe-



rienced at the Woodlands, nobody was there to perceive it. But somehow the country grew very dull, and early in June the Vivians succumbed to the superior attractions of Saratoga.

All this explains Aleck Marion's journey southward. He came by the ordinary lines of travel until the railway left him in the heart of Louisiana. Here he learned that Madame Vivian's plantation was some twenty miles further into the interior, and for the last four or five hours he had ridden in silence through lanes bordered with Cherokee roses, whose profusion of bloom dazzled and delighted him. Presently the lane wound through a long avenue of live oaks, and on over luxuriant fields, and past groves of magnolias, and finally into a large garden, where rhododendrons and acacias opened masses of vivid bloom in the midst of green thickets. The building itself now peeped through the tangled vines that overhung and clambered about it, making it seem like a fairy palace. It was a French chateau, with balconies smothered in roses and windows latticed with the beautiful bignonia, and delicate pillars wound with creepers blossoming scarlet from every stem.

Lulu, reclining indolently on a divan near the window, heard a voice outside.

"Dear me! Some friend of that tiresome Ferdinand's. Now one must dress for dinner. Do, Juliette, see if you know who it is," and Lulu sat up and smoothed out the wrinkles in her pink organdy muslin.

Juliette approached the window and peeped out through the embowering roses. In a moment a vivid color swept over her face that instantly passed away and left her paler than before. Lulu looked at her wonderingly.

"Who in the world is it, Juliette?" And she started up and looked over her sister's shoulder.

Juliette turned, smiling a slow, sweet smile that crept about her tender lips and shone in her deep, soft eyes.

"Don't you know?" in a low tone.

Lulu uttered an exclamation and danced across the room.

"Of all the astonishing things! How did my lord find us out? You can't go down so," looking at Juliette's white wrapper. "I'll go and see mama," and she sprang out of the room, but came back instantly. "O dear! I forgot. Mama is closeted with Ferdinand. Some tiresome business, I suppose. Do, Juliette, help me about my hair," and Lulu impa-

tently tossed back the mass of light curls that her haste had disarranged. "Now we—or I—"

"I shall go down," interrupted Juliette, with an air of gentle pride.

"Very well!" said Lulu, adding, to herself, "she must see him, of course; but it's a fair field. After all, I don't know but I like Ferdinand better—if he were not so terribly in earnest. In that case, why Juliette may win my lord Aleck if she can—that is if his love does not cool after he knows—" and here Lulu looked up at Juliette with laughing, mocking eyes.

In a moment more, Juliette, in her sweet, calm beauty, and Lulu in her dashing grace, were making as always two quite opposite impressions upon Aleck Marion. But the old spell that Juliette had thrown around him was not less potent than before. Lulu made as if she would carry hearts by storm, but Juliette had a winning, nameless grace that stole its way secretly and silently.

Presently madame came in, profuse in complimentary welcome. She was *tres charme* to see her northern friend. She should be enchanted to repay Mr. Marion for his hospitality. There was her nephew Ferdinand—most fortunate—just about her dear friend's age. Ferdinand would be inexpressibly gratified to devote himself to Mr. Marion's pleasure, and here madame presented Mr. Ferdinand Vivian who lounged in at that moment and lazily threw himself upon a sofa, looking anything but gratified or hospitable, a large, loose-limbed cavalier, of undoubted creole extraction, swarthy, colorless Spanish face, large black eyes that had latent fire in them, and heavy, dark eyebrows that just now were morosely drawn together. Upon the whole, Mr. Ferdinand's manner presented a decided contrast to that of Madame Vivian. Perhaps Lulu saw it. Perhaps that was why she went and sat upon a cushion at his feet, looking up into his face in her arch, childish way, wasting showers of smiles upon him, and talking in a low, confidential tone that did not reach the ears of the rest of the party. Presently dinner was announced. Lulu started up and drew Mr. Ferdinand along with her.

"Come, Bruin!" and looking back at Aleck, added, playfully, "He is dangerous in his moods, Mr. Marion. Nobody but I can manage him; and yet, after all, his growl is worse than anything else. What made you look so fierce?" in a whisper to Ferdinand, as they took their places. "Did you think Mr. Marion



was anything to me, you foolish fellow? He's my pet aversion, I assure you. We quarrelled desperately at the North, and he fell in love with Juliette out of pure spite. See, now?" and Miss Lulu looked across the table where Aleck was sitting beside Juliette.

A flash of anger came into her face which Ferdinand did not see, because he was at that moment looking in the direction that she indicated. He probably found confirmation of Lulu's words, for he became all at once affable and attentive to Aleck, and did the honors with a languid grace not entirely unattractive.

"You have come just in time to join in one of our *fetes*," said Juliette to Aleck. "Tomorrow is Lulu's birthday, and we have a festival in her honor. The groves illuminated, music, dancing, flowers everywhere. A fairy scene we mean it shall be."

"And unlimited eating and drinking, Mr. Marion," said Ferdinand. "Juliette ignores the prosaic part of the matter."

"Juliette!" thought Aleck, with a slight touch of displeasure at the familiarity implied. "Pray who is Mr. Vivian?" he said to Juliette.

"Papa's nephew, and so our cousin. Does his complexion surprise you?" she said, playfully. "It's all in the family, I assure you. We Louisianians are a mixed race."

"I know you are not like your sister," said Aleck, looking at her suddenly.

Her face grew rosy under his gaze.

"Lulu is fairer than I," she said, with a half sigh.

"No!"

"No?" in surprise. "Why, her hair is so golden, and her complexion so pink and white."

"Yes, but it has a tawny shade that doesn't belong to the real blonde."

A little glow of pleasure came into Juliette's face.

"I always thought," she said, slowly. She looked up—met madame's eye. The color faded, the happy look died away. She forgot to finish her sentence; and Aleck watching her, saw a shadow creep over her face, an expression half of terror and half of sorrow. He had seen the cloud there before; it had puzzled and vexed him. Now she grew grave and sad; the pretty air of playful sweetness that had been about her since his arrival, was quite gone.

After dinner, Juliette went up to her room, threw herself into a chair with a look of utter

weariness and pain. She pressed her hands upon her eyes to keep back the tears.

"O, I wish I knew, I wish I knew!" she sobbed.

After a little while madame came up, had a conference of half an hour with her, and left her. Juliette lay down upon the sofa. The blow had fallen at last. She had so long feared it that she was scarcely conscious of additional pain. Only a sense of crushing desolation lay heavily upon her. She lay there, a low moan and sob now and then breaking upon the stillness of the room. Anon there came up the sound of gay laughter or the tinkling of music, to hear which was torture.

Down stairs, Lulu was entertaining the gentlemen. She petted Ferdinand until he grew good humored, and then devoted herself to Aleck until Ferdinand's face grew stormy again; and then how sweetly repentant and tender was my little coquette. Aleck grew very tired of it, at last, doubly tired with waiting for Juliette to come down. So he begged Mr. Ferdinand to show him about the grounds, and they left Miss Lulu to repose upon her laurels.

The gala day did not belie its name. Nature, so inconstant in colder latitudes was always beautiful and true in this delicious climate. A world of yellow sunshine overhead, a world of luxurious color below, and all bathed in an atmosphere so mild, one scarce knew of the passing zephyr that left its fragrance as it floated by. They were all at breakfast at an early hour. There was a glitter of silver, the pure whiteness of Sevres china and snowy linen, and a vast deal of flutter and chirping at the head of the table where Lulu sat. Everybody must be industrious, she said. She should promulgate her orders, and whoever disobeyed them should be shut out of the evening paradise. In the midst of this Juliette came in and sat down, unnoticed, except by Aleck.

What made that deadly pallor—those purple hollows where her eyes glanced like fiery stars? Aleck yearned to enfold her with his great love, to scare away with his tenderness whatever phantom haunted her.

He followed her to the garden, after breakfast, but she escaped to the house. All day he sought her, and always she eluded him—always finding an excuse in being busy, accepting his help when others were by, but vanishing the moment they were left alone. It grew to mid-afternoon. Aleck, annoyed and vexed beyond measure, sauntered alone

down one of the long avenues. In the house, madame was putting the last touches to the music-room.

"One or two sprays of honeysuckle would combine charmingly with this trailing moss," she said.

"Juliette, get it, wont you. I'm perfectly exhausted, and shan't be fit to be seen to-night," and Lulu sank down upon a lounge.

Juliette went out quickly. Madame, watching her, saw Aleck Marion come out suddenly from one of the rustic arbors, saw Juliette's sudden start, and shrinking. She bit her lip in vexation.

"Well, it's no matter, after all," she said, after a moment's thought. "Of course it's all over the moment Mr. Marion becomes aware of Juliette's relation to the family. Lulu—"

But Lulu was fast asleep. Madame smiled, triumphantly.

"It helps to avenge my race," she muttered.

The honeysuckle grew close by the edge of the little lake, that lay like a shining jewel in the bosom of the forest. Aleck stooped to help Juliette gather it, she dropped the bunch she was holding, and withdrew a step or two. In a moment he was by her side, clasping her hands fast, and compelling her to look at him.

"Do I deserve this treatment, Juliette. Months ago I loved you, and you let me think—that you did not hate me, love," and his voice grew tender at the remembrance of the sweet looks she had for him, that May-day in the woods. "I love you now, dear—" He stopped. She had sank down at his feet, white and shivering.

"O, don't talk to me so, Mr. Marion," she sobbed. "You don't know how wretched you make me."

"I? He lifted her up, kissed her streaming eyes. "Don't you love me, Juliette?"

She did not speak, only tried to slip from his arms. But he held her close, caressing her with every sweet, pet name.

"O, let me go," she cried, at last. "I am not fit for you."

Some mad impulse made him release her, suddenly, muttering some fierce exclamation. She looked up to meet the strange light in his face.

"Don't look at me so," she cried, as if smitten by sharp pain. "I am innocent of any wrong, God knows."

He gathered her again to his heart.

"I would be a cursed villain to doubt it," he murmured, fondly.

She turned her face away—then with a sudden impulse clung to him. He whispered, softly:

"My little, southern flower! she shall blossom in my northern home. She shall love me, and live with me forever."

Juliette raised her head, drew herself up slowly, a long shudder shaking her from head to foot. She tried to unwind the hands that held her.

"You will let me go now, Aleck?" and she smiled—a piteous smile.

He smoothed her hair.

"You want to go to the house? Am I thoughtless—keeping my love here, in these night dews?"

The tears sprang to her eyes.

"What is it, love?"

"I can't bear petting—I am not used to tenderness."

"Then I shall love you all the more. I shall make up to my darling all that she has been deprived of. I shall make your life rich and sweet," he said.

"It can never be, Aleck."

"What can never be, dear?"

"What you speak of. We cannot be anything to each other," said Juliette, in a kind of stony quiet.

"You will marry me, and I shall take you back to the North with me."

"No, no!" she sobbed.

He looked at her.

"You love me, Juliette?"

"It does not matter," she cried. "I have no right to your love."

"What can there be to separate us? What scarecrow affrights you?"

Juliette was quite still now, only a quick, quivering sob now and then told how she suffered.

"Wont you tell me?" he pleaded.

"I cannot tell you anything—only you must not love me—I must not love you."

"You do love me, darling." There was a shade of exultation in his voice. He caught the hand she had drawn away.

"No, no!" she almost shrieked. "Don't touch me!" And she sank down upon the turf at his feet.

"This is very strange, Juliette," he said, wonderingly. "Do you mean that there is something between us that cannot be overcome?"

"Yes!" in a dreary tone.

"Tell me what it is?"

"I cannot—O, I cannot." She hid her face in her hands.

"Do you mean to reject my love? Do you mean to send me away from you so? Is my love so valueless to you?" he said, passionately.

She rose up now—she had been crying bitterly.

"You make me suffer, Aleck," she said. "If you will not go, I must leave you. There is a great gulf between us—you cannot cross it. Don't come to me."

She broke from the held that would have detained her, and fled along the avenue, now filled with the soft, twilight gloom.

Afar, in the purple heavens, the stars came out silently. The flickering, crimson flame that lit the west, died apace. All at once, and suddenly, the gardens, the rustic temples, the tangled arbors, the long walks, bordered with exotics in gorgeous bloom, the copses, the thickets and the many-windowed chateau flashed out in luminous splendor. The hanging lamps poured down rivers of colored light; here a rosy cloud enfolded you; there you were drenched in fiery scarlet; anon you were haloed by a mist of the faintest purple.

The evening wind swept up from the lake, shook out the odor from tube-roses and lilies, and intoxicated one with fragrance. Strains of the softest music were played continually—low, melodious breathings, that seemed to die away in the heavenly spaces. A wondering crowd strayed through this scene of enchantment. Jewels blazed, gossamer laces floated, and dancing feet tripped in gay measures.

Into the midst of all came Lulu, in garments of whitest muslin, etherealized by tulle; scented flowers twined in her hair, and dazling smiles in lips and eyes. She pervaded the whole scene, but hovered most about Aleck, who, mutely indifferent, suffered himself to be sent hither and thither by the capricious fairy.

Madame received the felicitations of her guests with charming modesty. Ferdinand sulked by himself, and Juliette in a dress of some pale, dim color, seemed to shrink from sight.

The evening waned. The lamps grew dim; the air sultry and the fragrance of the flowers overpowering. Aleck eluded the exacting mistress of the *fete*, and strayed away alone. He wandered through the grounds a long time,

making the circuit of the lake, and coming again to its shores just where he had stood so long in conference with Juliette. A boat lay idly floating on the water, moored under the pier, and hid in deep shadow. He stepped in, and lay down there, wearily. The boat swayed gently with the lulling motion; the lights from the garden streamed down through the trees, and across the waves; the music came to him, softened by the distance.

One fixed determination was growing up in him. His strong Saxon will would not be mastered; his love would not be thwarted. He would seek Madame Vivian—madame should unfold the mystery that baffled him and tortured Juliette.

While he thought, he became aware of voices that drew near the shore. He half lifted his head, and saw, standing in the broad path of light that opened to the water, a petite figure in pale, floating drapery.

"You are very cruel, Ferdinand," said Lulu's voice, and she sat down on a bench at the foot of a huge tree that dipped its boughs in the lake.

He sat down by her side.

"You are cruel—you are false. You have broken faith with me," said Ferdinand, in a voice that betrayed anger.

Aleck Marion was no eavesdropper. Besides, he did not care to witness Lulu's coqueries. They wearied and disgusted him. He would carefully unfasten the boat, and let it float noiselessly away into the darkness that lay upon the waves. He felt for the chain that held it, and, to his dismay, found that it was padlocked. While he meditated some other means of escape, his own name, spoken in Lulu's soft, alluring voice, arrested his attention.

"You are very unkind, Ferdinand, but I see how it is—you are jealous of Mr. Marion."

"Why should I not be?" he demanded, fiercely. "Aren't you promised—sworn to be mine, by all that's sacred, and yet your mother—curse her art—is laying schemes to entrap the Yankee, and you, Lulu—"

"Don't scold, dear," interrupted Lulu, coaxingly. "If you weren't so stupid, you'd see that he's in love with Juliette."

"You little hypocrite,"—but the epithet came from lips that had just now dropped kisses—"I do see it, and so do you, but you aren't pleased with that. Why don't you let him alone—let him marry Juliette if he will."

Lulu laughed, exultantly.

"You know he won't marry Juliette."

Ferdinand mocked her laugh, and said, sneeringly:

"Wont he? Why?"

Aleck listened with all his soul.

"You foolish fellow! Don't you know our proud, prejudiced cavalier better than that? Do you suppose he would not scorn to ally himself with a hybrid race? Suppose mama were to tell him of that?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Ferdinand.

"Hush! what are you laughing at?"

"Then you think Juliette is tainted by the blood of the subject race!"

"How strangely you talk, Ferdinand. Have not we spoken of this a hundred times, and yet Juliette has always rivalled me, and been put upon an equality with me, just because mama fancied she was under some obligation to papa. I think it is a shame," and Lulu stamped her foot passionately.

Ferdinand laughed again.

"Heavens! how angry it is. Come to my home, pretty one. You shall queen it there as you like," and his voice sank into tones of tender passion.

"O, no, Ferdinand, at least, not now!" said Lulu, in affected shyness.

"You are not ready to give up your designs upon Marion. If you can win him you mean to throw me over," he exclaimed, fiercely.

"Fie, fie! who is angry now?"

"Lulu, have done with this childishness. You shall promise me that you'll give up this northerner. I will tell him to-morrow that you are engaged to me."

Lulu sprang to her feet.

"Do so, if you dare. I'll never speak to you again in my life."

"I shall do so, and you will speak to me," he said, doggedly.

She began to move away. He caught her, and held her close.

"O, how cruel you are."

"I am not."

She began to cry.

"Promise me, Lulu."

"No!"

"You shall!"

"I will not."

He started up, angrily.

"You drive me mad, girl. See here! I have a story to tell—let me tell it to Marion to-morrow, and he takes Juliette north with him, as his wife."

"Ferdinand Vivian, what do you mean," demanded Lulu, breathlessly.

"Shall I tell it to you first?"

He sat down again by her.

"Yes, tell it to me—though what it has to do with me, I cannot imagine."

"Much, as you will see," he said, mockingly. "You remember old Elsie, who died a while ago on the river plantation."

"Elsie? who used to be my nurse? Is she dead? Well, what of her?"

"Only this. Don't be impatient, Lulu. I was up there a month or two ago, just before this cursed Marion came here, as perhaps you will remember. You know I've been your mother's factotum—done an overseer's work for her these five years past, for the hope of you. The plantations would have gone to the deuce a hundred times over, if it hadn't been for me. I've sold all the crops and invested the money, and you and your lady mother have spent it."

"Good Ferdinand! but never mind the money. Go on."

"Yes. I'm coming to it. Where was I?"

"Old Elsie—"

"O, yes. Old Elsie lay dying in her cabin, and one day word came that the old creature wanted to see me. I went down, and she told me that she had a terrible secret on her mind, and couldn't die in peace till she had confessed her part in a shameful crime."

"What was it?" asked Lulu, in a frightened whisper.

"She recalled the time when your father was lost to his family, for a series of years. He was a fast young man, you know—no—you don't know, but he *was* a rascally spend-thrift, and he ran out his estates, travelled, played and drank. Then, when he had almost reached the end of his patrimony, he came to the Mississippi country, bought some land and negroes and planted cotton. When the crops came in, he was in funds. He went North just then, and when he came back, he brought with him a girl—a pure, innocent creature—her name was Juliette.

"She was his wife. A little girl was born to them the next year, and what with the climate and your father's neglect and faithlessness, the poor, young mother died. More probably it was his cruelty that killed her, for I forgot to say—I'm not good at weaving romances, you see—I forgot to say, that he brought with him, when he first came to the country, a young quadroon girl who pleased his fancy—he found her in the New Orleans market, and spent his last available dollar to purchase her. It seems that he was very much influenced by this girl, and when his

wife died, she assumed the management of his household. The quadroon must have been very artful—her ascendancy grew with years, instead of diminishing, and at last she persuaded him to go further west, where no one knew him—but a new lot of servants—and here madame set up for the planter's wife. Elsie helped her carry out her plans, in consideration of a little favor that madame promised to do her—to buy one of Elsie's children, that the old creature's heart yearned for. But the quadroon was faithless to the end, as well as heartless, for she eventually sold the boy to a trader. Perhaps that had something to do with the betrayal of the secret. Now, Lulu, you have heard my story."

"Well?"

Lulu sat like one stupefied.

"You see the conclusion."

She gave a quick cry of horror.

"Juliette is as pure-blooded as Aleck Marion, you see," continued Ferdinand.

"What am I then?" shrieked Lulu.

"You are the quadroon's daughter."

She grasped his shoulder.

"It is false. All you have told me is a shameful lie."

"I anticipated that," said Ferdinand, quietly, "so I rummaged among some old papers, and found the deed of sale which conveyed Teresa Marino to Pierre Vivian. By the laws of Louisiana your mother and her children are slaves."

"Slaves?" repeated Lulu, mechanically.

"Yes. And the property of the heir-at-law."

"The heir-at-law," echoed Lulu. "Who is that?"

"Who? why myself?"

Lulu sat in a kind of stupid, wondering horror.

"And you belong to me, you see, Lulu," he said.

She sank down with a piteous cry.

He caught her up.

"I am not going to be harsh—I want you to love me. O, you needn't be afraid of me, my little one."

"Let me go," she begged, humbly.

"Where?"

"You have frightened me," she said, clasping her hands over her forehead. "I don't think I am quite myself. Go up to the house—they will be coming for us, presently."

He looked at her.

"You will come too."

"By another way."

The sound of voices ceased. Aleck rose, drawing a long breath. Only a gleam of white garments in the wood, and the merry, dancing music floated into the silence. He sprang out of the boat, and hurried up to the house. They were not dancing now, and supper was presently to be announced. Aleck minded nobody, but sought out Juliette where she was sitting, like a white statue, in the shade of the window curtains. He bent over her, and whispered some words in her ear that made her start, and look up at him in wonder.

"They have wronged you most cruelly. It was all a foul lie that they told you. Nobody in the world has a right to separate us."

Juliette grew dizzy. Aleck's murmured words became like the inarticulate singing of the sea.

Just then there was a call for Lulu. Madame stepped in, a little pale, but calm and graceful.

"Has any one seen Lulu?"

A murmur of surprise ran through the rooms. A quick step was heard in the walk. Ferdinand's fiery eyes flashed over every little group, seeking Lulu. People crowded to the bright lawn in front of the house, and questioned each other. Then there was a hush. Then a strange sound broke into the stillness.

"Was that a cry?"

It came again—a piteous appeal—a wall of agony and terror. Ferdinand's face grew white and stony. In an instant he had started towards the lake shore. Aleck was by him, and a crowd of others. The whole company followed, panic-stricken and sobbing.

The dark waters of the lake lying in shadow, a gleam of white robes far off in the blackness, a long, shivering, wailing cry, that curdled the blood and made one stiff with dread and pity.

Precious time is wasted, the boats are fast locked, the oars missing, the current setting strong and swift towards the outlet. Ferdinand plunged in and swam. Again and again he disappeared, and again rose to the surface—empty-handed.

"Too late, too late!" they murmur, compassionately.

Half an hour afterwards, madame is walking up and down, moaning and beseeching. The people fall away around her. Ferdinand comes swiftly, bringing something drenched, and limp, and stark, and lays it at her feet.

"It is your work," he says, relentlessly.

Then in a moment, he bursts into a terrible storm of tears, and kneeling down, kisses the pallid lips, and the rain of his tears falls upon the still, beautiful face.

"I have killed my love—O, my love—my murdered darling. No, not I. It was you, woman!"

Ah, it was terrible. Did she fall from the pier by accident, or did she seek under the sheltering waves a refuge from the shame that awaited her? No one ever knew.

#### ANCIENT SCHOOLS.

Luther used to say that he was once whipped fourteen times in one forenoon. The old German schools were frightful dens of barbarism. An obituary in one of their school journals, as late as 1782, contains the following singular statement of educational exertions: "Hauberle, assistant teacher in a village in Suabia. During the 51 years 7 months of his official life, he had, by a moderate computation, inflicted 911,527 blows with a cane, 124,010 blows with a rod, 20,989 blows and raps with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,535 blows over the mouth, 7905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 raps on the head, and 22,783 *notabenes* (i. e., knocks) with the Bible, catechism, singing-book and grammar. He had 777 times made boys kneel on peas, and 613 times on a three-cornered piece of wood, had made 5001 'wear the jackass,' and 1707 hold the rod up; not to enumerate various more unusual punishments which he contrived on the spur of the moment. He had about three hundred expressions to scold with, of which he had found two-thirds ready made in his native language, and the rest he had invented."

#### DRAWING THE SPECIE.

There was at one time, in the vicinity of Boston, a working-man who had saved quite a sum of money from his earnings, and of this sum he deposited some fifteen hundred dollars in the bank, one of the officers of which was an old acquaintance. After a little time, however, the depositor concluded to withdraw his money, stating that he wished gold, as he wished to expend it in Maine, and there might be some trouble about bills if he took them. He was informed that the cashier's check would be as good as gold for the purpose, and, in case of loss, be more secure, as payment could be stopped. But he de-

sired to have the gold, which was at once counted out to him. The next that the bank officers heard of him he was under arrest, and the following facts were elicited: The story about taking the funds to Maine was simply an excuse for drawing specie. The gold had been secreted under the hay in the loft of a stable; and the man visiting it in the night, had taken a lantern, the light of which had arrested the attention of another party, who watched the movements, and supposing the owner of the gold to be an incendiary, took the man and his bag of double eagles forthwith to the public station-house. After considerable parley and protestations on the part of the supposed culprit, the funds were retained as security for the owner's appearance in the morning. His statements concerning his treasure were verified the next day, and he was released. When remonstrated with for his imprudence in mistrusting a sound bank so capriciously, and leaving his money in a place so liable to destruction as a stable, he replied, that he thought in case the barn was burned his gold would drop through, and he could easily find it among the ruins!

#### DISCOURAGING CHILDREN.

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it," said he, "for he always said I had no brains." How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and, in nine cases out of ten, the statement is believed; the thought that it may be partially so acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. We know a boy who, at the age of ten years, had become depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words. The world appeared dark to him, he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies. A single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved me." The moment he thought he could do well he resolved that he would; and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations, and demand reflection.



## AMY AND LEONARD.

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 BY JOEL BATES SWETT.  
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Calm and serene, like a spirit of light,  
 Floats the fair moon in the heavens above;  
 Softly the zephyr, this beautiful night,  
 Breathes o'er the earth like a whisper of love.

Brightly the stars in the "azure-arched" dome,  
 Are mirrored far down in Ontario's deep;  
 Calm and unmoved is the breast of the lake,  
 For the storm-god has fled, and the winds are asleep.

Hark! o'er the waters sweet harmony steals—  
 Two happy voices uniting in song;  
 Song so soft uttered, its accent reveals  
 Power of the feelings that to it belong:

Two happy hearts feel a pleasure divine,  
 Imparted to-night on Ontario's wave;  
 Ah, little they know of the doom that awaits,  
 Or the hour that shall find them a watery grave!

Lightly their bark floats, unguided by hand,  
 Slowly the land zephyr wafts them along;  
 Wafts them away from the dim fading land,—  
 Yet still are their voices united in song.

Unknown to them, to the west and the north,  
 The dark threatening clouds that envelope the sky;  
 But the storm-god is coming—the winds have awoken,  
 And swiftly the cloud-herald rises on high.

A moan like the utterance of terror at last,  
 From the fast coming tempest dissolves every dream;  
 And then with wild shriek comes the furious blast,  
 And hidden at once is the moon's silver beam.

Darkness and terror reign over the wave—  
 Vainly they strive to outweather the gale;  
 Mountain-like billows engulf the frail bark,  
 And the wind sweeps above them with desolate wail.

Amy and Leonard sleep quietly now,  
 'Neath a willow that grows by Ontario's strand;  
 Lifeless and cold on the beach they were found,  
 Claspings each other in death by the hand.

But often the swains, as they walk on the shore,  
 On calm quiet evenings, fancy they hear  
 The song of the lovers swell over the wave,  
 And sweetly and tenderly fall on the ear.

## THE SYBIL'S CURSE.

## A STORY OF BLUE WATER AND BRAVE HEARTS.

BY GEORGE S. RAYMOND.

"A FINE vessel called the 'Dart,' which ran between London and Madeira, and which has just been lost on the coast of Africa, is the fourth vessel of the same name, belonging to the same company, that has been lost."

Thus reads a paragraph in the news column of a recent daily paper; and happening to know that the said paragraph is most essentially true, I have thought that a brief history of the loss of these four vessels might interest the general reader, and sit down to write it out very nearly as it was related to me not long since, by a young gentleman, a son of the senior partner in the firm who owned the four vessels.

Claiming nothing of the story as my own, except the writing, I will introduce Mr. Gullford Faxon, Jr., of the firm of Faxon, Gould, Lizer & Co., London; and invite you to listen to his narrative in the first person singular.

## DART No. I.

## THE PROMOTION.

"The house of which my father was, and is the senior partner, has for many years carried on an extensive trade in fruits, wines, etc., with Madeira; which about the year 1841 had increased to such an extent, that it was found necessary to add two more vessels to the fleet of 'fruiters' owned by the company; and as all buying, selling, officering and manning, victualling and fitting away of the vessels was always managed by my father, he having been many years a captain himself, he determined to build, or rather have built at Hull, two beautiful clipper brigs, sound and fitted with all the modern improvements; and having made up his mind to have, not only new vessels, but brand new masters for them, he selected two apprentices, just out of their time in one of our vessels, to command the two brigs.

"The boys, or rather men, since they became captains, were both steady, industrious fellows, excellent sailors, capital navigators, shrewd in business, every way as capable of commanding such crafts as they were appointed to, as any other two young men in the kingdom of Great Britain. And yet, notwithstanding all this, the two youthful captains

were as totally unlike in very many important traits of character, as were midnight and noon; for Captain John Alwyn was a sober, quiet, deep-thinking—perhaps scheming young man, very seldom laughing out loud, and never boisterous; but always good-natured, respectful to his superiors, and people older than himself, kind and indulgent to those under his command, and universally courteous and gentlemanly in his deportment towards all.

"Captain Edward Ireton, on the contrary, was a bluff, hearty, off-hand fellow, quite as good-hearted as Alwyn, but rough and inconsiderate in his speech, often saying things that gave offence, and then apologizing in a frank, hearty way, that turned offence into good-humor, and beguiled the offended into forgiveness and forgetfulness of the insult at the same time.

"Alwyn and Ireton were of the same age, born in the same village, a few miles from London, and both had served their apprenticeship in the same vessel; and although they had never positively quarrelled, yet they never quite agreed in anything. They were firm friends, nevertheless, but no companions, and both always felt the most comfortable when they were as wide apart in local position as they were in habits and disposition.

"My father and the other members of the firm always appeared to regard the two young men with equal favor, while, as for myself, although I liked Ireton, yet I must confess I liked Alwyn far better; and when my father sent me round to Hull with the two young captains, to assist them in fitting their respective vessels for sea, and informed me that it would be left entirely to my own choice as to which craft I should go out in—for it had been determined that I was to go in one of the brigs as supercargo, I determined at once to go with my favorite in the Dart, which my father had thus named, in remembrance of a good old Indianman he had once commanded.

## THE RESCUE.

"The two brigs were taken round to London, loaded and fitted for sea, and both sailed

on the same day—the Dart, with myself as supercargo, for Porto Santo, where we were to discharge our outward cargo, and then run over to the main island, whither the Courier, Captain Ireton, was bound direct, where we were both to load for home.

"We had a beautiful passage out, and fine, pleasant weather for discharging, so that in much less time than was ordinarily occupied in making a passage in those days, we were all ready to get under weigh for Madeira proper, when, just as we were getting our anchor, a boat having a most beautiful Portuguese girl in the stern sheets, and manned by two fishermen, pulled off alongside, and the lady coming on deck, begged of the captain in so earnest a manner to be taken to Madeira, that both of us were convinced there must be some extraordinary occasion for her importunity and anxiety to get away from Porto Santo.

"'You shall go, senorita,' said Captain Alwyn; and scarcely had the earnest and most musical '*Muito obrigado, Senor Capitano!*' been spoken by the lovely girl in reply, when two or three small parcels were flung upon deck by the fishermen, and the next moment their little craft darted away towards the shore, avoiding by a circuitous course, a larger and more clumsy-looking boat, which came dashing out from the landing towards the brig.

"'*Deos me salve!*' exclaimed the maiden, in accents of terror, grasping the young captain's arm, and quivering like an aspen, as her eye fell upon the approaching boat, which contained four oarsmen, four soldiers armed with muskets, and an individual in the stern sheets so muffled up in a heavy cloak that we could not make out who or what he was.

"The anchor was a-weigh, the foretopsail and to'gallant sail were sheeted home, the head sails were run up, and the brig had swung round head off shore, and just begun to walk off before the light breeze as the boat ranged up to the gangway, and the man in the cloak leaping to his feet, demanded the instant surrender of his runaway daughter.

"'He lies, captain! O, save me! I am not his daughter—indeed I am not!' almost screamed the trembling girl, clinging still closer to Alwyn, and shrinking behind him for protection.

"'Come up here and convince me that this lady is your child, and you shall take her hence; but otherwise, you shall not!' said the captain, approaching the side, and looking down into the boat.

"The invitation was quickly responded to by the cloaked stranger, who seized the man-ropes and sprang up the side-ladder with the agility of a cat; but his ascent had disarranged the folds of his cloak so that his features, and the breast of a gold-laced military coat were partially revealed; and scarcely had he gained a footing upon the deck, when Alwyn, with his teeth hard set, and face as pale as marble, sprang upon, and lifting the intruder from his feet as though he had been but an infant, he hurled him over the side, headlong down into the boat, full upon the heads of two of the oarsmen.

"'Fire!' shouted the discomfited Portuguese, scrambling to his feet, and standing there with the loss of his cloak, revealed to us as Captain Manuel Cortano, the military governor of Porto Santo, as vile, treacherous a scoundrel as ever disgraced the uniform of any nation.

"The soldiers hesitated until the order to fire was repeated by the infuriated ruffian, and then four bullets hissed by Alwyn's head, who shouted in thunder tones to the mate and crew:

"'Ho, there, Mr. Allerton! jump forward, sir, with all hands, and bring that kedge anchor this way. Over with him—heave!' he cried, as the anchor was poised on the brig's rail above the boat. 'Heave, my souls, and sink the rascals!' and down went the kedge; but the Portuguese had shoved off just in time to avoid the destructive missile, that would otherwise have gone square through the bottom of their boat.

"'Never mind, sir,' said Captain Alwyn, more calmly, as he saw the anchor go down clear of the boat; 'never mind, Mr. Allerton, I am glad after all, that we didn't kill 'em; and now I hope Senor Cortano will go off home and mind his own business; for, by my soul, if he orders another musket fired at us, I'll run his boat down with the brig, just so sure as I'm an Englishman. But, put sail on her as fast as you please, sir;' and in less than fifteen minutes the little Dart was walking off from the land, under every inch of canvas, while the Portuguese boat was fast disappearing in the deepening twilight astern, as she pulled in towards the shore.

"Captain Alwyn ordered the steward to carry the packages that had been flung on deck down into the cabin, and then went down himself with the young lady, where he remained for more than an hour; and when he came on deck again, he merely informed me

that he had learned the girl's history, and that he considered it as one of the happiest events of her life, her seeking protection on board the brig, and his having secured her from the scoundrel Cortano. But what the maiden's story was, or why he considered himself so fortunate in having met her, he did not inform me, nor did I learn anything of the particulars until a week after our arrival at Madeira.

#### THE PREDICTION.

"On our arrival at Funchal, we found the Courier discharged, and all ready to receive her homeward cargo, that Captain Ireton informed us he should commence taking in on the following morning.

"It was after sundown when we came to an anchor, but Ireton was almost immediately on board the brig, and after a long whispered conversation with Captain Alwyn, he returned to his own vessel, accompanied by our mysterious girl-passenger, Alwyn promising to pull over and visit him as soon as he should get through with the Commandante, whose boat was seen coming off towards the Dart.

"Any passengers, captain?" inquired the boarding officer, looking about the cabin, after having asked all the usual questions relative to our cargo, passage, bill of health, etc.

"If I had brought passengers from home, I should have had a list among my other papers, senor," answered the young captain, evasively.

"All right, captain," said the good-natured officer, laughingly, as he left the cabin; and fifteen minutes later, I was seated beside Captain Alwyn in the stern sheets of the Dart's boat, that was pulled off to the Courier, where we found Ireton seated in the cabin, chatting with our late passenger, who was presented in a guise that would have defied detection by any one not acquainted with the secret; for, instead of the delicate, and richly-dressed young lady which we had brought from Porto Santo, I beheld her there, a stout, hearty-looking sailor-boy, dressed in white duck trousers, red and white striped shirt, a short frock such as sailors call a 'jumper,' spotlessly white, with a broad blue collar open at the throat, and turned back on his shoulders, with a white anchor worked in each corner. To complete this outfit, the boy wore a pair of light, long-quartered pumps, and on his head a neat sentinel hat, even there in the cabin, at which a stranger well posted up in matters of nautical etiquette might have wondered; but to us

who knew how necessary that hat was to the completion of the boy's disguise, it seemed very proper that he should wear it, even in the presence of his commander.

"The female cabin-boy answered to the name of Peter, and conversed fluently upon various subjects, without the slightest perceptible Portuguese accent, speaking the English language perfectly; and before we left the brig near midnight, I began to entertain some doubts if the girl was in reality the Portuguese maiden she had claimed to be when she came on board the Dart at Porto Santo.

"Two days passed away, and the morning of the third was far advanced, when a boat, filled with officers and soldiers, came off alongside, the commander of which came on deck, and informed Captain Alwyn that intelligence had just been received from Porto Santo, that Senor Cortano, the governor's young and beautiful wife, lately Senorita Isabelita Ybanos, had eloped, taking with her a large sum of Senor Manuel's money, together with many valuable jewels; and it had been ascertained beyond a doubt that she had left the island in the Dart.

"Indeed," said Captain Alwyn, very quietly, when the officer was done speaking; 'have you heard, senor, that the laws of Portugal, or her dependencies, allow the marriage of men or women *with their own children*?'

"I am aware that they don't, captain; but why do you ask such a question?"

"Because, senor, on the evening that I sailed from Porto Santo, Captain Cortano boarded my vessel, and demanded from me this same Isabelita Ybanos, claiming her as his daughter. But happening to know that the governor of Porto Santo had no wife or child, I shoved him rather unceremoniously over the side, upon which he ordered his men to fire at me, which outrage I have already reported to our consul here, and which I shall not fail to report faithfully to the proper department on my return to London. Ay, and to the commander of yonder frigate, too, within twenty minutes after she anchors;" and Alwyn pointed to a gallant British frigate, some four miles outside, standing in for Funchal, followed not a mile astern by a crack sloop-of-war.

"You can search my vessel, sir, and if you find Senor Manuel's runaway wife, daughter, or any one else that does not belong here, why, you are very welcome to take them out."

"But in consideration of the near approach of the two men-of-war, the Portuguese officer

very courteously waived his right of search, and, hurrying down into his boat in the most undignified manner, she was cast off and sent through the water in towards the shore, probably a great deal faster than she had ever gone before.

"That was the last we heard of Captain Manuel Cortano, or his wife, from the authorities of Funchal; but one evening about three days afterwards, I learned a portion of the secret connected with the maiden, by a singular accident, and an hour later, Captain Alwyn revealed to me the remainder.

"The two captains and myself were ashore together, and walking along the base of a rugged hill some two miles from the town, when we encountered a number of small boys coming from the vineyards, all amusing themselves with shooting a peculiar kind of dart cut out of hard wood, fashioned like an arrow, and projected by a rod of elastic wood, having a cord of the same length, one end secured to the stick, and the other knotted to fit a notch cut midway of the shaft. I had often seen Ireton practising with these Madeira darts, and it was said in Funchal that he was a most expert marksman.

"Several of the boys knew him, and gathered about us, offering their toy weapons, and urging us to shoot. Captain Ireton entered into the sport as heartily as though he had been a boy himself, and began shooting vigorously at a target that the boys had set up a few rods off. I also tried my hand at the sport; but Alwyn stood there with a calm, quiet smile, declining to try his hand, till Ireton thrust his bow and dart into his hand, saying:

"Come, Alwyn—. Be a boy once in your life, and try a shot with us boys."

"Mechanically, he took the proffered toy, fixed the string in the notch, drew back the dart till the rod was bent nearly double, when away with a twang and hiss it flew at random, and there rang out the next instant on the evening air, a wild, unearthly shriek of mingled pain and rage, from a hideous-looking old hag that we had not observed, seated in front of a rude kennel a few yards distant.

"Fly, seniors! 'tis old Lina Faleira, the Rock-witch, that you have wounded. Fly! fly, seniors! and flinging aside their baskets and darts, the urchins fled with the utmost precipitation, while the two captains and myself approached the old hag, who continued to scream in tones more resembling the howls of some wild animal than anything human.

"The tiny weapon had pierced the skin of her long, bony neck, just below the right ear, and having been plucked from the wound, two slight streams of blood had followed its withdrawal, and trickled down, one upon her parchment-colored bosom, and the other over her shoulder, that was entirely nude.

"Alwyn offered the old beldam several pieces of silver, and commenced to apologize for the unintentional wound he had given her. But she flung the coin from her with a yell of rage, spit full in his face; and the white foam gathered on her shrivelled lips as she screamed forth her witch-curse in his ears:

"Curse ye! English dog that ye are! Captain John Alwyn, commander of the Dart, I know ye; and I'll curse ye, too. That jaunty craft of which you are so proud, is doomed—doomed—doomed! She shall never return to England. And you—ha, ha, ha! You have stolen the pretty bird Captain Manuel paid me for taming; but ye cannot—shall not keep her. I'll make ye howl with rage and despair, as I do with the smart of your heartless dart-thrust. Darts! the curse of Lina, the sorceress, be on *all* darts, and yours especially. The lightnings shall scathe, the waves crash, and the black squalls—"

"Hush up, you old withered anatomy, or I'll make a bowstring of this dart lanyard, and choke ye into silence!" shouted Ireton, snatching up one of the rods and strings, and approaching the witch. But nothing intimidated, she assailed him even fiercer than she had done Alwyn.

"You threaten me, do ye, Edward Ireton—coward whelp that ye are? Go back to your vessel, and caress your sailor—disguised leman—if ye find her there. 'Twas a cunning scheme—that disguise; but ye could not quite deceive me, ye silly fool. I'll make ye repent that threat of yours till ye die. I'll—"

"There, you babbling old fool," I said, stepping forward, and grasping the old crone by the arm. "Don't curse Captain Ireton quite to death. What have you got reserved for me?"

"A curse—a blighting, withering curse, that shall make ye hate mankind; hate—hate—all—everything human, and then—"

"Fall in love with yourself, I suppose, you old Portuguese Scorpion!" I shouted, as I flung the hideous old thing aside, and walked off with my companions, laughing at the whole affair, while the enraged Rock-witch screamed forth her maledictions after us all the more frantically.

"On our way back to the boat-landing, I learned from Captain Alwyn that the beautiful girl who had escaped on board our vessel, from Porto Santo, was the only child of Vicente Ybanos, a merchant of vast wealth, living near Setuval, on the west coast of Portugal, not far from Lisbon. Ten months previously, Isabelita had come to Funchal on a visit to an aunt who was said to possess great wealth, but who lived in almost entire seclusion in a retired nook some three miles from the town.

"About five weeks previous to our arrival, the old lady had died, leaving all her riches, which were mostly in gold and jewels, to Isabelita, who was on the point of starting for home, when she was seized one evening, and carried off to a dreary cave in the mountains, where she was guarded by an old hag for several days, and finally sent off on board a small craft, which conveyed her to Porto Santo, where she had remained in the power of the ruffian for three days, until at last she escaped during his temporary absence, by bribing her keeper; and the remainder of her adventure after gaining the brig, I knew already.

"We all went off to the Courier in Captain Ireton's boat, and as he stepped in over the gangway his first inquiry of the mate was for Isabelita.

"Isabelita, sir!" exclaimed the mate; "why, sir, she's gone."

"Gone, Mr. Many! Gone? How—when—when did she go?" gasped Alwyn.

"Within thirty minutes after you left the brig, sir. I thought you sent for her, sir."

"Indeed; and what caused you to think that, Mr. Many?"

"Why, this note, sir;" and the mate produced a paper, which Alwyn snatched from his hand, and read aloud as follows:

"SEÑORITA ISABELITA:—The news of your escape, and the information that you are on board the brig, has reached here, and you are no longer safe where you are. Come with the bearer of this, who will conduct you to us.

"JOHN ALWYN, of the *Dart*.

"EDWARD IRETON, of the *Courier*."

"'Tis my hand-writing, and yet I never penned it," said Captain Alwyn.

"And that is my signature, yet God knows I never wrote it," exclaimed Ireton. "Did she take the packages with her?" he asked, after a few moments' pause.

"No, sir; they are locked up safe," replied the mate.

"Nothing could be done that evening; but we swore to seek out and recover the lost girl on the following day, at all hazards.

#### THE RESULT.

"At an early hour on the morning following the disappearance of Isabelita, we waited on the consul, in company with the commanders of the two men-of-war, and communicated to him all we knew respecting the girl and her abduction.

"The consul promised us his assistance, as did the two commanders, and in less than two hours after we landed, the whole civil and military police force of Funchal were on the alert to discover the perpetrators of the outrage; but the day went by without any intelligence having been gained, and the next morning a rumor went thrilling through Funchal that Captain Alwyn had also disappeared.

"How, or whether he had gone, no one knew; but one thing was certain—he had not been on board of either the brigs during the night, or to the residence of any of his friends on shore; and when four days of the most persevering search had gone by without elucidating anything of the mystery, it became equally certain that he was not absent from his vessel by his own free will.

"At the expiration of ten days, both brigs were ready to sail; and as not one word had been heard from Alwyn in all that time, an officer was procured from the frigate to take the *Dart* home, while I transferred my effects to the Courier, for the purpose of returning with Captain Ireton.

"We had an extraordinary quick passage home to London, and having discharged her cargo of fruit, the Courier was loaded again, and almost ready to sail, when a bark came from Cadiz, having two water-casks with *Dart* painted on them, and several other articles that were known to have belonged to our vessel, that they had picked up adrift off Guernsey, in the English channel. This was all that was known of the fate of the homeward-bound fruiter; and the probability was that she had either been run down, or foundered in a gale of wind.

"I went out to Madeira again with Captain Ireton, and on our arrival renewed our search, and inquiries after Alwyn and the missing maiden. But I could learn nothing. About the time we sailed from Funchal on our former voyage, Captain Manuel Cortano had been killed in a quarrel with a French captain,



and all knowledge he might have had of the disappearance of Alwyn and Isabelita was buried with him. Returning to London, I found a beautiful new craft my father had purchased to supply the place of the lost Dart. The firm considering me in every respect competent to command any craft afloat, the new vessel was offered to myself, and I set to work immediately to fitting her for sea.

## DART No. IL

### UNCERTAINTY.

"The brig had not been christened when she was launched, and up to the day before I was to sail, her stern had remained barren of a single letter. I had often asked my father what he intended to call her, but he always put me off with some evasive reply, and what her name was to be, or whether she was to have any name at all, remained a matter of uncertainty to me till about noon on the day before that on which we were to sail, when going down to the brig, I discovered a painter at work putting the last leg to the N in London, and across the arch board I read, *Dart—London*.

"I didn't think you would call her that, father," I said, remembering the sybil's curse, which I had told my father all about, and having no affection whatever for the name.

"Why not, my son?" inquired the old gentleman, smiling as he spoke; 'tis a good name, and one I always liked.'

"Yes, father; but the—the—curse of that old—"

"Nonsense, boy! Have you got so much of the forecastle about you as to suppose a crazy old woman can influence the weather, or the fate of this craft?"

"No sir, not quite; but—"

"Well, well, never mind the buts now; you just go to sea in the Dart Junior, and if ever you catch the old witch in one of her cruises on a broomstick, crossing your hawser, why, just up helm and run her down.'

"I finally laughed with my father, at my own superstitions—not quite fears, but something very nearly akin to them—and went to sea in the new Dart, making at the outset one of the quickest passages that had ever been made between London and Madeira.

"I continued in command of the Dart for nearly three years, making successful voyages, during which time Ireton remained in the Courier, and although he had been exceed-

ingly fortunate, yet he had grown reserved and melancholy, until he became as different from what he was at the time Alwyn disappeared, as the two young men had been from each other.

"I had often questioned him respecting this total change in his character or rather temperament, but he always evaded my questions, until it finally leaked out that the consul's clerk had thrown out hints that as Isabelita left a large sum in gold and jewels on board the Courier, and as it was generally understood that Alwyn was in love with the beautiful Portuguese girl, it was just possible that Captain Ireton knew more of the sudden disappearance of the maiden and his friend than he chose to tell every one.

"Now almost everybody that knew anything about the affair, knew that the parcels, which Isabelita had left on board the brig were delivered unbroken to my father, and by him deposited with one of the most respectable bankers in London for safe keeping till an owner should be found for them, either in the person of the maiden herself or some of her relatives from Portugal; so that this report put in circulation by the consul's clerk, was looked upon only as a vile slander. But all our arguments with Ireton to persuade him to look upon it in that light were of no avail, and he was every day growing more moody and misanthropic, until he became a perfect monomaniac, and my father had two or three times spoken of placing another man in command of the brig, considering Ireton as no longer safe to trust her with.

"But he was engaged to be married to my sister, which rendered it a delicate matter, and so he was continued in command of the brig for nearly a year after common prudence would have dictated his removal.

"At last my father proposed that Captain Ireton and my sister should be married immediately, and that he should take his wife out to Madeira, hoping that her presence would dissipate the habitual gloom that hung upon him.

"They were married, and on the passage out Ireton confessed to his wife what we had never suspected, that the curse of the old hag of the rock had haunted him like a nightmare ever since it was pronounced, until he was almost mad.

"Adelaide Alwyn, a sister of the lost captain, a beautiful girl to whom I was soon to be married, went out with my sister for company, and among the three of us we very

nearly laughed Ireton out of his witch-dread, but the curse of the slanderer clung to him as obstinately as ever.

"I sailed from Funchal three days before the Courier, and on the fourth night out, about midnight, the brig was run down and sunk by the strangest looking craft I ever saw. She was a monstrous, dreamy looking ship with an illuminated figure-head, and as she went crashing over us, the gleaming figure head glared down upon our decks, and I recognized the shrunken, demoniac features in an instant. They were those of Lina Falleira, the sybil of Madelra.

"The ship passed on without even heeding our cries for help, and we were left there in the water—four of us only, clinging to broken spars and bits of plank for our lives.

#### SINGULAR VICISSITUDES.

"Forty hours we struggled on there in the water, and then when it was almost night on the second day after our disaster, we were discovered and picked up by Captain Ireton in the Courier.

"Judge if you can, of our astonishment when we were taken on board very nearly exhausted, at beholding there on deck the very first persons that met our gaze, the well-remembered forms of Captain John Alwyn, and the lovely Portuguese maiden, Isabelita Ybanos.

"They were both pale and care-worn, and yet there was a telltale expression of happiness beaming in the features of each, that told most eloquently of their hearts' joy, notwithstanding their wan and wasted appearance. Captain Ireton informed me that he had taken Alwyn and Isabelita out of a French barque bound to the Cape de Verds, who had picked them up in an open boat, five days previously, near the Bay of Biscay, where they had been wrecked in a brig bound from Lisbon to London.

"But the strangest of all were the stories of Isabelita and Alwyn told to us all, there in the cabin some few hours after we were rescued from the waves. From Isabelita's lips we learned that the man with whom she left the brig, as she supposed to meet the two captains, conveyed her to a gloomy-looking old house at the northern extremity of the city, where she soon learned that instead of having put herself under the protection of friends, she was a prisoner to one of the vilest scoundrels in Funchal, and that miscreant was none

other than Arthur Armington, the clerk of the British consul.

"She was shut up a close prisoner in one of the desolate chambers of the old mansion, where she was visited that evening by the ruffian, who informed her that he had himself written the note which had so deceived her, protesting that he had loved her ever since she first landed in Funchal, and had determined to possess herself and the wealth left her by her aunt at any cost. After having exhausted every argument to prevail upon her to write an order to Captain Ireton for the parcels which she had left on board the brig, to place them in his possession, and marry him at once; all of which propositions she treated with contempt; the villain left her, and that night she was removed to a desolate cavern near the coast about ten miles from the town, where she remained for nearly two weeks, under the guardianship of Lina, the old Rock Sybil; from whose vigilance she managed to escape one day, and having gained the shore, she found a small boat, in which she pulled off to a Spanish barque which lay becalmed not far from the coast.

"The Spanish captain received her kindly, as did his wife who was with him, and she found a home and kind protection with them, while the barque was making the voyage to Buenos Ayres and back to Barcelona, when the captain furnished her with the means to return home, where she found her father some three months dead, leaving herself the richest heiress in the west of Portugal.

"Captain Alwyn informed us that just after dark on the evening of his sudden disappearance, as he was approaching the boat landing, he was set upon by four ruffians, headed by Arthur Armington, who gagged and bound him, and then flung him into a boat, in which he was conveyed on board a schooner which carried him to the Cape de Verds, where he was transferred to a Portuguese frigate on the point of sailing for Goa; and in spite of his protestations, he was obliged to serve as a common sailor till the ship returned to Lisbon, where he was recognized by Isabelita who came to visit the frigate one day about a week after her arrival.

"She reported his case to the British minister, who immediately procured his discharge, and an indemnity for the outrage, that made him at once a rich man.

"A month after his release he was married to Isabelita, with whom he embarked in a brig bound for London, for the purpose of looking

after the property left by his wife on board the Courier.

"The vessel in which they sailed was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, and three days afterwards they were taken off by the French barque, the only survivors of more than forty souls. They had been transferred to the Courier only a few hours before we had been picked up, and after all our checkered vicissitudes, there we were once more, all homeward bound, and all most happy.

### DART No. III.

#### RETRIBUTION.

"On our arrival in London, the parcels containing Isabelita's money and jewels were restored to her, and by her given to her husband. Ten days after our arrival, Adelaide Alwyn became my wife, and two months later, Captains Alwyn, Ireton and myself, with our wives, sailed once more for Madeira in a splendid brig called the DART, which my father had caused to be built, declaring that the Dart should continue in the Madeira trade, in spite of the predictions of all the Portuguese witches in existence.

"On our arrival in Funchal, we learned that the old hag Lina Faleira had been found dead in the street a few days previous to our arri-

val, and that the scoundrel Arthur Armington was on board a British sloop of war, in irons, on his way to England, to be tried for various crimes against British laws in which he had been detected.

"We returned to London in time to give our evidence against the wretch, and hear his sentence of transportation for life to the penal colonies. Ireton recovered his former vivacity, and abandoning the sea, became with Alwyn a partner in the firm of Faxon, Gould & Co.

"The Dart continued in the trade till the winter of 1849, when she foundered in a terrific gale in sight of Madeira, nearly all her crew going down with her. Many people, and sailors in particular, believe that the dead sybil's curse still clung to the name, and caused the destruction of the Dart. But my father believed nothing of the kind, and soon had Dart No. IV. in the trade—the loss of which vessel on the coast of Africa I have just received intelligence of, and if ever I learn the particulars of her destruction you shall have them."

The story of Guilford Faxon was finished; and as we left the zinc-covered seat on the Common where we had been reclining during the narration, I said to myself, "that story will do to tell again."

## A CHERISHED MEMORY.

BY JOSEPH W. NYE.

One holy Sabbath bright,  
When summer's glories gladdened all the scene,  
When flowers smiled upon their beds of green,  
And birds with fond delight  
Sang joyous strains, I sought my garden bower,  
For meditation in the noontide hour.

And with me, playful there,  
Was one most dear—my darling and my pride,  
Who scarce could tattle by her father's side—  
Than all the flowers more fair.  
That little one amid the blossoms bright,  
Seemed like an angel from the realms of light.

Then, little did I know  
'Twas the last Sabbath of her visit here;  
For the next Sabbath rested on her bier  
Her infant form. The glow  
Of health upon her soft and rosy cheek,  
Had faded forever in one short, sad week!

Such is our mortal life!  
At morn we know not what the eve may bring,  
And dearest treasures take the earliest wing;  
This mortal state is rife  
With trials—yet how truly blest is he,  
Who in them all the hand of God can see.

## THE ROUND ROOM.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

THE funeral was over; the hearse had borne its load to the country graveyard; neighbors had kindly gathered around the grave. The coffin had been lowered, the yellow earth shovelled upon it, the iron gate closed, and the remains left to be consumed and forgotten.

The deceased was an aged man, and had been the sole occupant of a grand old mansion, near the place where I was staying. He was a pardoned convict; the greater portion of his life had been passed inside the walls of a prison.

His trial had intensely excited the community at the time, as it brought to light much that was mysterious as well as criminal.

There was something preternatural about the place where he resided—so the neighbors asserted—and a superstitious awe crept over me, as, returning from the newly-filled grave, I approached the tenantless house. There it stood, solemn and time-worn, in the spring twilight. The mild winds breathed through the dark pine-trees; the frogs piped in the woodland pastures and in the tarn, and the mournful cadence of the whip-poor-will broke the stillness of the far-off woodlands. The voices of children at play on the greensward about the farm-houses, the chore-boy's whistle, the distant low of cattle, the gurgle of swollen streams by the wayside, the mellow air, were at once pleasant and sad. I felt sad—that settled sadness when the soul fails to grasp the hope of the Christian, and yet is conscious that all beside that hope is a phantasma, a bauble; when the thoughts of death and the rapid march of time overcasts the future, and the will struggles blindly against the inevitable. As I passed the broad lawn in front of the decaying mansion, a long, rocky pasture, in which was an old well and wellsweep, brought to mind a strange story which the neighbors associated with the spot.

A woman was said to have been seen a number of times at nightfall, and, on one occasion, at early morning, sitting on the curbstone, but, on approaching her, she had become lost to view. Wild stories and random speculations about the supposed phantom had for years been the staple of a wide circle of gossips, and the feeling had become settled that there had been foul play about the premises,

and that uncommon sights might startle the person who frequented the place after dark.

The family's name was Hamlin. The deceased, Martin Hamlin, was the last of the family. His father, Abel Hamlin, obtained control of the estate by his marriage to his second wife, a wealthy Spanish girl. She became insane, and committed suicide by drowning herself in the pasture well. It was her wraith that the neighbors supposed haunted the place.

She left one child, Edgar, to whom, before her madness, she had willed the greater portion of her wealth.

The house, it was said, contained a round room, constructed by an old doctor, which was capable of dethroning the reason of the occupant. There Abel Hamlin confined his young wife, ruined her mind, and obtained control of her property. One night, as the story runs, a new domestic, hearing a sound as of a human being in distress, left her bed and groped through the silent rooms, and, descending a small staircase, came to the door of the room from which the sound proceeded. The key had been left in the door, and she entered the room; it was round and unfurnished, and seemed vacant. Suddenly a figure glided out with electrical swiftness; the following morning, just before break of day, a shriek was heard in the direction of the pasture well, and the body of the wretched wife was soon after found, drenched and lifeless, on the curbstones.

How much truth there was in these current stories, I was not prepared to judge. I was a stranger in the community; but, as I wandered by the shadowy and mysterious-looking place that nightfall, I felt a strong curiosity to visit the house—a curiosity which I knew was shared by many others.

The subject was canvassed that night at my boarding-house, and a few friends agreed to visit the place with me on the following day.

Strange to relate, such a room as the neighbors had described was found, round and monotonous, and exerting a dizzy influence on the one who remained there for any length of time.

For a number of months the house was un-

occupied. Some friends of the deceased had been written to concerning the estate, but they lived at a distance, and I visited the house several times before it passed into new hands.

One day, I found, in an antique chamber or study, an old diary; it was Edgar Hamlin's, the son of Abel Hamlin by his ill-fated wife. It opened with a strange narrative, probably half fanciful, half real. I took the diary to my rooms, and transcribed the narrative entire. It was as follows:

My father, Abel Hamlin, was twice married. By his first wife he had two children, Martin and Emerline. His second wife was a Spanish lady of beauty and accomplishments. She was my mother. My parents died a few years after my birth.

My childhood was gloomy. I lived with my half-brother, my guardian. We were quite unlike. In appearance he was brusque and burly, in habit, cool and calculating; I was slender and effeminate, warm-hearted and passionate.

My sister was an expressionless, unsocial girl. I loved both brother and sister with the warm, gushing affection of a whole-souled child; they had a common-place, business-like care for me, nothing more.

The old family house rose through a broad sea of waving trees, and leaned steadfastly on its white, fluted pillars. My brother's orders to the servants confined me to the limits of the house and grounds—a restriction that seemed unjust, as I advanced in boyhood. I spent much of my time in a grand old study, in the second story of the mansion, which, I had been told, was the room of my mother. Her portrait was there, rigid and deathly, but lighting up with human-like smiles, as the last rays of the sun shot through the gothic window. In one corner stood her piano, a heavy, carved instrument, from whose pearly bank, soft, trembling music responded to the slightest touch. The pictures—the *Madonna*, the *Last Supper*, the *Last Judgment*, the *Saints*—the arched alcoves, glittering with books and graced with statuary, and the grand, stained-glass windows, casting subdued, visionary light over all, lent a church-like appearance to the place.

I received instruction from a faithful governess, and learned rapidly. I was fond of reading. I read the antequely-bound novels and romances in the alcoves of my room, with all the emotions of a sympathetic nature, and lived a thousand lives of pleasure and of pain,

with as many heroes and heroines. My feelings ebbed and flowed, and subsided to a pleasurable calm, at the bidding of each subtle author. I became enamored with poetry, and seemed to live in the superb hyperbole that engaged my fancy like a perpetual drama. I devoured history and biography with the eagerness of a neglected and restless mind. My sister took lessons on the piano in the parlor. I always lingered near, and, when the teacher went, returned to my room, closed the heavy door, and practised the lesson on my mother's instrument. I loved to produce low symphonies, dulcet strains, that breathed the soul of sentiment, birdlike warblings, in rapid and delightful succession, loud hosannas, thundering heavily on the sonorous bass of the harp, pealing hallelujahs, on whose tremendous waves my spirit seemed to mount up to the choral melodies that echo from walls of jasper and gates of pearl. I made the great soul of Beethoven speak to me from the keys, the tender spirit of Mozart breathe in my ear the language of sympathy and love, the grand genius of Haydn peal forth a diapason, like the rush of many waters, or the far-off anthems of cherubic hosts. I would grow weary of inexhaustible melodies, and would sink to sleep with my fingers still on the keys.

Only once did my brother hear me play; it was a priest's march, from Mozart. As I swept steadily through the multitudinous notes, something like admiration kindled in his face. When I had finished, I went to his knee; he stooped and kissed me. 'Twas his first and last kiss; it made me unhappy. I had tasted something of affection; I grew hungry for more.

My reading, my music, my seclusion, filled me with unutterable longings for human friendship and love. I tried, by simplicity, by art, by amiability, by neglect, to wring from my brother another expression of affection, but all in vain.

I loved my governess, and felt that she was my only sympathetic friend. I disliked many of the practical studies she gave me, and neglected them, but loved the languages. I soon acquired both the French and German under her skilful training. My brother one day heard me conversing with her in French. I sustained my part admirably, and indulged in repartee, affecting French manners. He looked surprised; his tufted eyebrows lowered, and a lurking jealousy was evident in his cold blue eye.

"'Tis all very fine," he said, "but the child's education is too superficial. I must have a new teacher," he added, as soon as my governess left the room.

My passion welled up within me.

"I will never open my lips to a new teacher," said I, suddenly and defiantly. "You have neglected me, you have shut me out of the society of the world. You would make my life still more unsocial, by removing my kind-hearted governess. It is no fault of hers, if my education is superficial. You send away my governess, and I am dumb. You cannot make me speak. Superficial, indeed! I could eclipse you now in any society, and make you appear the dupe and dolt that you are."

He arose hastily, struck me with his hard hand. I threw myself on the sofa, and lay for hours, weeping, and choking down my bitterness of feeling.

I was roused from my intemperate grief by the entrance of my governess. I arose, and flung myself upon her bosom. The dearth and bitterness of my soul gave place to a refreshing warmth of feeling.

"Edgar, my dear pupil," she said, falteringly, after a silence, "I have come to bid you farewell, perhaps forever. Remember the injunction of your best friend: Marry before you become of age."

She seemed about to leave, but, lingering, said:

*"There is a round room in this house; never enter it!"*

She broke the embrace, and was gone.

I flung myself again on the sofa, yielding to my nervous system the mastering of reason. I was sick and feverish; an unnatural heat seemed consuming my brain. I felt that some sinister deity influenced my life. I dwelt on the words of my governess, and the opinion became settled in my mind that my brother's surveillance over me had some mysterious design. I remembered his cold, cunning way; I loathed him, and, with low, revengeful feelings dulling my senses, I fell asleep.

When I awoke, the night had passed, and the morning sun was filling with a golden glory the globulous haze, dun fields and autumn-painted trees. A servant called me to breakfast, but I had no heart to leave the room. The tempest of passion had left a soothing, sensuous calm, and I enjoyed it. Sleep stole over me again. I was roused by my brother.

"Edgar," he whispered, "are you ill?"

I was silent.

"Martin Hamlin," said I, suddenly, "you are a man of wicked designs. Why have you kept me in seclusion these fifteen years? Why, like you, may I not go into society, and enjoy the world?"

He seemed conscience-smitten.

"He is delirious," said a husky voice. "That there boy will be raving crazy yet."

I looked across the room, and beheld there a gruff, bluey man, with a tarnished red face. It was the doctor.

That night I was better.

The next morning I raised the window, and gazed moodily out on the lawn. My conscience troubled me. I had read in the Holy Book that he who hated his brother was a murderer. Why not? he possessed the murderer's spirit. I was then a spiritual as well as a natural orphan. But my brother was so cold, so altered. I felt instinctively that he regarded me maliciously; his spirit had frozen mine. The prediction of the doctor that I should become insane, troubled me. I knew the results that follow, like a dreadful judgment, outbursts of passion like mine. Besides, I fancied I already had pre-admonitions of insanity. Often, as I was falling asleep, or was waking, the most common-place thought would flit with a startling palpableness across my mind. The reflection that I must be buried in the ground, that the storms would beat above me, and the night brood over my rotting remains, would overwhelm me with horror, and make existence seem a curse. Destiny would rise like a colossal demon before me. Dreams, too, I had, when my spirit seemed disembodied, and to roam into the past and future, and to probe the heights and depths of space.

I was roused from these reflections, which made my life seem a dismal heritage, by the appearance of two forms in the avenue below. One was Martin, the other a girl, a stranger to me, who swept along with a measured step, as though marked by music. Her rapid, clipped words, which she seemed to fling into my brother's face by a nervous toss of the head, were birdlike and charming, and her light laugh, ringing out on the pulseless air, bespoke a warm, happy heart. They disappeared among the hollies, and I followed the sound of their voices to the arbor by the brook.

Spurred by a corroding resentment towards my brother, and by the desire to worm out of him any secrets that could be used to his dis-



advantage, I went into the lawn, and cautiously approached the arbor. I entered a circle of firs, within hearing, and, for a long time, was amused at the girl's good-humored wit and repartee. The conversation was trifling, but led to a joke that startled me.

"If your witless brother," said the girl, "should suddenly become wise, he would heir the whole of his mother's fortune, according to her will. I've half a mind to try to engage his affections. I could be brains for him, which would amount to the same as though he had them himself, and we should heir the estate—eh? You remember the provision, if he married young—this house and these pleasure-grounds, and all the back country for a farm! Some people say he aint so witless, after all, as you would have him appear. Should he suddenly discover common sense, the better portion of your property, you know, is gone."

The secret flashed upon me in an instant. I was a backward, stupid child ere my mother died. I was to heir the fortune, if capable of the charge; if incapable, it was to be controlled, after the decease of my father, by my brother. The house, grounds, and valuable tracts of land, belonged to my mother. They were mine in full, if I married young; otherwise my brother had claims upon them. It was his object to represent me as an imbecille, and to prevent me from marrying.

I stole back to the house, bitterly. My soul was laid bare by the sense of my wrongs.

That day there was an unusual bustle about the premises; preparations were evidently making for the reception of guests. Evening came, and the grounds were illuminated with colored lights. The feeble moonbeams streamed over the treetops, and fell on my mother's picture. I fancied I saw a look of sorrow there—a prophetic expression, that spoke of coming evil. The dumb night wore on; magnificent equipages wheeled up the avenue, gaily-attired people alighted therefrom, and a sea of life seemed surging in the parlors below. I leaned on the frame of the raised window, sadly, half believing I had been seized with aberration of mind.

Late in the evening there was a gentle tap at the door of the room. My heart beat quick, and I beheld color in my face as I passed the mirror. I contrasted my physique with Martin's, and could not see why my finely-formed features should not prove as agreeable to society as his coarse look. I had a hurt, sorrowful expression, but it did not make me

uneloquent or repulsive. For a moment I indulged in something like pride. I opened the door; the girl I had seen with my brother in the morning stood before me, a lovely being, whose gauzy dress fell round her like a shining cloud. Her hair was dark and jewelled; her countenance delicate and tinted; her eyes dark and lustrous; her figure lithe and symmetrical. She extended her hand, glittering with brilliants, apologized, with a winning grace, for the intrusion, and introduced herself as Annie Esler, a friend of my brother.

"Martin tells me you are ill," she said, throwing herself upon the sofa. "I couldn't help thinking of you, sick in this ghostly chamber, and so I stole away, to beguile a few moments of your time. O, the party is magnificent. I wish you could be there."

"I was aware that there was an unusual gathering below," said I, "nothing more."

She looked surprised.

"Have you been ill long?" she asked, feelingly.

"I have been much excited for several days," I replied, "but grief has been the cause. I wish I could tell you all; you seem feeling and kind-hearted."

I seated myself beside her on the sofa, and continued:

"I am fifteen years old, and have never been allowed to leave these premises. I had an excellent teacher, to whom I was much attached, but my brother seemed jealous of my progress, and she was dismissed. I have no friends, no solace but my books and piano. I am unhappy. My youth is passing without the pleasures that others enjoy."

"And I know the reason," she said, nervously. "'Tis shameful. Can you play?" she asked, looking towards the piano, as if wishing to change the subject.

"Yes," said I; "'tis my greatest delight. There is something remarkably soothing in intellectual music."

She sat musing, and then asked:

"Will you go to the parlors with me?"

"If you wish," I replied.

She laid her hand gently on my arm, and led me down to the swarming rooms.

The scene was dazzling. The nude nymphs of the long row of chandeliers held in their hands rose-colored flames, and the cut glass, like spilled light, trembled beneath. Perfumes and flowers, gems and glittering apparel, music and happy voices, human beauty and grace, made the place bewitching and bewildering.

As we entered the garrulous throng, the sound of the piano caused a general silence, and I observed my sister playing with indifferent skill. The performance ended awkwardly, and Annie Esler was importuned to play a favorite air from Mendelssohn. We approached the instrument; I seated myself near her, and was evidently the subject of remark. Her playing was rich and intellectual, a rolling, blending music, and her flute-like voice rippled delightfully in the melting notes of the accompaniment. She then played a plaintive German song, and asked me to sing the contralto. Our voices blended as one, and the music of the piano dropped, as it were, into the undulations of melody.

Annie Esler then bid me play. Hardly knowing what I did, but swayed by the impulses of a newborn love, I took my place at the instrument, and found myself dropping, as from airy fingers, a masterpiece of the patriarchal Haydn. It closed in a series of melting melodies, calling forth all the latent poetry of human nature, and, at the end of the performance, a murmur of satisfaction broke the silence of the rooms.

I had found a place in the hearts of all present but two; they were my brother and sister. As I surveyed the crowded rooms, I caught Martin's eye; there was malice in it; I shuddered, and, as I met the electrical smile of Annie Esler, something whispered forebodingly of evil.

Annie Esler and I mingled with the company, who received me with unceremonious fondness. It seemed like a new life to me—a life in which it would be exquisite happiness to live perpetually. My heart throbbed once with the heart of the world. Alas!

They were preparing for dancing. Annie did not wish to join in the amusement, and I could not; so we left the house, and tripped up the avenue. The night was changed. The sky was murky, the air wet, the lights were dull. The chill drew us closely together, and, arm in arm, we stood by a smoking torch that flared in the night winds. Then and there were breathed, artlessly and tenderly in my ear, the sweetest words to which I ever listened:

*"I love you!"*

There was a rustle near us; a figure stood in the dusk. I felt instinctively it was Martin. We turned back, and chatted in the hall. The small hours of the night drew near, and the party began to disperse.

I sought my room, with air-castles filling

my mind. The silence of the place was oppressive, and brought back fearful trains of thought. What would my brother do now? He might seek my room with revengeful intentions that night. A palpable foreshadowing of something dreadful alarmed me. I left the room, and went again into the yard.

The wet clouds lowered, and seemed heaving among the trees. The leaves flapped in the moving winds, the lights were out, everything was cheerless. I paced up and down the avenue. At last I heard a heavy tread upon the stairs; a light flared up in my room; it was soon out, and I heard the step descending. I knew it was Martin's. He flung himself out of the door, and paced up and down the dark avenue, so near me I could have touched him. My excitement was intense. I determined not to stir, but trust in the friendly darkness. He passed me several times, and I was undiscovered. He drew near again; his head was turned towards me; he stopped suddenly and firmly. My heart that had been beating rapidly, now labored with long, heavy throes. A sinking feeling seized me; the world seemed whirling giddily about me, and I knew no more.

The next I remember, I was lying on the floor of a damp, round room, into which the light entered by a circular window near the ceiling. I felt unsettled both in mind and body. I thought of my cruel destiny; tears trickled down my cheek; my brain was hot, and weeping dulled the pain.

At last a smooth, semi-cylindrical door opened, and Martin, with a careworn, wicked look, entered, and placed food and wine on a small, round table in the centre of the room. There was a sudden wetness about his eyes as he turned towards me; a momentary penitence was evident in his flaccid cheek and broad lined forehead; his square lips opened and trembled a little, but shaped voiceless words. I was sick of his presence; my light frame quivered like an aspen leaf. I hoped he would leave me to die. He did leave me.

I arose, moved the round table to a place beneath the window, and, standing upon it, gazed out on the landscape. It was a lovely day in October, and the sunlight seemed dreaming in the mild, mellow sky. Not a leaf stirred, the distant meadows wore a sleepy glow, the locust piped anon his melancholy notes, and the far-off woodlands, tinted with the hues of autumn, stood against the western sky like the groves of a heathen paradise. How sweet the repose of the grave, thought

I—forgetfulness and calm! "I will have rest," I said; "to-night I will see the sun set for the last time."

I was tempted with the dream of suicide. The thought of oblivion was comforting. I sat down moodily, till the burnished flecks of light reminded me of sunset.

I arose to see the sunset for the last time. I saw it hanging low in the west, in a mingling, seething sea of phosphoric cloud and molten gold, dazing the sight, and seeming to antedate scenes apocalyptic. Thoughts of the far-off city of jasper and gold thronged my mind. Could self-murderers enter there?

\* \* \* \* \*

I had resolved to destroy myself at sunset, and had planned a way, but the sunset seemed prophetic of a life of glory for the good beyond the world, a state too beautiful and exalted for self-murderers to share.

Then the thought came to me that the mind perished with the body. Did it not? To all appearances it did, but it seemed dormant in a dream or in a trance, when perhaps it was never so active, seeming to live years in a moment. Appearances were deceptive. Death might be the throes of a spiritual birth to a higher life—that would be no stranger than the birth that ushered us into existence. Did not the very worms become gaudy insects? What was the body, after all, but an agent of the mind,—as the staff to the limb, and the telescope to the eye? Nothing. Did it will, act, think or enjoy itself? No. But the mind became enfeebled with the body, and was, therefore, material.

I must still stay in the world, and bide my time. So I solloquized, and despair seemed to be my portion in life. Again I looked from the circular window. The harvest fields were beginning to appear lonesome and cold, and the crickets among the grass were humming the plaint of the evening of the year. Every sound broke with an unnatural loudness on the air. The last rays of the fallen sun gleamed on the far-off treetops, and the shadows were beginning to hug the earth. As they grew thicker, I thought I saw the outlines of a figure by a well in the rocky pasture that sloped from the yard; it grew more distinct as the darkness hid the surrounding objects; I could define the very features—they startled me; there was much in them that resembled my mother's portrait. As the moon rose, the figure faded, I turned away from the window.

I slept; morning came, and I arose bewildered. There was something in the roundness

of the room that exerted upon me an oppressive and sickening sensation; wherever I looked a monotonous roundness blurred my mind, and unsettled its use of the faculties. I soon perceived that there was something tormenting about the place, and I recalled my governess's injunction, with many startling conjectures as to its mysterious meaning.

Suddenly a shadow fell upon me, as though some huge spectre darkened the light. My brain whirled—I had a vague notion that I was in extreme danger; my heart beat violently, and in a moment its action seemed to cease. I am dying, I thought, I shall soon know the great secret. The darkness of death is upon me; it will be a far-off day when the archangel's summons shall rekindle the light of these eyes. Something white floated by, and a priest-like voice uttered the words:

"What is time to the dead? in the moment death darkens the eyes, the great consummation of the world is revealed."

I felt a sinking sensation, and became unconscious. The next I recollect, I seemed disembodied. My form lay before me with its powers suspended. It was a sickening sight, I fled away. I had a spiritual body, and its faculties at once obeyed the beck of the will; as quick as thought could fly to a place, I was there. I went to a far region of space; it was a Paradise of beasts and birds that once swelled the living tides of earth. I beheld a sidereal vision; the telescopic stars were as nothing to the revolving diadems of constellations about them, circling onward, onward, upward, upward till all seemed a glittering blaze and glory of worlds. I mounted upward, till, intoxicated with celestial glories, the earth seemed like a dreamy romance, shadowy and dim. I remembered my love to Annie Esler; in a moment I was with her; she was in the lawn with Martin, by a cool, old willow; his hand pressed hers lovingly, but I lay sweetly and invisibly upon her breast. Again I went forth into space; again things of which the wildest imagination had scarcely dreamed crowded upon my vision.

Suddenly, I lost control of my faculties; I heard a rushing of wings above me, and was hurled downward. An abyss yawned beneath me, dark as night, silent as the grave, and unfathomable as the depths of space. Down, down I sunk, impelled by some irresistible power. The shades grew darker and the darkness thicker. A gigantic clock at last glimmered afar; its figures appeared like misshapen constellations, its hands like flaming

comets. I neared the glittering phenomenon, and sunk by it into a more stagnant darkness, till I lay, spell-bound and quaking with fear, on the billows of a mighty chaos. Far, far above me, like a dim constellation, appeared the gigantic clock. I wondered what my next state would be, and waited for a change. Suspense tortured me; I lived over again in mournful recollection the days of my life; weeks and months seemed to pass in the retrospect, but no change relieved the monotonous horror of my situation. The hand on the mighty dial seemed to move not. I loathed existence, and longed for annihilation.

At last I thought the hand of the mighty dial moved. I watched it with hope. Years, decades, centuries seemed to pass—it moved—it was nearer the figure one. Thousands, millions of years seemed to pass in the vigil; I remembered but vaguely my existence on earth. Nearer, nearer approached the hand to the figure; it reached it; an appalling sound like a thousand thunders shook the regions of space; the gigantic clock struck, not one, but NEVER. It echoed and re-echoed upward and downward; it reverberated again and again through the distant heights and far depths of space. The comet-hand swept back to its original place. Was this eternity? what then was life to this? Despair seized me; a rush of wings went by, and a mighty voice uttered: "The clock of eternity never strikes one."

In a moment the whole scene changed. A far-off twilight, a halo of tempered lustre and subdued purple, glimmered on the hills in the occident. Cool, delicious airs floated aimlessly about. I stood by a grave; wild flowers bloomed there, the last of the fading year. It was a neglected grave among antique marbles and zigzag, moss-grown tombstones. A ghostly slab stood at the head, and the sparkling sculpture read, *Maria Dhu Hamlin, Aet. 20*. The vision passed; the series of hallucinations ended, and I was again a being of the world.

When I recovered my self-consciousness, I found myself sitting beside a domestic on a sunny bank near the mansion. A most palpable and hateful recollection of the round room haunted me, and my brain seemed in a measure paralyzed. I could will, but many of my faculties were incapable of obeying; I had distinct conceptions, but was unable to express them coherently. Like an agonized poet of whom I once read, my mind, in a fleshy tomb, seemed buried above ground.

The independence of mind of matter, the entity of soul, and the subtle mechanism of the brain through which the soul acts, were apparent to me, a rare and strange gift.

I lived in a room in the basement, and a domestic, a squalid, cynical old woman, seemed to have the oversight of me. I was evidently regarded by the domestics as idiotic. My brother looked altered, and Annie Esler was the mistress of the premises; she was, I soon discovered, my brother's wife. Things about the place seemed altered. How many days or months or years had passed since my confinement in the round room? Had my life been wholly passed in the world? Would my brain ever throw off the incubus that throttled it, and resume its buoyance?

Time fled heavily; still I had certain glimmerings of pleasure, seasons of sweet contemplation. Did the fall winds sow the fields with plumed seeds, or the boreal tempest, like the crack of doom, break the spell of breathless days, or the vernal sun, like the vision of angels, call forth the resurrection of the year. I beheld in each scene a Superior Intelligence, and delighted myself in tracing the thoughts of the Infinite.

One day I wandered beyond the enclosure of the mansion into a bleak, open space of hill and dale. Rare trees and sparsely covered evergreens, broken rocks, boulders, ribbed and gray and matted with ferns. Beyond was a nook of evergreens by the highway leading to the city. Thither I strayed. It was a burial place; it looked strangely familiar. Marbles, antique and fantastic, stood ghost-like among the dark green trees. I amused myself in deciphering the inscriptions, many of which were in French. I at length paused before a slab that startled me. The inscription was, *Maria Dhu Hamlin, Aet. 20*. It was the same spot and the same stone I had seen in my hallucination. It was the grave of my mother. Had I dreamed aright of the place, or had I really visited the place before?

I made a discovery at last which proved the turning point of my strange history. I observed that the effect of sunlight was salutary; it strengthened and regulated my brain. I used therefore to roam much in mild weather in the sun; the sun-baths invigorated the nervous system, the brain, and gradually did my mind recover the use of its organs. Of this I said nothing. I purposely grew more sullen, and appeared more vacant, for I felt that new calamities awaited me if I discovered returning mental health.

My brother's domestic relations became unhappy. A young woman, a dashing brunette of versatile accomplishments and rare conversational gifts, engaged his affections, and his conduct towards his wife became altered. Whatever she said to him seemed unwelcome; he always replied laconically, in a coarse, hard way. She was a blameless and beautiful woman; she felt his unkindness keenly; her eyes were often red and swollen with weeping, and her health failed. I pitied her deeply—she was kind to me, and my old affection lingered.

I was not permitted to sit at the table with the family, but, in a quiet manner, she would give me a portion of whatever delicacies came into the house. I have known her to deny herself to do this. She watched over me without seeming to do so, for the dwarfed, dull-minded old woman that looked after me was often under the influence of narcotics, for which she spent her scanty pittance. My returning health relieved my countenance of the vacant look that had settled upon it, and gave animation to my system. I could have startled Annie by the most sane conversation, but I feared I was not wholly recovered, and something told me that in silence was discretion.

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My health returning, the necessity of changing my situation constantly engaged my attention. It was a perplexing subject—I had no friends; the people in the vicinity would regard my story as an aberration of the mind; I should be regarded as a lunatic by an attorney; and a life of poverty and hardship awaited me if I secretly fled to some remote portion of the country.

While considering the different plans that presented themselves, a terrible suspicion fastened itself upon my mind. Annie Esler was sick, and gradually grew worse. She was attended by the old, tarnished-faced doctor. My brother and the doctor were in frequent consultation. The servants were constantly speaking of Mrs. Hamlin's strange sickness. They said she was cold and deathlike—that she was convulsed at intervals, that her mind wandered, that she had sent for the portrait in the study (my mother's), and on beholding it she had exclaimed: "The same, the same."

I suspected that the old doctor had been bribed by my brother to poison her. I believed that the doctor was capable of the most heartless crimes, and I knew that the unhap-

py wife stood in the way of my brother's love for an artful and beautiful woman.

It was a sultry night in August; the air was still and feverish; the moon, hanging low on the verge of the watery horizon, ascended slowly through the black flecks of clouds; the trees and the shrubbery seemed lifeless and dreamlike. The windows of the mansion were open, except those of the sick room; the servants were lounging on the iron settees about the grounds. My brother was reading by the window in the sitting-room. A dark form stole up the avenue, and entered the house. It was the doctor. I had heard a servant say that Annie was worse, that she was sinking fast, and that it would not be strange if that night was her last.

The doctor and my brother were alone in the sitting-room. A buttery joined the room and communicated with it by a small, sliding shutter. I glided noiselessly into the buttery, and looking through the shutter saw the doctor and Martin conversing earnestly in a monotone. The conversation was evidently drawing to a close.

"Send for me as soon as it is over," said the doctor, rising. "I will conduct the examination. It is arranged."

"I have confidence in you," said my brother.

"I helped your father once in a similar case," returned the doctor. "You remember the round room, and his last wife's sickness?"

The doctor took from his pocket a vial, handed it to my brother, and strode nervously out of the room.

My brother sat silently, with a dark, designing look, the spectre of his own spirit. Suddenly he arose, and pushed aside the shutter near where I was standing, and, reaching into the buttery, withdrew a small bottle of wine. His hand shook, his eyes flashed nervously; I could hear his heart palpitate. He poured the contents of the vial into the wine, and shuddered at the act as though the All-Seeing eye pierced his very soul. I had stepped back, and was unperceived. While feeling about in the dark for the shelf against which to lean, my hand came in contact with some bloody meat. I drew it back quickly; the blood startled me, and, for a moment, made me forget my situation, and I threw forward the bloody hand electrically into the stronger light before the shutter. I heard the wine bottle drop and break; I heard a gasp, a hollow, rattling sound, and a heavy, nerveless fall. I peered through the open

shutter, and saw my brother lying corpse-like on the floor. He had seen the bloody hand, and thought it an apparition. Superstition had unnerved him; it is a strange phenomenon, this fear which the guilty have of the curse of disquieted spirits; does it have some connection with reality?

The doctor re-entered, and seemed transfixed to the scene. I stepped suddenly from the buttery, and, taking the back stairway, hurried to Annie's chamber.

There the scene was more startling, if possible, than the one I had left. In the solitary chamber, whose close air seemed miasma, lay a wax-faced form with fixed glassy eyes—a form whose only appearance of life was the tremors of agony which at intervals overcast the features.

I locked the door, and opened the heavy window. The moonlight grew dim; the northern sky was overcast by heavy clouds, sable and gusty; fresh winds broke the silence of the air and came roaring through the trees. It revived the wax-like figure.

She turned her head slowly. She surveyed the room with a half vacant look. Her eye fell on me, and seemed rivetted. There was wetness at last about the long, dark lashes. I saw that she was conscious.

"Annie Esler," said I, standing at the bedside, "take no medicine that the doctor leaves. I believe he has been giving you poison."

She stared pitifully at me, and only said: "I know."

There was a roaring of the wind amid the pine groves; the night-torches flared, casting dismal shadows about the room. The billowy clouds rolled rapidly up the sky; the rain came dashing down, beating against the foliage of the trees. Delicious breezes laden with the scent of the smitten leaves stole anon into the room. The emaciated invalid seemed greatly revived.

"Annie," said I.

She pressed my hand.

"Edgar," said she, starting up with a gleam of hope in her weird eye. "Go immediately to the first house east, tell the man confidently your suspicions. Tell him to send express for my father."

She sunk back, exhausted by the effort. In a moment I dashed the medicine that the doctor had left on the sideboard out of the window, and prepared to leave. Just then I heard a footfall ascending the stairs. I knew it was the doctor's. He vainly endeavored to open the door.

"Who's there?" he demanded gruffly.

"One will make of you another Dr. Faustus, if you enter this room," I replied, in a high tone. "Murderer, begone!"

A peal of thunder like the crack of doom rolled along the heavens. I heard his step rapidly descending. I left the house, locking the chamber door and taking the key. I went to the first house east, aroused the head of the family, and told him the situation of my brother's wife and gave him my suspicions. He immediately despatched a servant for Annie's father, and another to the city physician, and, taking his pistols went back with me to the sick chamber.

The old doctor saw us as we passed through the entry, and heard us ascending the stairs. I heard him going out. The next morning he was seen leaving the place, and his whereabouts have since been unknown.

We staid in the sick room that night. The clouds moved southerly, the stars came out, the night became still, cool and beautiful. We sat silently—they were solemn hours.

In the morning the physician arrived from the city; he pronounced the case poison, and prescribed the proper antidotes.

Annie Esler recovered. My brother's shock threw him into a nervous fever. The strong man was delirious, and seemed like a restless, imprisoned spirit, to whose work of destruction the Deity had put an end.

Annie's father arrived with friends. My brother was placed under arrest. Weeks of excitement followed. My brother recovered and was placed in confinement, and I was summoned to attend the trial.

I was the principal witness. I told in a melting manner the cruelty that Annie Esler had suffered, and narrated pathetically the story of my life and wrongs. The revelation of a spectre would not have been more startling and appalling to the self-condemned and ruined defendant.

Annie Esler was divorced. I asserted my rights—the witnesses to my mother's will were found, and evidenced in my favor. I received my rightful inheritance, which, besides other large property, embraced the mansion and grounds.

In solitary confinement, in a room not round, but square and small, Martin reviews his life of error. I am kind to him; I visit him in his cell, I send him books from my library, and delicacies from my table; I pity him.

Annie Esler and I live in the great old



mansion. The grounds will soon be illuminated again; music and the pattering of merry feet will again fill the gorgeous parlors, and, in the hush of merry voices will be heard a voice more solemn:

"Wilt thou take this man to be thy lawfully wedded husband?"

And a delicate, careworn but beautiful woman will answer:

"I will."

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mem. Oct. 1st, 18—* To-day the old doctor's premises were searched. Among his papers was found the following note:

"DEAR A. H.:—A round room, constructed at certain angles, will unsettle the mind in the use of its organs, and produce a kind of

insanity in which the soul seems to exist in a state distinct from the body. M. D."

So ended the introduction to the diary.

We have already stated that Martin Hamlin was pardoned, and outlived the other members of the family, and resided in the old mansion. I visited the graveyard once after the burial. The graves and the dust of the unhappy family peaceably mingled, but the spirits of the sleepers, I reflected, had gone different ways. I left the place, feeling like one

"that on a lonesome road  
Doth walk in fear and dread,  
And, having once turned round, walks on,  
And turns no more his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread."

## AN ALLEGORY.

BY MARY N. DEARBORN.

Amid the flowers all fresh and young,  
I marked a blossom fair;  
A tiny bud, that wooed the breeze,  
And lent its perfume there.  
The early dew had kissed its cheek,  
And blush of morning shone,  
With glowing tints among the leaves,  
Who claimed it for their own.

The gardener watched with careful eye  
O'er this his favorite gem;  
And kindred roses sought to guide  
Each withering blast to them;  
When lo, a glorious form was seen  
To bend his pinions low;  
A wondrous beauty tinged his cheek,  
And decked his spotless brow.

Why drooped that bud its tiny head?  
Why turned those roses pale?  
And wherefore was its fragrance borne  
Upon the envious gale?  
Long had they watched, for well they knew  
That bud, so strangely bright,  
Was fitting only for the fields  
Of uncreated light.

In vain they sought to hide its form  
From the All-Searching Eyes,

That long had viewed its glowing wealth,  
And marked it for the skies.  
"Go down and take yon blushing bud,  
To wintry storms exposed;  
And bear its beauty to the land  
Where fadeless beauty blows."

He spoke, and quickly was it plucked  
From off the parent stem,  
And opened 'neath those sunnier skies—  
'T would ask no tears of them.  
Nor would it seek this colder clime,  
Where clouds and darkness reign,  
When once 't had felt the cheering breath  
That feeds the heavenly plain.

The summer flowers have come again,  
And brilliant roses bloom;  
But never can a bud be found,  
Transplanted from the tomb.  
They'd never seek the storms of earth,  
Who'd known a sunnier sphere;  
They'd never bear the wintry blasts  
That hide their glories here.

Then wherefore should those roses weep  
To find their favorite gone,  
Forevermore to meet the light  
Of an eternal dawn?

## THE FALLING LEAF.

BY MATURIN M. BALLOU.

The closing hours of Autumn's golden reign,  
 The fading flowers, and withered, falling leaves,  
 But mirror forth of our own lives the wane,  
 For we are gathered as the ripened sheaves.

Departed is the green and odorous bloom—  
 So lately clothed the valley and hillside;  
 The pallid grass but addeth to the gloom  
 Which naked branches herald far and wide.

And so my heart will don its weeds and weep,  
 As sadly fades the pale, descending year;  
 However silently its counsel keep,  
 Yet o'er the lesson can but drop a tear!

## THE STORY OF A GENIUS.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

TOM SMITH "could do anything." All his friends and companions believed in his universal capacity, and he himself was satisfied of it. A dashing cleverness in whatever he attempted, made even his failures seem better evidence of genius than the success of other men. "He might if he would," was the verdict of his admirers. "I could do it, if I thought it worth my while," was Tom's own consolation under reverses and disappointments.

At school he was chiefly remarkable for inattention to his studies, while an occasional brilliant triumph, when all around expected complete disgrace, forced the admiration of teachers and pupils at his talents, and their regret at his neglect and abuse of them. He was content with such partial successes, and was, moreover, proud of his contempt for his own abilities, which others so much admired and envied. He delighted to show the plodders, as he called them, that the snail does not always beat, in the race with the hare, as the fable teaches, though the snail does labor on continually, and the hare stops every now and then for a frolic at the brook-side. Such was the character which he carried from the school to the university. And when he was thence expelled for the eccentricities of his genius, which were developed in a shower of stones against a professor's windows, he comforted himself with the distich:

"For more true joy Marcellus, exiled, feels,  
 Than Cæsar, with a senate at his heels."

That, by the way, is a couplet which has been applied, with admirable originality, during every college rebellion, and the rustication or expulsion consequent, which have occurred since college misconduct was first in fashion. Little consolation does it present, however, to the parents whose hopes are defeated, and whose expectations are disappointed by the misconduct of the son. Small promise of after usefulness do such beginnings afford,—little warrant of reward for parental culture, in the life-harvest of the boy.

Now let us advance over the somewhat stale description of a reckless youth to his maturer manhood. Despite of the prophecies of the comforters of his parents that the "ne'er-do-weel" Tom Smith, would "never come to anything," behold him admitted to the bar, with unusual honors. The shame of being taunted with his inefficiency had spurred him to such unwonted exertion and application, as developed his full strength. For once, Tom had done his best, and so triumphantly did he make his entree upon his professional career, that it began to be suspected that he was unjustly misrepresented by those who asserted that he was idle and negligent at college. Business flowed in upon him apace; and the

novelty of his position, its excitement, in which he delighted, and the pleasure of having asserted his ability by a victory over circumstances, set him up completely in his own heart.

But his application did not long continue. The position which he had gained, as it were, at a jump, he had not industry sufficient to retain by hard labor; and hard labor only can maintain him who by accident, or a specious appearance of fitness, reaches a place for which he is really incompetent. Tom had *genius* but not *learning*. He sported with the feelings of his clients, as he had long been in the habit of doing with his own; and though he often succeeded in retrieving the affairs entrusted to him, by desperate plunges, at the close of long and weary doubts, his clients were not so grateful for being saved "by the skin of their teeth," as the proverb expresses it, as Tom thought they should have been. They did not relish being thrown overboard, to display his skill in rescuing them from drowning; and if extrication from fearful dilemmas did minister to Tom's triumphs, they could not forget that his carelessness had placed them in their difficulties. They did not like that their causes and their property should be put in peril by his negligence, in order that the hair-breadth victory should exalt his reputation; and would far rather that a little of the plodding industry which he despised should secure them from the first, than that they should come in victors at the last, by a *coup de main*. It resulted, at last, that Thomas Smith, Esq., was avoided as counsel by careful men, but was summoned in desperate cases, which none other cared to undertake. Under such a stimulus he was almost uniformly successful; and thus, without the true requisites of a sound jurist, he had a conqueror's reputation, and a fitful, though, on the whole, a lucrative practice. There is a western boast which illustrates the life of such men. He could fall lower, and still rise, or, as the phrase is, "dive deeper and come up drier" than almost any other. It was always dark night or bright sunshine with him—a fearful storm, or a dead calm.

At length it occurred that some business in which he was engaged required the intervention of the Legislature. His presence at the capital was required to expedite it. One proposition in the consultations with his clients led to another, until it was suggested that it were better to elect him as a representative, than to depute him as a lobby member. The

matter was talked over, and as those of the public who knew the secret saw no particular fitness in the election of a lawyer with half-a-dozen clients in a particular case, as his actual constituency, there were strong symptoms of opposition. But this only stimulated him. It spurred his energy, and fixed his determination to be elected, for though he cared little for the honor, and knew the profit was nothing, to be opposed was to ensure his success. He threw himself into the work with his whole energy, and after vigorous canvassing, caucusing and exertion, he was returned by a majority of ten votes; a much more acceptable triumph to him than if he had been elected by a majority of ten hundred. To have been unanimously elected would have possessed no charms for him; and had the reception of his nomination indicated an appearance of unanimity among the electors in his favor, we do believe he would have declined the intended honor.

In the Legislature he was true to his old character. He was placed at the head of an important committee, in compliment to his reputation, but his committee work was really nothing. In drawing up reports and investigating the subjects referred, he had absolutely no share. But his "genius" stood him in good stead, for with his powerful natural abilities, he could astonish those who drew up the reports, by making a better defence than they; and his skillful *ad captandum* hits and witty repartees, his unbounded assurance and wonderful readiness completed the work which others had begun, and made him who was really the cipher in the business seem the character, by whom only the others had significance. Tom was delighted with legislation. It was, as he managed it, a glorious, continual contest against odds, which made his fame ring again, and he was really almost deceived into the belief that he was a statesman.

But the Hon. Mr. Smith's course was not all sunshine. His old carelessness threw him into a troublesome difficulty. He was absent from his post when a decisive vote was taken upon the very question which he had been elected to carry—and he was horrified one morning to find that his opponents had taken advantage of his absence to defeat his clients. Great and terrible was the wrath of his friends, and even Tom Smith—lucky Tom Smith—appeared at last in a lane which seemed to have no turn. He saw no mode in which he could retrieve himself, and no excuses pre-

sented themselves with which he could face his friends. It was such a palpable and unpardonable fault, so grossly inexcusable, that even our hero was ready to despair. But his good fortune did not yet desert him. One of the "plodders"—and genius is often more indebted to the plodders than the world suspects—saved him from destruction. A careful, old, dull-headed tactician, who was in the same interest with Smith, voted against him, in order to secure a right to move a "reconsideration." This was opening enough for Smith. It was a breach in the enemy's defences, into which he threw himself, and, with his old success, turned the tables, and came off with flying colors, and more admiration than ever. But he had given, also, an endorsement of his old character, that he was "not fit to be trusted."

The session wore away, but the Hon. Mr. Smith had lost his interest in the public business. It had no more charms for him. The great excitement was over, and he turned with distaste from the formal phraseology of acts to repeal acts, acts to modify acts, acts to continue acts, and all the forasmuches, whereases, preambles, chapters and sections of routine law-making. He sought excitement somewhere else—and found it. Where?

Thereby hangs a tale—or rather the moral of our tale. The key to the Hon. Mr. Smith's strange negligence was the same that will too often explain the "aberrations of genius." He was fond of deep potations and of luxurious food. He liked the wit and excitement of the dinner table, and the supper. He was the soul of convivial parties, and was prone to the et ceteras which fill up the days of those whose nights are given to revelry, the excitement of the billiard room and the bowling alley, the early mingling of strong drink. In these scenes he could shine without effort. Ready applause and hearty appreciation followed all the sallies of so distinguished a convive. To such haunts and to such companions he was ready to fly, not only from the fatigue of his profession, but to escape that fatigue before he incurred it.

The Hon. Mr. Smith would have quietly retired from public life entirely, at the close of his first term, but there were two reasons against it. One was, that he liked the license of the capital—the other, that he found "public sentiment" so unanimous against his reelection, that to decline to contend would be a palpable defeat. In neglecting the business of the House, he had suffered the district

which he represented to lose some important advantages, and the people were not at all disposed to forgive him. Again he nerved himself for the contest. Again he succeeded. Defeat would have been better for him.

We must spare the reader the narrative of all the downward steps by which the Hon. Thomas Smith became a sot. The first steps in this path were taken many years before. In his youth and college days, his dangerous passion for praise, and fondness for unwise excitement, had betrayed him into the love of drink, and if conscience or some considerate friend warned him to beware, the deceptive promise was ready—"O, I cannot sink! I recover myself too easily." The recklessness of danger which grows out of over-confidence—the estimate of his own powers which made him despise the fear of being taken at a disadvantage, ruined Tom Smith, as it has ruined many more. The pride which exults in self-debasement (not abasement), in order that it may be shown from how low a depth to rise is possible, is much more common than is usually imagined. There is scarce an outcast in the world who does not imagine that he could re-establish himself, if only he thought it worth his while, and would set about it!

Down! Down! The elasticity of the strongest must give way at last, and the mind sympathizes with the besotted, as well as with the vigorous body. We have not mentioned Smith's wife, but it must not therefore be inferred that he had none. Women are admirers of the brilliant and the bold; and each of Tom's hairbreadth successes would have procured him a wife, if it were the custom of the country thus to multiply. That his disgrace and excesses brought unhappiness upon her and misfortune upon his children, is the old story of every inebriate's home.

At last he was given over. Even his wife—and wives hope to the last—had ceased to expect that he could recover, or that, from the deep disgrace into which he had plunged, there was any expectation of his emerging. He still had professional business. Pick-pockets with more aliases than changes of garments: inebriates, to whose names "drunk and disorderly" was as invariable an affix as esquire is to that of a gentleman—all the host of the particular acquaintance of the police were his clients. "Even in his ashes lived his wonted fire," and the police transactions were never so interesting as when the Hon. Thomas Smith "appeared for the defendant." He often astonished those who had, and those who

had not known him in better days, by managing petty cases with a skill worthy of a better arena. This was triumph enough for him! Tell him he could do better if he would, and he would acknowledge the compliment with such a full appreciation of its truthfulness, as indicated that he considered it unnecessary labor to make the trial.

It so chanced one day, that he heard himself discussed, when the interlocutors were not aware that he was listening. And he heard them, moreover, reach the calm and sad conclusion that he was sunken past recall or recovery. They agreed that he had so wasted his energy and impaired his strength, mental and physical, that further expectation for him there was none, except that he would die like a drunken swan—if such a bird were possible—in singing in bacchic eloquence his own defence against being committed as a vagrant.

"Perhaps so," said Smith. A new resolve was awakened in him. People doubted that he could overcome temptation. He would see!

From that moment he put the resolve in practice. It was the most severe struggle he had ever undertaken, but his re-awakened pride, seconded by a strong will, was triumphant. He raised himself from the kennel, as he had promised himself he would, and ended

life where he should have commenced it, a sober man.

But where, meanwhile, were the "plodders," the snails, as he used to style them, when he likened himself to the hare? All in positions of competence and ease, which he could never hope to reach. They had gained in the long race, though often and often he had frolicked past them in derision. Man cannot always retain his youth, and premature old age settles hard upon him, even though he be a genius, who lives too fast. Let the young and overconfident, the apt and able, especially, beware how they waste their lives and trifle with their powers. It is agreeable to astonish one's friends, and to disappoint one's foes; but it is not safe to do it at your own expense. Feeble old Justice Shallows may chuckle over the irregularities of their youth, but it is better, while the page is fair, to make no blurs upon it. It is very much to a man's credit to reform from vice or dissipation, but it is better—as the good book advises us respecting contention—to leave such things off before they be meddled with. Hon. Thomas Smith will tell you so, though he has been so long, of later years, in good repute, that his younger friends do not remember when he stood otherwise. Genius, unguided by abiding principle, and unaccompanied by industry, is a dangerous gift.

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## AUTUMN SNOW.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

Through all the amber wood and russet ground,  
 The autumn rain hath poured a plenteous flood;  
 All day the winds have made an ominous sound,  
 And from the old barnyard there does resound  
 A garrulous quarrel mid the feathered brood.  
 The honest oxen gaze in rueful mood,  
 From out the shed, where each a shelter gains,  
 And garnered 'neath its golden treasure bends,  
 That yearly almoner, old Autumn, sends.  
 But lo! a white vision sudden reigns,  
 And floating snow succeeds the falling rains,  
 The mighty flakes in multitude descends—  
 Ah, feathery snow, what pleasure dost thou bring!  
 I see the dashing steeds—I hear the sleighbells ring!

## A LOVE PASSAGE.

BY MARION GREY.

TO-DAY I am sitting beneath the shade of the very pine grove where I sat, years and years ago, listening to a tale of love as sweet, if not so lasting, as that which was told in Paradise, by the first lover. Ah, me! perhaps Adam would not have been so constant, had there been other eyes than Eve's beaming upon him—other hearts answering to the beats of his own. *He* was never tried!

It was from Howard Ashley's lips that I heard the tale, on a sweet summer afternoon when the brook ran cool and murmuring at our feet, and the great tall pines shielded us from the rays that burned so fiercely elsewhere. There was music of bird and bee around us, and the whole scene was as perfect as if it had really lain in the old-world Eden of which we read and imagine so much.

My lover, too, was one who seemed so noble, so good! I had not been long acquainted with him, but long enough to feel that he was far beyond any I had yet known, in the best qualities of heart and mind. I believed this with all a woman's perfect confidence in the man who loved her. He had gained the sanction of my friends before addressing me; and my father and mother were as trusting as myself.

We passed three happy months together. The autumn set in with unusual splendor. We lived almost wholly out of doors, sheltered from the fall winds by our protecting groves. Together we watched the changing forests—the crimson and golden glories that took on new aspects each day. I enjoyed every moment. The days came round, bringing such sweet draughts of life to my lips that it seemed luxury enough to live even.

"I knew—I knew it could not last!"

Or, I *might* have known it, from some secret, subtle sense of that foreboding of coming events that steals in amid the richest enjoyments.

But I would not listen to the warning, I put it from me. Why should not life be sweet to me? Others had been blessed with love and happiness, and why not I? So I hushed the voice that whispered of doubt, and gave my whole heart to the sweet inspiration that was breathing to my soul.

It was the very last day in October, and

Howard was going. I suffered not even his absence to make me unhappy; for at our next meeting, we should be united. No more parting after that, until death should come; and what young and ardent heart ever pauses on the threshold of bliss, to think of death?

I was an only child; my one sister having died in my childhood. But my two cousins, Sarah and Annie Hale, were dear to me as sisters; and my dear mother, anticipating my loneliness during the coming winter, kindly invited them both to pass it with us. Their society and Howard's letters left me no room to repine. The letter came every week, freighted with love and with brilliant hopes for the spring. My cousins sat with me, through mornings, assisting me to prepare the bridal *trousseau* which my mother had provided liberally. We dined at early country hours, and our afternoons, if pleasant overhead, were devoted to walking, riding and skating. Our evenings found us, a cheerful family group, with plenty of good music for entertainment.

Sarah Hale had a splendid voice, and Annie possessed a most rare touch on the piano. I sang a tolerable alto; and with aid from others of our musical friends, we improvised very charming concerts.

Meantime, the two cousins elicited golden opinions. They were handsome girls, both of the same style of beauty—tall, shapely figures, beautiful and abundant brown hair, ripe, dewy lips, and eyes like stars. Their rare loveliness threw me into the shade. My *petite* figure, olive skin and straight black hair were no match for their many perfections. But I was content; for had I not been the chosen of Howard Ashley, whose taste was thought to be indisputable?

I never thought of envying them. So far from that, I was pleased to see them so lovely, and longed for Howard to see them—my pretty bridesmaids, as they were to be.

Spring came, and with it came Howard. I was scarcely expecting him so early; but he was no less welcome. It was a soft, lovely evening, and we three girls were out on horseback. It was near dusk and a carriage passed us, turning up toward our house. I heard Howard's voice, speaking to the driver, and I rode on faster, coming into the yard, just as



the carriage door opened. I wheeled my pony around and called "Howard!"

"Is it Lettice?" he cried, coming and taking me from the pony, in his great, strong arms. He kissed my cheek as I slipped from his arms to the ground.

"I must not have you riding alone at this hour, Lettice," he said.

"O, I have plenty of cousins behind."

"Cousins?" he asked, with an earnestness that was quite comical.

"Yes. There they come."

And Sarah and Annie rode into the yard, scolding at me for leaving them.

"Hush!" I whispered. "I have a good excuse. Here is Howard!"

I introduced him, and he helped them down. How I longed to know their opinion of him! Sarah was so quick, so sarcastic even, and Annie so fastidious. Yet why need I care? They were not going to marry him. But, after an evening of something like constraint on all sides, we went to our rooms which were connected. I listened eagerly to their words of praise, and felt relieved and happy that Howard had suited them so well.

"Take care of him, Lettice!" said Sarah, as she turned away. "Annie is a sad flirt, and would no more mind taking him from you, than she would mind taking a mouse from her pet kitten."

I looked at Annie. Her face was calm and sweet.

"Believe me, Lettice!" she said softly. "I am no flirt. Howard is safe from my arts."

Yes, I knew that; but was I as sure of her sister? I cannot relate all the little circumstances that led me to a belief that Sarah Hale was determined to supplant me. I knew it by the quiver that ran tremulously through my nerves, when she addressed him—her habitual sarcasm softened and subdued to him only; her voice taking a sweeter tone, almost caressing in its tenderness. She sang to him sweet, thrilling songs, and looked the rest. He was charmed, surprised, fascinated. Day by day, the spells she wrought, so cunningly, surrounded him and made him yield to her power. They rode together, walked together, sang from the same book, sitting on the same seat, holding each other's hands, looking into each other's eyes.

And I bore it—covering my deep pain with the semblance of gaiety, and advertising to my marriage as an event that must happen. Alas! Howard never spoke of it at all; but looked on my preparations with an indifference al-

most amounting to disgust. Annie spoke frequently of the event, and of the part she and Sarah were to take; but her remarks won no response from them.

"Lettice," said my mother one morning, at the breakfast-table, "I want something from town to-day. Can you go?"

"Certainly," I answered, "we can all go."

A look of meaning which I afterwards recollected, passed between Sarah and Howard. The latter excused himself on account of business letters that must be written, and Sarah had a violent headache, and was going to lie down. So Annie and myself took the light carriage and my own pony, and went away immediately after breakfast.

It was then that I first gave utterance from my overburdened heart, to Annie. Dear girl! she had seen it all and longed to tell me, but dared not. She blamed Sarah greatly, and wished that she could persuade her to go home and leave her evil work unaccomplished. We rode slowly along, talking all the time of this painful theme, and did not return until near noon.

I went to my room and beckoned Annie in, for I supposed from the stillness that Sarah was still asleep. Mother had gone out to make calls, the servant said, and Annie and I proceeded to the parlor, where we talked softly of the same subject that had occupied us all the morning, until the bell rang for dinner. Mother had come in, and was waiting for us at the table. Neither Sarah nor Howard appeared.

"Did they not return with you, Lettice?"

"What do you mean, mother? You heard what they said; we have not seen them since."

"But they went away in Howard's carriage, an hour afterwards, and I supposed that they had followed and joined you. They have not returned."

I kept calm, outwardly, and tried to eat my dinner; but had to plead that I was tired with my ride. Mother bade me go to bed, and Annie went up stairs with me.

"What does it mean, Lettice?" she said, when we were alone.

"Nothing, surely," I answered. "Why Annie, do you suspect anything more than that they have been delayed?"

"No," she said, slowly, "but how wrong for them to go at all."

"Perhaps they did mean to join us."

She shook her head and passed into her own room; then quickly came back with a note in her hand, directed to herself.

"I can't read it, Lettice. I am afraid—"

"Silly girl! give it to me. It is probably an excuse for going away."

The note ran thus:

"Annie, I am going away with Howard. I cannot see Lettice again, nor does he wish to see her. I should feel for her too much. I am sorry to bring this disappointment upon her; but some of us have got to be miserable, at all events, and perhaps she will not suffer so much as I should, in giving him up. I will write you when we are settled. Till then, you must remain where you are.

"SARAH."

"Cruel, heartless!" exclaimed Annie, coming to my chair and leaning over me. "O, Lettice, my poor girl!"

"Don't pity me, Annie. I am only too fortunate to be rid of such a false, fickle lover. I am glad she has him," I answered.

This, of course was bravado, and I could not keep it up long. I did not break down, however, until I saw my father, who had been absent at noon. He came up to my room, after seeing my mother. He was bitterly enraged, and threatened Howard Ashley with all sorts of punishment; but I entreated him to be quiet for my sake.

"Then you did not care for him, Lettice?"

"O, father! how could you think me so false? Yes, I *did* care for him; but now, every bond is broken. I shall be a brave girl, and live only for you and my dear mother."

He pressed me close to his heart, and, in that refuge, I felt that even Howard Ashley had lost the power of making me miserable, always.

Annie was recalled home. The family were deeply mortified, she said, by Sarah's conduct, and had refused to see her. She and Howard had gone to New York, and were boarding at a hotel. He had found some business there and had given up his old connections. That was the last I heard of them for years.

I had even deeper griefs in store for me than the falsehood of Howard Ashley. My father and mother died within a week of each other, leaving me desolate, save for Annie Hale's sisterly affection. She came to me and offered to live with me always, if I wished it. I accepted the offer, gladly. She, only, of all the world, knew how I had been treated; for, to none, out of the family, had it been mentioned. We had had few acquaintances, and had never been communicative on our affairs.

Even the prospect of my marriage had never been talked of, though perhaps suspected by some of our neighbors. So I had been spared the annoyance of being talked to about Howard Ashley, and I was truly grateful for that.

So Annie and I settled down comfortably into old-maidenism—contented, if not happy. Our life was varied but little. We had one or two intellectual neighbors, and our old minister, Mr. Stanton, was a treasure to us, in advice and counsel. We still kept our pony carriage, and took almost daily rides; for health was a possession that we could not afford to lose, by confining ourselves to the house.

Annie came home from Mr. Stanton's one morning, with some books and a wonderful look of news upon her face, which news she declared I could not guess.

"But I can, Annie. Mr. Stanton is going to be married."

"Nonsense! he married! Who would marry that old, old man?"

"Somebody would. Perhaps you, Annie."

"Don't be ridiculous, Lettice. No, not married, but you have partly guessed, after all. He is going to 'form a connection,' not with a lady but a gentleman, and I have seen him! What do you think now?"

"Really, is Mr. Stanton going to have a colleague? I am very glad. It will give him more time for us."

"Selfish Lettice! But have you no curiosity about the new minister?"

"None."

"Well then, I shall not spend breath to describe him," she answered; but I saw that, all day long, she was thinking of nothing else. A bright smile would light her face as she sat at work, and there was a gay aliveness in her movements, such as she had shown years before, when there had been no shadow on her life nor mine.

The very next morning, Mr. Stanton called on us, and brought with him the new comer, whom he introduced as Mr. May. He was not young—certainly not less than thirty-six—perhaps still older. He was far from handsome, but there was a look, better than beauty, in his countenance. He was not of that type of ministers who make their way by a pale, studious face, telling of midnight studies and hot stoves. The predominant look was that of health and cheerfulness. A tall, well-proportioned figure—a wide forehead, rather low—kindly beaming brown eyes—white teeth, and healthful, sun-browned cheeks tell-

ing of long walks in the open air, accompanied by scrupulous neatness of attire, without a single dash of foppishness. This was Mr. Stanton's colleague. I liked him at the first glance; liked him better when his clear, musical voice met my ear, and the serene, honest eyes were scanning my face, as if they were seeking to know from it my character. It was pleasant to see that they returned from that gaze, with a satisfied expression which seemed to say, "I can trust you, Miss Morton."

For the next three months, to Annie's extreme discomfort, we saw little, either of the old or new minister. Mr. Stanton almost forsook us, in his task of bringing Mr. May acquainted with the other parishioners and establishing a friendly rapport between them.

"It will not be thus always, Annie!" I said, to console her, for I felt that she was deeply interested in the stranger. On the Sabbath, she listened, almost breathlessly, to the words of wisdom he uttered. I was selfish in those days. I felt that Annie might be taken from me to bless the home of one who I could not but see had won her sincerest approbation. And I—I should once more be desolate!

It was in the second year of Mr. May's pastorate, that I first seemed to see the prophecy which my heart had uttered approach near completion. There were many interviews between the two—many hurriedly snatched words in the hall, when Annie waited on him to the door—many glances of intelligence, which they thought unobtrusive by me.

Trembling for the loss of my sole companion, and feeling that I could never replace that loss, I had watched all these signs, and was satisfied that they meant something. Mr. Stanton, too, fed my fear with his continually repeated praises of the two, and their harmonious characters.

At last, it seemed as if the climax was approaching. Mr. May called one day when Annie was purposely absent, as I believed. He spoke feelingly of his own homeless way of living—trying to make a home in another man's dwelling—of his capacity for domestic enjoyments, his need of them as an offset to the severe study he practised.

"And, pray, why have you never married, Mr. May?" I said, provoked at the man for not choosing to secure to himself the home he had so coveted.

He smiled; then said, gravely:

"Because, Miss Morton, I never found my

counterpart, until I came to Guilford. I think I have found her here; but perhaps she will not think so; and therefore have I come to get the problem solved by one who I think, can solve it for me."

I felt that my voice had a sharp, metallic ring, as I exclaimed hastily:

"She can better solve it herself, Mr. May. You would do well to consult the lady herself."

A look of surprise stopped me from saying more. I could not guess the meaning of that puzzled glance.

"Miss Morton, Annie has told me that I might hope for a return for my affections—"

"Then why, in the name of wonder, do you not accept her admission of the fact?"

I fairly laughed in his face—it seemed so stupid for him to come to me with his doubts, when it appeared that Annie had given him all the encouragement he asked for.

A light suddenly struggled into his face.

"Laugh at me, Miss Morton, if you will. I think I understand it all now. You think I love Annie Hale?"

"Certainly. Did you not say so, and that she had bidden you to hope? Are you a reasonable man, Mr. May, to ask me for a solution to a question, which the lady you love has answered?"

"The lady I love is yourself, Lettice. May I love you?"

"O, Mr. May," I said in a frightened voice, "what will Annie do?"

His eyes danced with laughter.

"Annie? She will rejoice in my happiness, if only you will make me happy, Lettice. She is a true friend to me and to you, and has encouraged me to hope for your kindness toward a poor, homeless student. Not poor, in a worldly sense, Lettice. I have sufficient for us both, if you will but share it with me. I want nothing but your heart."

How fast he talked! It took away my breath to hear him. I do not know what I said, except that I murmured something about always consulting Mr. Stanton about my affairs.

"Ah I am glad! So do I. Indeed, he advised me to this step, but not until after my mind had been fully made up. See, Lettice! all our friends seem to approve. Will you decide favorably?"

"There, go away! I must see Annie first. I was so sure she was attached to you, that I cannot believe otherwise."

Annie's clear, ringing laugh as she met him at the door, relieved me, and her joyful congratulations on entering, set me free from all fear of acting treacherously by her. I had suffered too much from treachery to attempt practising it myself.

I *did* like Mr. May. I married him, and have never repented it. To-day I sit in the same grove where Howard Ashley gave me the vows so soon broken. That scene comes up to me now, and my heart is filled with thankfulness that I can rest on a heart so much truer than that which I trusted on that day.

Annie left us last year, to brighten the home of another—to fill the place of a mother to two sweet, motherless children. Her husband is also a minister—a dear friend of my Alfred. She, too, has a sweet home, like myself. I have never seen Sarah Ashley since

the day on which she wrung my soul by her treachery; but I thank heaven that what she meant for evil, was overruled for my best and truest happiness. Truly, after all my trials, I have found

"The green spot that blooms o'er the desert of life."

"Did you like him, Annie?" I asked her playfully, but yesterday.

"Like him? Yes, certainly. I like him now; but our talk was not of me but of yourself."

"Why did you not tell me and prepare my mind for it? I behaved very stupidly, on one occasion, when I thought he had a fancy for you."

"Ah, you were not the only stupid one at that time! I will tell you a secret, Lettice. I *did* think it was myself, at first; and really—well, dear, you may judge whether I should have declined."

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## THE VINE-DRESSER'S DAUGHTER.

### A TALE OF ITALIAN REVENGE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A BEAUTIFUL little Italian villa, in the neighborhood of Fiesole, was owned and inhabited by a gentleman whose wealth and education made it extremely irksome to pursue an occupation forced upon him by his father.

In dying, the latter had bequeathed the whole of a vast property, amassed by vine-dressing, to his son, on condition that he would retain the workmen, and would never part with any of the land which had been so profitable to him.

This son, already a married man and the father of a lovely little girl, was surprised and disappointed at the conditions. He had hoped to have gratified his wife by a residence in France, her native country; but the will enjoined strictly that he was to remain upon the scene of his father's labors.

He contented himself, however, with drawing around his family as many of the elegances of life as possible, and assuming a state and splendor that comported more with the dignity of a nobleman than the condition of one who had but recently worn the rude blouse of a laborer in the vineyard.

To do Villani justice, he was a kind master

to those who were thus thrown upon him for employment. He never scolded or put on airs toward them; and that labor which his father extorted from his men by harshness, was performed with cheerful alacrity, for love of the more indulgent son.

Among these men, was one known by the name of Agustino, who had been raised by the father of Villani to the rank of overseer of the vineyard, when his own health began to decline. Many wondered that this situation was not bestowed upon the younger Villani; but the proprietor was eccentric, and his son remained merely on a par with the other laborers, while Agustino held control over them all.

The death of Villani turned the scale. He who was master, was now only the servant; but his pride was not subdued by the change. Agustino built himself a villa, nearly equal to that of the late master's son, and affected a style of living not inferior to his. He had no wife, but there was a child residing with him of whom he was the reputed father, and whose mother, it was confidently asserted, was a French actress.

This boy was perfectly idolized by Agustino. He was brought up in the most extravagant

manner, far beyond the ostensible means of the vine-dresser. It was whispered, however, that the mother furnished the funds for his support and education.

He grew up, a spoiled, rebellious youth; proud and full of passion; full, also, of contempt for his father's occupation, and refusing to lend his aid in the duties of the vineyard.

A bold, handsome boy, he was admitted to Villani's house. Villani knew how deeply the elder Agustino had felt the change occasioned by his father's death, and he knew that any little attention to his boy would soften the man's heart toward the inevitable difference in rank between them.

He therefore encouraged the boy to come to the house, and even allowed the little Rena to become his constant companion. To her only, did Agustino fail to show his arbitrary temper. In her presence, alone, he was gentle and refined. To others, he was haughty, exacting and imperious.

There was a strong contrast between the children. Rena—so sweet and gentle, so yielding and amiable, so tender to the wives and children of her father's workmen, was almost idolized by all. Agustino was one from whom they fled as from an evil spirit.

It was one of the loveliest evenings in that lovely clime. The light, fleecy clouds, tinged with the gold from the setting sun, went floating down to the west like golden shallows. The vineyards hung out their purple magnificence, and diffused a fragrance richer than flowers. A little boat lay motionless on the tiny lake, and within the grove stood two figures that just completed the romance of the scene. These were the younger Agustino and Rena Villani.

And in the hush of the growing twilight, he was urging her to promise that she would be his wife, on his return from an absence that he was meditating.

The girl appeared overwhelmed with a thought which had never seemed to occur to her before. It was long before speech came to her; and when it did, it was to deprecate the idea at once and forever.

She had liked him as a friend, as the playmate of her youth, she said; but no more than that. She had thought of love—she would not deny that—of being some day married, perhaps—but not to him. Her lover was still in the impenetrable future—a knight who should

"ride through the hills,  
To the wide world past the river,

There to put away all wrong,  
To make straight disordered wills,  
And to empty the broad quiver  
Which the wicked bear along."

At least, such were her thoughts, if not expressed in the words of the poet of to-day.

There was a look upon that face which frightened her into silence. The interview ended with stormy passion on one part, and mute fear on the other; and Agustino, having exhausted reproach and bitterness, turned away into the darkness and disappeared. He was missing next morning—missing for years; until his memory passed almost away from every heart save that of his doting father.

Six years passed. Rena had lost her girlish beauty, but had attained to a womanhood far more lovely. She had forgotten her old playmate, until she heard a man who had returned from Paris mention to her father having seen him entering the lowest haunts of dissipation in that city. He could not be mistaken, for he had heard one of his vile comrades utter his name.

Unexpectedly, he returned to the neighborhood he had so suddenly left—returned, apparently rich, and with a show of Parisian refinement that sat ill upon him. His face wore the marks of dissipation. People avoided him; and even the father did not seem greatly consoled by his return. Villani avoided him; but Agustino's assurance was sufficient to go to the house, and even ask to see Rena. That day she was from home. The next, and the next he called, and was furious at being denied seeing her. At last he met her; and, despite the disgust which he must have seen in her face, he pleaded for the revival of their old intimacy.

"I cannot grant it, Agustino. Your life is unknown to me; I have no wish to pry into it, but the past six years are between you and your former friends—a mystery and a shadow."

"And this is your answer?"

"It is."

"May I refer it to your father?"

"There is no need. My word is sufficient."

She left him, and almost at the same moment, Villani appeared. He had been looking for Rena. Notwithstanding her refusal, he accompanied Villani home, and in presence of his wife, he made a formal proposal for the hand of their daughter, which was unequivocally denied.

"I demand your reasons," he responded, intemperately.

"I have no right to give them," said Villani,

dispassionately, but firmly. "I am not accustomed to explain my decisions."

He was evidently stung by the words, and turned with an appealing look, to the mother of Rena.

"And do you, too, condemn my suit?" he asked.

"It is as my husband wills. I agree perfectly with him and with Rena. We have no wish to see her married, unless her love goes with the marriage vow."

"How do you know that she does not love me?"

"By signs that a mother can always detect."

"She *has* loved me."

"Never! As a child, she played with you, as she would have done with any of the vine-dressers' children, with the freedom of a child who knows nothing of *caste*; but now—well, it is out of the question."

He darted at her a fierce look of indignation—passed directly in front of her, with a hand extended towards her, as if he would have been glad to strike her to the earth, and rushed out of the door, with a word of hate upon his lips.

A single moment, and she fell heavily at her husband's feet, as if unable to bear the look he had given her. A mortal paleness was on her cheek, and when Villani placed his hand upon her heart, it had ceased to beat. She was dead!

Rena and her father had descended from the carriage which conveyed them to the spot where the wife and mother was lain. Upon the threshold they encountered Agustino. His face wore the look of a penitent. With a tenderness that did not seem to belong to his nature, he assisted the girl to enter, and without a word, performed the same office for her father, who thanked him for the courtesy. Villani looked heart-broken. Scarcely had Agustino helped him into the house, when he fell upon the floor, as in a fit.

The friends flocked around him in vain. He never spoke again. Grief, it was said, had killed the strong, firm man, who had seemed as if immortal in his strength and vigor.

Imagine the distress of the orphan, at this second visitation of death. Imagine the consternation that prevailed at the suddenness of the two deaths, so nearly alike.

The surgeons wished an examination of Villani; but Rena would not permit it. No one should touch the sacred remains.

Lonely indeed was the desolate house to the orphan girl. Alone she passed the hours, admitting no one, never leaving her room and wrapt up in her inexpressible grief. Agustino endeavored to see her, but she refused, with a dumb anguish that was heart-rending to witness.

"Have you heard the destination of Villani's daughter?" asked the elder Agustino of his son.

"I have not."

"She joins the sisters of 'The Sacred Heart,' this week."

He uttered a hasty exclamation, inexplicable to his father, who knew nothing of what had taken place between the two, and dashed out of the room, without waiting to answer his eager questioning.

In a moment, he was at the door of the orphan's home. As he waited for it to open, a thousand thoughts rose upon his mind. Rena's wealth would be lost to him—swallowed up in the convent. Was it not possible, even now, to change her determination? Her lonely state—surely she needed some kind friend; and he would be kind to her. He loved her—had loved her from a child. If he could but gain a hearing from her! But the door opened on its hinges, and the message smote upon his ear:

"My lady sees no one."

"Ask her to see me for an instant!" he shouted in the ear of the old deaf servant, who hobbled back to Rena with the peremptory request.

No—her lady did not wish for visitors; and with this message, she shut the door in his face.

He went home and wrote a despairing letter, entreating to see her, if but for a moment, and promising to annoy her no more.

"If you will not see me, Rena," he wrote, "I swear that I will not survive your refusal."

Terrified by his threat, and knowing his stormy temper, she sent him a brief message, saying she would see him.

He flew to the house, but found her with one of her attendants seated near her. This was not what he desired. It did not prevent him from urging her to an immediate marriage.

Shocked at his indelicacy and want of feeling, in making such a proposal while the tears were yet wet upon her cheek for her parents' deaths, she rose and quitted the room.

Foaming with rage, his conduct so frightened the person in attendance, that she also fled, leaving him in a state of perfect madness.



Within an hour, Rena had sheltered herself with the kind sisters of "The Sacred Heart." Her home was broken up in a few days, and the attendants dispersed.

Here, surely, there would be rest for the weary heart. Here her enemy could not assail her. Vain hope. Every day a message came to her that he must see her; not for the purpose of their last interview, but to confide to her something important which her father had said to him just before his death—in fact, at the very moment before her mother was taken away so suddenly; something known only to the three then present.

Half doubting, Rena still felt that it might be true; and she at last agreed to meet him at the grate; but it was to be the *last time*.

He came—wept, implored; shed tears of apparently real grief—told her how wretched she had made him, and entreated her to treat him more kindly.

Every word of his increased her disgust at his falsehood—added to her hate—for it was now hate that filled her breast. She spoke sternly, scornfully, cuttingly, as she bade him go and never return to trouble the now serene calm of her life.

"I will not leave you," he said, "until you give me hope."

"That will never be. I hate you!" she said, roused almost to madness by his persistent pursuit of her. "Go!" she repeated. "I will never see you more."

"Never?"

"Never. No matter with what specious lie you come, I will never see you again."

With a mad cry, he threw himself against the grate by which she had been leaning. His sudden action startled her, and she drew back for an instant. Then, knowing that he could not reach her, she put out her hand, in token of forgiveness and of farewell.

A moment after, the old porter shut him from the sacred walls, saw him mount, slowly and unsteadily, turning round to gaze upon the convent, like one dazed by some mighty emotion of grief or passion, and giving reins to his steed, he rode away as if pursued by a fiend incarnate.

Hour after hour had passed, yet no one had seen the gentle novice who had already won upon the affections of the sisters of "The Sacred Heart." The abbess became alarmed, and sought her in the parlor, where she had left her awaiting her visitor.

White and cold as marble, the poor girl lay, extended upon the stone floor. In vain the

frightened abbess raised the fair head to her bosom, and tried to restore her to life. She woke no more.

It was well known that Agustino was the only person present at each of the mysterious deaths of the Villani family. Such a coincidence could not but awaken suspicion, and it led to his arrest and trial. He was searched, and upon his person was found a key with a screw attached. On touching this screw, a needle of exquisite fineness was pressed forward. On the breast of each of the three corpses had been observed a minute red spot, from which had flowed a drop of blood!

At the trial of Agustino, the judge showed him the key and desired him to explain its action. It accidentally fell from the judge's hand to the floor. The prisoner stooped to pick it up, and in a moment he lay motionless and dead. His last act was to take his own life with the fatal key which he had invented for the parents of Rena.

#### THE DEATH WATCH.

The "death watch" (*Anobium striatum*) is a very common inmate of our houses. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects, there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. This noise, however, is caused by a small beetle, which, during its boring operations, rubs the neck and thorax (chest) together, by which means this (to some persons) terrible omen is produced—a fact which if more generally known, would save a world of causeless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the woodwork of old houses, which they gnaw continually. When captured, this little beetle feigns death with the strangest pertinacity, perfering, it is said, to suffer death under a slow fire rather than to betray the least sign of vitality. The "death-watch," on account of its retired habits, minute size and dark color, is very seldom seen; and, as there are often several individuals working at the same time in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitious terror wherewith, by some persons, it is regarded. The greatest evil, however, to be dreaded from it is the injury it does through its excavations in the woodwork of our houses. It is not larger than a good sized flea.

## A CURIOUS COURTSHIP.

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 BY NATHAN AMES.  
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## SCENE THE FIRST.

IN CINCINNATI.

It was a rainy day in Cincinnati. The streets were empty and the shops deserted. Mr. Manly, the owner of a large and flourishing dry goods establishment, sat in his counting-room, in one corner of his store, alone. Frank, his younger brother, and Edward Irving, his other clerk, were engaged in fighting broadswords with their yardsticks, with the dire intent of killing—not themselves, but time. Mr. Manly sat amused and smiling at them several minutes, until, at length, one of the yardsticks broke in two. Then Mr. Manly thought it was a proper time to have some fun himself, in giving them a lecture.

"Boys! boys!" said he, "how long will you be boys? Well, well, I mean to put a stop to this; 'tis time you both began to think of being men! Here's Frank, here, twenty-five—and Ned, you're twenty-three; bless me! before I was as old as that I had sown all my wild oats, finished courting, married, and become a father. Boys, you never will be men until you get a wife; in fine, in short and long, I will not have you in the shop another year, unless—"

"We marry!" interrupted Frank. "Well, that is something serious, that's a fact. Matrimony or starvation?"

"Matrimony and starvation, Frank, is what you mean," said Ned.

"No, fooling, boys, I am in earnest," continued Mr. Manly. "You are splendid fellows, both of you, or rather might be, but you are too wild, too full of oats—too full, in fine, of mischief; and must be bound in matrimonial bonds, or I won't keep you any longer in the store, and that's a fact! This making love promiscuously to every pretty girl that comes in here, won't do—you must be settled down in life, or settle up with me. You understand!"

"But, dear brother," answered Frank, "are you aware how much you would be the loser by the means? Don't Ned and I do all we can to draw in pretty customers? and don't we bow, and smile and joke and play the agreeable—and all for you, for your aggrandizement? And now, in requital for all our

kindness and devotion, you are going to force us to commit the suicidal crime of matrimony—make it even criminal for us, in fine, to smile upon a pretty customer; and—well, in my opinion, the loss of custom resulting from the carrying out of such a plan would finally result in ruin to—your most respected self."

"You are the most conceited chap I ever saw," said Mr. Manly, smiling; "and I mean to draw it out of you. As for brother Frank, I want to take him in as partner with me, but I would as soon take a wild mustang for a partner, as a man without a wife! And you, Ned, if you will only get a wife and sober down within a year, your name shall also be upon the firm—Manly Brothers & Co. So you see, boys, partnership and matrimony, or dismissal, is the fate awaiting you. A golden opportunity, if you will but embrace it."

"As for embracing an opportunity," said Frank, "I don't object to that; I don't know as there is anything criminal in that; but matrimony is a different thing! I fear your business, as I said before, would suffer; but I suppose I must submit. You must, however, help me find a partner who shall be so ugly that the business will not suffer for the want of courtesy to pretty customers! You certainly can do no less than that, since you compel me to—"

"Be happy!" interrupted Mr. Manly. "Yes, I will engage to do the best I can for you. I know a splendid girl, just right for you or Ned, in Boston—related, by the way, to Mrs. Manly."

"But Ned," said Frank, "is not to be a competitor, of course. He's good as fettered now—"

"And a good deal better!" interrupted Ned.

"To that tremendous pretty customer," continued Frank, "who trades so much with him. I saw her looking at his daguerreotype the other day as though she worshipped it; and Ned stops every day to look at her's! They hang beside each other in the show case, just below here, on the corner."

"Nothing in it! nothing in it!" answered Ned. "That's all a fiction of Frank's; he's jealous of me even now, he knows that I shall cut him out!"

"Fair play's a jewel, boys—you both shall have an equal chance," said Mr. Manly.

"Is she rich?" said Ned.

"She's worth—her weight in diamonds," answered Mr. Manly.

"Is she young and handsome?"

"Both."

"Well educated and intelligent?"

"Both."

"And wants a husband?"

"Yes, of course."

"And what relation is she to your wife?" said Ned.

"Her youngest sister—Fanny Drew," responded Mr. Manly. "And I'm not going to tell you any more about her. I can only say I think she would make a glorious little jewel of a wife for you."

"For both of us?" inquired Ned.

"The one who is so fortunate as to win," said Mr. Manly.

"I fear," said Frank, "you'll get us into trouble. Ned and I are now the best of friends, but if I cut him out in love—"

"All is, I'll break another yardstick over your conceited cranium!" said Ned. "But then I have no fears."

"Well, Ned," said Frank. "I'll wait until I see the prize before I undertake the serious mutilation of your physiognomy. But how in the name of Cupid are we going to begin to contrive to fall in love? Must we both repair to Boston—or must we sit here listening to your praise of her, and thus become enamored of her name alone? And yet it is a very pretty name—Fanny; yes, I rather *fan-cy* it."

"And so do I," said Ned; and seizing a fragment of a broken yardstick, took the attitude of defiance. Frank seized the other and both began to skirmish.

"You or I must win or die!" shouted Frank.

"Stop, boys, stop!" said Mr. Manly, parting them with all the earnestness a downright combat had demanded. "Pause, I entreat you! Disfigure not each other's manly faces by unworthy blows—else may you both receive the mitten. I will put the thing at rest—I'll send for Fanny's picture—her daguerreotype I mean. The one who likes it best (or both of you, if that shall be the case) shall send his daguerreotype to Fanny; and if Fanny likes the looks of it, you then shall have a furlough long enough to go to Boston, win her if you can, and come back here a happy man!"

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed the young

men simultaneously; and throwing down their deadly weapons took each other in a friendly manner by the hand.

## SCENE THE SECOND.

### IN BOSTON.

TEN days from this was a rainy day in Boston. Fanny Drew, and Ellen Drew who was at that time on a visit at her uncle's sat together in the little sitting-room of Mr. Moses Drew; a most respectable, intelligent, but not a very wealthy dry-goods dealer of New England's great metropolis.

Fanny was the youngest of half a dozen daughters, five of whom had married, and, as they deserved, had "married well." Mrs. Drew had been an invalid for many years before her death, which happened just ten months ago; and notwithstanding many offers, Fanny never felt herself in duty bound to leave her mother or her father's house for that of any other man. To tell the truth, she never yet had fallen very desperately in love; but since her mother's death, she felt herself at liberty, at least, to think of one day finding some one else to love and cherish.

Mrs. Manly had, indeed, invited, urged her, more than once to come to Cincinnati on a visit, hinting that one Mr. Frank, of whom she spoke in the highest terms of commendation, was a proper man for her, and old enough to think of getting him a little comforter! And then how pleasant it would be for them to live so near together. But Fanny still remained at home; her stricken father needed all her love and tenderness. She thought how doubly lonely he would be if she were gone.

Thus the beautiful, the lovely Fanny Drew, the flower of all the family, had reached the age of twenty-two, her heart untouched, her hand unplugged.

Fanny's cousin from the country, a most enchanting, lively, blue-eyed lass of eighteen summers—Ellen Drew—as I remarked before, was on a visit to her uncle in the city. It was a dark, and rainy day. Fanny sat engaged in sewing, whilst her cousin, in the sweetest voice imaginable, had, at the present moment, just wound up a most exciting tale. But at this moment the bell rang, and Fanny throwing down her sewing, bounded to the door.

"A letter, miss, one cent," the post-boy said. Fanny gave the little fellow two and bounded back.

"Where is it from?" said Ellen.

"Cincinnati," answered Fan.

"From sister Manly?"

"No, 'tis not her hand," said Fanny, tearing off the envelope.

"It must be then, from Frank!" said Ellen, springing up and throwing her arm around her cousin's waist, as if about to help her read the letter. Fanny disengaged herself, and backing into a corner of the room continued reading.

"There, it is from Frank, I know it is!" said Ellen. "How you blush; if he could only see you blushing now, it wouldn't be three months before the hymeneal altar—"

"What a funny letter," said the blushing Fanny.

"Is it from him?"

"Yes."

"There, yes I knew it was from Frank."

"Why no, you goose!" said Fanny. "Frank, I never saw him in my life! 'Tis from my sister's husband, Mr. Manly."

"Yes, a good ways from him!" interrupted Ellen.

"All the way from Cincinnati," answered Fan, "and such a funny letter!"

"Do tell us what it is that pleases you so much and makes you look so red?"

"A most romantic letter!"

"Read it, read it, Fan!" said Ellen, earnestly, "or else I shall conclude at once it is from Frank."

"Well, well, sit down, and make a solemn promise that you will never divulge the secret, and," continued Fanny, "I will read it all to you, provided—"

"Provided what?" said Ellen, growing every moment more impatient.

"Provided you will give me your daguerreotype," said Fanny.

"Give my daguerreotype! Do pray explain yourself."

"Promise first that you will give me your daguerreotype."

"But will you give me yours in turn?"

"No, Ellen, that would only be a swap; you are to pay me for the letter, by a picture of your pretty self."

"Ah, Fan, you want to get me into trouble."

"No, I want to get you out of trouble."

"Out of trouble?" answered Ellen, in astonishment, "you puzzle me—I am as happy now as I can be—"

"Without a husband!" interrupted Fanny. "Do you promise me the daguerreotype? here's the money for another."

"Yes, yes, do read the letter!" said Ellen; whose curiosity was heightened to the highest pitch. "The daguerreotype can only kill me, at the most—and I shall die, I know I shall, unless I see the letter. So read the 'funny, most romantic letter,' and my counterfeit presentment is yours."

And Fanny now began to read the letter.

"Cincinnati, July 1, 18—.

"DEAR SISTER:—Since you so stubbornly refuse to visit us in person, this epistle is to give you information that there are two handsome, virtuous, most intelligent and promising young men in my employ—my brother Frank, and Edward Irving—whom I mean to make my partners, as soon as they get partners of their own. They both have heard of you, your beauty, virtues and accomplishments, from me, and from your sister, and are extremely anxious to behold, at least, a picture of your pretty self. I am therefore deputized by them, most respectfully to request of you to send me, and for their inspection, admiration and especial benefit, a daguerreotype of Fanny Drew the Boston belle! The bill enclosed to pay expenses is from them. I trust, for their sake and my own, that you will send the favor on as soon as possible.

"Your affectionate brother-in-law,

"WILLIAM MANLY."

"And you are going to send my picture, instead of yours?" said Ellen.

"To be sure," was Fan's reply; "that was the very reason why I bought it of you. I'll have two lovers after you within a month."

"And rob yourself!" said Ellen.

"No, no," said Fan; "I mean that you shall shake the tree, and I intend to catch the apples. Get them down here after me, and they will be ashamed to return as though they had an extra pair of mittens. I send your picture for my own; you see the handsomer I make them think I am, the surer they will be to come."

"What a piece of flattery you are," said Ellen.

"No flattery at all," replied her cousin; "and if I were a man, I'd lead you blushing to the hymeneal altar just as quick as love could drag you there. The one that you don't get, I may. They'll both be down here in a month!"

"And kill each other, may be, in a duel!"

"We shall see. Ten days from this, they get the picture."

"No they don't," said Ellen, springing from

the sofa towards the centre-table, where her newly-taken daguerreotype was lying. Fanny was too quick for her, and reached it first.

"Now, Fan, that is too bad," said Ellen. "What *would* they think of me?"

"They *will* think, that I, Miss Fanny Drew, am the prettiest girl they ever saw!" replied the laughing Fanny.

"Don't you send *it*, Fan," said Ellen, earnestly. "Don't you send *it*, Fanny, if you love me, don't."

"That's the very reason why I *shall* send *it*," answered Fanny.

"I shall write them, then," said Ellen.

"Do, do," interrupted her cousin. "Do write and tell the young men in the most endearing terms, that the picture they admire so much is yours, and they will know how much you long to see them then."

"I never shall forgive you, Fan," said Ellen.

"O, yes you will," retorted Fan, "and thank me for my kindness, too, when he shall lead you blushing to the hymeneal altar."

### SCENE THE THIRD.

#### IN CINCINNATI.

TEN days after this it rained again in Cincinnati. Again the streets were empty and the stores deserted. Again were Frank and Edward scuffling boisterously, as Mr. William Manly entered, with a wet umbrella in his right hand, and a little package in his left.

"What's that?" said Frank.

"The picture, boys, the picture!" answered Mr. Manly, and the two young men sprang over the counter in a flash, to be the first to seize the sight. Frank, however, stumbled on the floor, and Edward gained the prize.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Manly, "you are the most ferocious lovers that I ever saw;" while Frank regained his feet, and fell on Ned in all the sportive fury he was master of.

"You'll spile her picter!" shouted Mr. Manly to the tumbling rivals; "you'll spile her picter, sure as fate."

"Blast her picter!" shouted Ned, as Frank upset him on the floor and held him down.

"Let him have the picture, Frank," said Mr. Manly. "And here's a letter, too—you take the letter, Frank; divide the spoils, and let him have the picture. The one the picture of her face, the other of her mind."

Frank arose and seized the letter.

"Glorious! glorious! what an angel!" ut-

tered Ned, intently gazing on the daguerreotype.

"And what a splendid penman-ess!" said Frank.

"Such heavenly eyes!" continued Ned.

"Such ideality!" said Frank.

"Such cherubical and most alluring lips!" said Ned, kissing the truly tempting picture of Miss Ellen Drew, supposing all the while that it was Fanny Drew.

"Stop that!" cried Frank. "Confound you, Ned, what are you doing there?"

"Adoring Fanny Drew," responded Ned.

"Lip-service! heartless miscreant!" shouted Frank, impatient to behold the picture.

"What angel eyes—what cherub lips, what heavenly curls!" continued Ned, and kissing again the senseless picture of the distant beauty.

"Do let me see it, Ned, you selfish monster, you."

"Boys, boys," interrupted Mr. Manly; "madness and confusion! compromise the matter—compromise, or as I said before, you'll spile her picter!"

"Well, then, let us see the letter," answered Ned.

"No, let me see the picture first, and I will read the letter to you then," said Frank.

"How so?" inquired Ned; "the letter is not sent to you, alone, is it?"

"To him who likes the picture best."

"The letter's mine, then, true as Cupid!" shouted Ned. "But feast your eyes—but not your lips."

"O, what a perfect little beauty!" said the admiring Frank, as he beheld the picture. "What a perfect little beauty, and how well she writes—just hear the letter."

"Read it, read it," continued Ned; and Frank obeyed.

"Boston, July 10th, 18—.

"The youth who fancies Fanny most—

She sends her picture to;

• But he must send his own, by post,

Before he thinks to woo!

Should Fanny fancy what he sends—

She fondly hopes she may—

The time may come when parted friends

Wont pine so far away!"

"There, boys, you have it now in black and white," said Mr. Manly. "He who fancies Fanny's picture most, must send his own!"

"What most seraphic eyes!" said Frank.

"And cherub lips," continued Ned.

"The question *is*," said Mr. Manly, "who likes the picture most?"

"I, I," responded Frank and Ned, together.

"Well, boys," continued Mr. Manly, smiling, "I see no other way to settle difficulties than this: both of you send your daguerreotypes to her—the one she fancies most shall have a furlough long enough to go to Boston, win her if he can, and bring her back—a happy man."

"A happy woman! I suppose is what you mean," said Frank.

"All the same," suggested Ned; "they twain shall be one flesh."

"Well, fight it out yourselves," said Mr. Manly, with a smile, and left the store.

The two young men, the self-same afternoon, arrayed themselves and combed and brushed themselves with most especial care, and arm in arm, resolved to carry out the joke—no matter how the joke might end—repaired together to the most approved and fashionable daguerreotype saloon in Cincinnati, and procured their likenesses. Frank sat twice, and Ned three times, before the picture satisfied his beau ideal of his most enchanting self.

They certainly were very handsome men, and looked enough alike for brothers. Frank wore whiskers and moustache, but Ned the former only.

"What a little fool that Fanny was to send her cousin's picture for her own," said Mrs. Manly to her husband, as he entered, coming from the store that afternoon. "I can't imagine what she means by it. I really don't believe she ever means to marry."

"Fudge!" said Mr. Manly, "of course 'tis all a joke."

"Such jokes are sometimes serious things," replied his wife; "besides, I really wish that Frank might see how pretty Fanny is."

"I think that Fanny showed her wisdom, though," responded Mr. Manly, "in keeping back the likeness of herself until she first had seen those of her suitors. I should have done the same myself. Besides, she never need to fear; she is, in my opinion, far more beautiful than cousin Ellen."

"But first impressions are not easily effaced," said Mrs. Manly, who had set her heart on making Frank and Fanny make each other happy. "And if he is allowed to think that that daguerreotype is Fanny's, and if, with what he has so often heard in praise of her from us, he should incline to fall in love with her, and then should ever come to see the real Fanny—"

"He will be most agreeably surprised, and that is all," said Mr. Manly, interrupting.

"But put yourself at rest on that; I'll send Frank on to Boston pretty soon on business."

"But Edward—what will Edward say to that?" said Mrs. Manly.

"Let Ned alone," responded Mr. Manly. "He is fixed—he was in ecstasies at Ellen's picture."

"But he is deceived."

"And so is Frank—and so in time are lovers always," answered Mr. Manly.

"Were you?" inquired his wife.

"Most certainly I was!" said Mr. Manly, smiling. "Before I married you I thought you nothing but an angel! now I think you are—an angel—and a—perfect little woman too!"

"Soft soap is getting cheap, I think," replied his wife.

"No, dear, it is the dearest, yet the cheapest thing on earth," said Mr. Manly, and the bell was rung for tea.

## SCENE THE FOURTH.

### IN BOSTON.

Ten days from this, and Fanny Drew was sitting in the little sitting-room in Boston, where we left her and her pretty cousin at the close of scene the second. It was a most delightful day; she sat alone beside an open window, sewing. Ever and anon a gentle gust of wind stole softly in, and, throwing back her rich and wavy curls of raven hair, impressed an unseen kiss upon her marble brow. What is she thinking of? Some pleasant theme—for see, she smiles; she stops—she gazes with her dark-blue eyes intently on some "airy nothing" in the azure sky. She smiles again, and plies her needle as before. And now again she gazes on the sky, and now looks wistfully adown the narrow court that lies between her father's dwelling and the street.

"'Tis time that boy were here," she said, "if anything has come to-day. 'Tis more than twenty days since Cousin Ellen's picture started on its voyage of love. But there he comes;" and, springing quickly to the door, she met the penny-postboy with two letters and a little package.

"Two letters! two daguerreotypes! O, Ellen, how I wish that you were here," said Fanny, bounding up the steps. "Let's see, the pictures first—the letters next."

And now the faces of the two young men, like suppliants, lie before her.

"Splendid-looking fellows, that's a fact. I



wonder which is Frank? Frank has a curly head; and so let's see, has Ned. How much alike they look! Which one do I like best? O, how I wish I knew which one is Frank. But here, the letters, they will solve the mystery. If I could only read them both at once; first come, first served," continued Fanny, opening one. "Whose hand is this? let's see; signed Edward Irving."

"Cincinnati, Sept. 10, 18—.

"That picture you sent me,  
Like lightning has rent me,  
And cleft me like Cupid apart!  
One glance like a flash,  
Shot through me, and—dash!  
Your image has shivered my heart!"

"Poor fellow—pitiable plight!" said Fanny to herself. "He'll die, no doubt of that; a man can't long survive whose heart is all rent and cleft, and dashed and shivered up like that. But let us see what follows.

"From that nectarous lip,  
O, might I but sip  
One quaff—though I died the next minute,  
I'd do it, to twine my future with thine,  
I'd do it, though dying to win it.  
"E. IRVING."

"O, Ellen, Ellen, you must marry him, or he will commit suicide—upon himself or some one else. Now, Mr. Frank, for you," continued Fanny, opening the other letter. "But what is this? a lock of hair! of dark-brown, curly hair; and verses, too!"

"'Tis not thy matchless beauty,  
Thy features all divine,  
'Tis not for these, dear Fanny,  
That I would make thee mine!  
'Tis for thy deeds of goodness,  
Thy spirit all divine;  
It is for these, dear Fanny,  
That I would make thee mine."  
"F. MANLY."

"Frank is the man for me," thought Fanny, "and I was a fool for sending Ellen's picture on to him instead of mine; but never mind, I think I will accept of sister's invitations by-and-by, and take a trip to Cincinnati. But which of these two faces is Frank's? Provoking fellows, did they think that I should know which is which, as readily as they know themselves by looking in the glass? But I suppose that I must answer them and tell them which daguerreotype I fancy most. Let's see again; I rather fancy this one most, all but that black moustache; and yet it is

becoming, too. Eve didn't object to Adam, I suppose, because his Maker made him with a moustache and manly beard, and if I married him, I don't know whether I should shear it off some night or not. I hope that that is Frank. But hark! some one with father on the steps; it is a stranger's voice."

Fan had scarcely time to hide the letters and daguerreotypes, before her father entered with a tall and noble-looking youth, whose face appeared the very image of the picture she had just admired so much, and hoped was Frank's.

"My daughter, Mr. Manly," said her father. Fanny rose, and, blushing, bade him welcome.

"But this is not your daughter Fanny, Mr. Drew?" said Frank, with a mingled air of admiration and astonishment.

"Yes, I forgot; my youngest daughter, Fanny," answered Mr. Drew; "and this, Fan, is Mr. Frank, and just from Cincinnati."

"But I am very much deceived," continued Frank.

"And disappointed, too?" said Fanny, blushing.

"Most agreeably, most agreeably disappointed," answered Frank. "That was a lovely face with which you cheated us, but this I now behold is lovelier still!"

"You seem to speak in riddles," interrupted Mr. Drew.

"I didn't tell you, father," answered Fanny, coloring like a rose, "that I sent my daguerreotype to Cincinnati—"

"For young men to laugh at!" interrupted her father. "Where, Fanny, is your modesty and—"

"Your daughter, sir," said Frank, who saw how much the blushing Fanny needed his assistance, "your daughter, of whose beauty, virtues and accomplishments we all had heard so much, was requested by her brother-in-law to send her daguerreotype to Cincinnati; but she, whose modesty, it seems, is equalled only by her wit and beauty, deceived us all by sending on some other very pretty face, indeed, but still, in my opinion, far inferior to her own."

Fanny smiled and blushed, and Frank, in fine, had fallen desperately in love with her at once.

"But your visit here?" said Fanny; "your unexpected call? I had but just received—"

"What had you just received?" exclaimed her father; "daguerreotypes, of course."

"Yes, two daguerreotypes," said Frank.

"O, fudge! these new inventions!" muttered—

ed Mr. Drew. "They'll marry, by-and-by, by telegraph! and—but why didn't they come like men, themselves, and bring their faces with them?"

"One did," said Frank, "and humbly hopes his presence may not prove unpleasant to the lovely being whose attractions drew him hither."

"Cousin Ellen would blush to hear you compliment her so," said Fanny.

"If cousin Ellen's blushing made her half as lovely as yourself," said Frank, "she would not long remain in want of lovers."

"Yes, I should judge so, from the praises which her bare daguerreotype alone elicited from two young men in Cincinnati," answered Fan.

"Was Ned's epistle, then, so very desperate?" inquired Frank.

"Heart-rending!" answered Fanny.

"Send the letter and the picture out to Ellen, then, as quick as possible—deluded Ned," said Frank.

Need I add, that Frank, within a month, returned "a happy man" to Cincinnati, with as happy and as fair a little wife as ever blessed the lot of man?

And need I further add, that Fanny sent the letter and daguerreotype of Edward Irving to her pretty cousin Ellen, that Ellen was delighted with it, and that Ned had business on to Boston shortly after Frank's felicitous arrival in the West; and that he, also, with a happy wife, returned, a happy man, to Cincinnati; and that Ellen *did* forgive her roguish cousin Fan for playing such a trick upon her?

"Praises to the memory and genius of Daguerre, and praises to the man who first invented letters and the art of writing verses! To them is due the happiness of many happy souls; and to them the name of Messrs. Manly Brothers & Co., of Cincinnati; and to them this most intensely interesting story of the three daguerreotypes.

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#### HOW MURAT DIED.

The sentence of the military commission was read to him with due solemnity. He listened to it as he would have listened to the cannon of another battle during his military life, without emotion or bravado. He neither asked for pardon, for delay, nor for appeal. He had advanced, of his own accord, toward the door, as if to accelerate the catastrophe. The door opened on a narrow esplanade lying

between the towers of the castle and the outer walls. Twelve soldiers, with loaded muskets, awaited him there. The narrow space did not permit him to stand at a sufficient distance to deprive his death of a part of its horror. Murat, in stepping over the threshold of the chamber, found himself face to face with them. He refused to have his eyes bandaged, and looking at the soldiers with a firm and benevolent smile, said, "My friends, do not make me suffer by taking bad aim. The narrow space compels you almost to rest the muzzles of your muskets on my breast; do not tremble; do not strike me in the face; aim at my heart—here it is." As he spoke thus, he placed his right hand upon his coat, to indicate the position of his heart. In his left hand he held a small medallion, which contained the one focus of love, the image of his wife and four children, as if he wished thus to make them witnesses of his last look. He fixed his eyes on this portrait, and received the death-blow in the contemplation of all he loved on earth. His body, pierced at so short a distance with twelve balls, fell, with his arms open and his face towards the earth, as if still embracing the kingdom he once possessed, and which he had come to re-conquer for his tomb. They threw his cloak upon his body, which was buried in the Cathedral of Pizzì.

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#### FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

Friendship and Love! two magic words,

That span this world of ours,  
Make deserts with their arid wastes  
Glow bright with moral flowers;  
Strew happiness where sorrow dark  
In silence long had been;  
Make glad the home of rich and poor  
In palace, cot or glen.

Friendship and Love! the chains that bind

Together heart to heart,  
With golden links of nature's power,  
All unimpaired by art.

Friendship and Love! the magic wand  
To us as mortals given,  
They strew around us holy joys,  
And bind our earth to heaven.

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He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is living, prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead; and by an egotism that is suicidal and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here, and the highest happiness hereafter.

## The Florist.

### Color of Plants.

The light of the sun is absolutely necessary to the formation of chlorophyl, or leaf-green. Direct sunlight, indeed, is not necessary; diffused daylight is enough. Now when plants are placed in such circumstances that they cannot decompose carbonic acid, so that they cease to exhale oxygen, they become etiolated, or turn white. Were it possible, then, for the darkness of night to be prolonged, chlorophyl, or leaf-green, would disappear from creation. The grass of our meadows and the foliage of plants would turn white, and the whole of their vegetative energy would be expended in pushing forth weak, watery, and etiolated shoots and leaves. The same remark applies to the resins, volatile oils, wax, and other vegetable products which plants elaborate from sap. Sunlight, or at any rate diffused daylight, is necessary to their formation, and the process stops during the night.

But not only leaves and blades of grass, but flowers are colored by the sun. The beautiful cluster of leaves popularly called the flower, is only the ordinary green leaves of the plant carried forward to a more advanced stage of organic metamorphosis. The petals of flowers are usually greenish whilst folded together in the bud, and they only change their color and obtain those charming and radiant hues by which they are distinguished, when they open and become exposed to the warm bright rays of the sun.

### Periodic Changes of Color in Plants.

The following flowers go through periodic changes of color:

*Hibiscus mutabilis*. This is a malvaceous plant, a native of the East Indies, which has been properly called a vegetable chameleon. In the morning its flowers are white, at midnight pink, and in the evening they shine with the color of the rose.

*Gladiolus versicolor*. This is a species of sword lily, and a native of the Cape of Good Hope. In the morning its flowers are brown outside and yellow inside, and in the evening a clear blue. During the night the blue color disappears, and in the morning has changed back to brown, and so for eight days this change of color takes place. In *Brusfelsia*, a plant belonging to the natural order *Solanaceae*, the flower when it first opens is white, afterwards it changes to a straw color. All the *Franciscæa* species (another *Solanaceous* plant) begin the day with blue violet flowers and end it with lilac and white. Among our native plants the *Lithospermum purpureo-ceruleum*, or gromwell, changes the color of its flowers from blue to purple as the day advances.

These diurnal changes in the color of the flowers

can only result from chemical changes in the colored fluid or semi-fluid matters which fill the cells of the petals, the result of the variability of the amount of heat and light received from the sun during the day. It may be called solar chemistry, a science at present but little understood.

In the inorganic kingdom of nature we have many proofs of the influence of the sun's rays in effecting chemical changes. Chloride of gold dissolved in water will be precipitated in the form of gold leaf, if the solution be exposed to the sun's light. Paper sponged with a solution of chloride of silver darkens slowly in diffused light, but darkens in two or three minutes only by exposure in sunshine. So also the daguerreotypist succeeds better in the morning when the sun shines brightly than on a cloudy day, or in the evening, in the exercise of his art.

The odor of flowers is also affected by these daily changes of temperature, light, and other conditions of plant life. Some flowers, such as the *Leucogum*, or snowflake, and the *Oenothera*, or evening primrose, are more fragrant in the evening than they are in the morning. Each flower, in fact, has its own time of emitting its fragrance. The fragrance, as well as the color of some flowers, is changeable. There is a species of *Cestrum* in Mexico, the odor of which changes in a most remarkable manner. It is called by the Mexicans "Angel de dia y punta de noche," or an angel by day and a dung-maid by night; because it gives forth a delightful smell by day and stinks at night, resuming its agreeable odor again in the morning. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the sunlight plays an important part in effecting this change of odor.

### The Anterrhinum, or Snap Dragon.

This beautiful biennial has attained considerable perfection in size and beauty of flower; as it only lives two years, the plant is lost unless some means are used to preserve it, which is done by taking slips or cuttings from it in the fall, and rooting them where the frost will not hurt them in winter. They will form plants to bed out the next spring. The seed from choice plants is not always to be relied upon; a rich soil, somewhat shaded, will insure an abundance of flowers all the season.

### Taking up Flowers.

It is now the season for taking up such flowers from the garden as are too tender to endure the frost of this climate, and, except for those who have ample accommodation in greenhouse room, the summer growth renders them sometimes difficult to dispose of for window or parlor plants. The best way to save some of the choice varieties of petunias and

verbenas, is to take the cuttings, and start them in pots before the large plants are killed by the frost, and unless required for winter blooming, those cuttings, if kept from growing much, will form strong, healthy plants for bedding in the spring. They do not require much water except when in the dry, warm air of a sitting-room, then they must be frequently watched and sprinkled, for the red spider, and aphid or green fly are sad destroyers of the window plants.

#### Planting Ranunculuses.

Ranunculus roots may be planted before or after winter; if the soil and situation is remarkably cold and wet, it will be better to defer planting till the first opening of spring, but then the earliest opportunity of planting them should be embraced. Ranunculuses are originally the natives of a warm climate, where they blow in the winter, or more rainy season of the year; they are of course partial to coolness and moisture, except from wet and frost, which the more delicate sorts cannot bear, in any considerable degree without injury. The best method of growing both ranunculuses and anemones is to plant in frames covered with glass, or else in pots in a cool green-house; this will make them bloom strong, and perfect their growth before hot weather begins.

#### Bulbs.

Bulbs should have a rich, deep soil, and the larger varieties such as tulips and crown imperial should be planted at least an inch deeper than the smaller crocuses or Star of Bethlehem; from two to three inches is the depth they are usually planted; careful protection in winter will insure early blossoms and well-formed flowers. The Japan lily has been classed with the tender bulbs, but it is found to be as hardy as the tulip, and requires about the same care. It blooms in the latter end of the summer, and its tall stems of white flowers spotted with crimson, form a rare and beautiful addition to the flower garden.

#### Sleep of Plants.

So long as the corolla is open and the flower awake, it proves that the plant is active; but this vegetable activity is the result of the amount of heat and light derived from the sun, and that is always directly in proportion to the angular elevation of the sun above the horizon. This is proved by the slumbering of flowers in the polar countries, even when under continuous sunlight, the sun approaching the horizon at midnight, but not sinking below its surface. The flowers thus continuously illuminated go to sleep and open at certain hours with as much regularity as during the temporary absence and re-appearance of the sun in lower latitudes. The *Tridentalis* and *Anemone*, which in temperate climates produced white flowers, steep themselves in the beams of the midnight polar sun of the deepest red. They continue open when the rest of the polar flowers are closed.

Even the ordinary green leaves, as well as the flowers, are affected by sleep. This is particularly visible in those plants which possess compound leaves, and which belong to the "natural order *Leguminosae*, or pea tribe. The change of position in the leaves of some of them is so well marked that they present, with their drooping foliage, a totally different aspect in the evening to what they do in the morning. A little girl, who had observed the phenomenon of sleep in a locust tree that grew before her nursery-window, upon being required to go to bed a little earlier than usual, replied, with much acuteness, "O, mother, it is not yet time to go to bed! the locust tree has not yet begun to say its prayers."

How is the fact to be understood that some flowers open at sunset and others in the night-time? The explanation is easy. Probably heat is the chief agent in causing the movements of flowers, whether by day or night; and the light only influences them so far as it contains calorific rays. On this principle, the opening of some flowers at sunset whilst others are closing is very readily understood. Those chemical changes necessary to the growth of plants can only take place when they are surrounded by the conditions of heat and light necessary to produce them, and in some cases these conditions only exist at sunset. Hence such plants are awake and active at this time. And the same observations apply to night flowers. These only experience the proper warmth at night, and therefore open themselves, and are the most energetic at this period; but as soon as morning comes, the conditions again change, their vital energies relax, and they once more fold themselves for their daily slumbers.

The slumbering and awakening of flowers is not a poetic fiction, but a reality. It is beautifully analogous to the same phenomenon in animals, and arises from very similar causes. The organization of plants, like that of animals, daily oscillates between a state of repose and one of activity. All over the illuminated portion of our planet vegetation is active, the rest of the plant world is slumbering. On one side of the earth where the dark hemisphere is turning to the sun, on a meridian extending over the entire temperate and tropical zones, the bright and rosy tints of dawn are ever advancing over scenery all blooming with awakening flowers and joyous with the song of early birds; and at the same moment, on the side of the earth diametrically opposite, or on the same meridian, the landscapes are turning away from the sun and rolling into darkness and starlight, the sun is ever sinking in the west, his parting rays are tinging the evening sky, the flowers are folding themselves to sleep for the night, the song of the birds is hushed, and another day, with all its events for good or evil on the future destinies of mankind, is irrevocably passed.

## The Housewife.

### Sponge Cake Pudding.

Beat together one pound of fine white sugar and the yolks of twelve eggs until very frothy; add the grated rind and juice of two lemons; beat the whites to a very strong froth, and beat them well in with the yolks; add three quarters of a pound of sifted flour; just stir it in—do not beat it much. Butter a handsome, high-shaped mould; bake about half an hour; try it with a broom-straw; when done turn it into a high dish; have ready some frosting; turn it through a small tunnel to the pudding. Serve with wine sauce.

### Mould Pudding.

Take any kind of stale bread, break it in small pieces; butter a mould, and fill it nearly full with the cake. Beat three eggs to a pint of milk; flavor to the taste; turn this over the cake; let it soak two hours. Set the mould into a deep saucepan of boiling water; let it boil an hour and a half. Turn the mould over into the pudding-dish, to stand a few moments before serving; then lift the mould carefully, that the pudding may not break. Serve with cold sauce.

### Potato Pudding.

Boil six good, mealy potatoes, mash them very fine; beat them well with the yolks of five eggs, half a pound of white sugar, quarter of a pound of butter—beat the whites to a strong froth—the rind of a lemon grated, and the juice; stir all together well; add a little salt, and a pint of good milk or cream; bake about an hour and a half.

### Cottage Pudding.

Warm two and a half table-spoonfuls of butter, stir in a teacup of white sugar, one well-beaten egg; put two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in one pint of flour; add a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk; flavor with nutmeg or lemon; bake three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven, and serve with rich, hot sauce.

### Fried Fritters.

Take four eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt, the rind of one lemon grated, or a few drops of the essence of lemon, and flour enough to make a light batter. Have ready some hot lard, drop in a large spoonful of batter, and fry them to a light brown. Serve with sugar and wine.

### Apple Fritters.

Make the batter the same as the preceding; slice the apples a quarter of an inch thick, the round way; take half a teacupful of brandy, and dip the apples into it, roll in the batter, and fry them in hot lard to a light brown. Serve with wine and sugar. Or, chop the apples, stir them into the batter, and fry as above.

### Veal Cutlets.

Fry half a dozen slices of salt pork a nice brown color; take out the pork, and keep it hot, and add a few spoonfuls of cook fat. A slice from the leg of veal makes the best cutlet. Wash and wipe the slices dry; have ready an egg beaten, and some bread-crumbs; dip the cutlets first into the egg, and then into the crumbs; lay them into the hot fat; fry about fifteen or twenty minutes, or until they are of a nice brown. Dish the cutlets. Make gravy by adding a little hot water and butter; dredge in a little flour, and give it one boil, stirring it all the time; turn it over the cutlets; garnish with scraped horse-radish and the salt pork.

### To boil Hominy.

Take two teacups of white hominy; put it to soak in cold water over night; in the morning wash it out, and put it into cold water, and boil it an hour and a half, stirring it very often; when done, sprinkle a little salt; uncover the saucepan, and let it stand a few minutes. This is very nice for breakfast, and particularly for children.

### Hominy Fried.

Take boiled hominy; add a piece of butter, a little pepper and salt, a cup of cream, and flour or white Indian meal enough to stiffen it; stir this up; make it up into small cakes; fry in butter on a griddle.

### Troy Pudding.

One cup each of raisins, suet, molasses, milk; three cups and a half of flour; one teaspoonful of saleratus; stir it all together; put it into a pudding cloth, and boil it three hours. Serve it with sweet sauce.

### Corn Pudding.

Take eighteen ears of sweet corn, cut down lengthwise and scraped from the cobs; about a pint of milk, and three eggs; put in sugar and salt to the taste. Bake it three hours slowly.

### Another Corn Pudding.

Twelve full ears of grated corn, one soft cracker pounded fine, two eggs, a pint of milk, three large spoonfuls of sugar, and a teacupful of cinnamon. Bake about two hours.

### Quince Pudding.

Stew and sift eight quinces; add half a pound of sugar, six eggs, a pint of cream, and a little cinnamon. Baked in a dish, lined with paste, one hour and a half.

### Ounce Pudding.

Six eggs, six apples chopped fine, six ounces of bread-crumbs, six ounces of currants, six ounces of sugar, a little salt and nutmeg. Boiled two hours, and served with sweet sauce.

## Curious Matters.

### Traits of the Elephant.

Elephants not only obey their keeper when present, but some which are well trained will, even in his absence, perform extraordinary works. A French gentleman tells us, that on one occasion he saw two powerful elephants engaged in beating down a wall, for which hard work they were promised some fruit and brandy, elephants being very partial to spirituous liquors. These elephants did not work separately, but united their efforts, using their trunks in a very effective way, which were protected from injury by thick coverings of leather; they thrust them at the same instant against the strongest part of the wall, producing violent and reiterated shocks, while they carefully watched the effects of their blows. As soon as it was evident that the wall was in a falling condition, they made together one powerful effort, and in an instant both drew back, that they might not be injured, when, immediately after, the whole wall came thundering to the ground.

To the honor of these sagacious animals, we may add that they are very grateful for kindness shown to them. A soldier at one of our Indian forts was accustomed to give a small portion of his rum to one of them every pay-day. Having on one occasion taken too much of it himself, he became exceedingly intoxicated, and was discovered by an officer in this condition. For this breach of discipline he was ordered to be seized and carried to the guard-room. The delinquent, perceiving several soldiers pursuing him, became alarmed, and in his terror took refuge under the very elephant he was accustomed to treat, and immediately fell asleep. The soldiers in vain endeavored to drag him from this asylum: the elephant would not allow it; and whenever the attempt was renewed, fought furiously, and defended the sleeping man with his trunk.

### The Diamond.

This gem appears to have been introduced into Europe by the Arabians, when they established themselves in Spain. The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was not known in Europe till 1456, previous to which time they were set in jewelry in the state in which they were found. The celebrated mines of Golconda were discovered in 1584, those of Brazil in 1730; and, to prevent the depreciation of the precious stone likely to occur through the latter discovery, the Portuguese government limited the number of slaves to be employed by those to whom leases of those mines were granted. There are some diamonds existing which bear an almost fabulous value. One in possession of the Russian crown cost £90,000, and a perpetual annuity of £1000; another, belonging to the Grand Mogul, and dug from the mines of Gol-

conda in 1550, would, if cut, be worth £623,000. The Koh-i-Noor is of immense value; but it has been greatly diminished in size, by cutting and polishing.

### The Diving-bell.

The earliest information we have respecting the use of the diving-bell in Europe, is that of John Taissier, who was born in 1509, and had a place at court under Charles V. The principle of the diving-bell depends on the impenetrability of atmospheric air; and may be familiarly illustrated by pressing the mouth of a tumbler, or other vessel, on the surface of water, when, although a small portion of the fluid will enter the vessel, the greater space remains filled with air.

### Fire-Arms.

The first mention of portable fire-arms is in connection with the garrison of Lucca, when besieged by the Florentines, in 1430. This new kind of weapon consisted of a club of a cubit and a half long, having at one end an iron barrel, or small cannon, which the besieged carried in their hands, and, thus armed, made frequent sallies against the Florentines, discharging their guns as they approached. By means of this, they ultimately forced the abandonment of the siege. Hand-guns, or "hange-gunnes," as they were called, of a description somewhat similar to the above, were used by the English soldiers about the year 1460, having been introduced by some Flemings in the service of Edward IV. Other improvements took place from time to time, until our fire-arms reached that degree of excellence for which they are now remarkable.

### Explosive Glycerine.

Nitric acid possesses the property of converting many substances containing carbon into highly explosive agents. It is this acid which converts common cotton into explosive gun cotton. One of the most singular explosive substances lately produced is glonoine, which is made by treating glycerine (a liquid obtained from fats) with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. This product, when heated, explodes with great violence. It has not been applied to any useful purpose, and perhaps it will always be more curious than useful. It is a very powerful poison; one drop taken into the human stomach being sufficient to produce death.

### Non-poisonous Fly-Paper.

The following method of making fly-paper, free from poisonous properties, has been patented in Austria: Half a pound of quassia wood and half a pound of long pepper are boiled in fifteen pounds of water, until they are reduced to ten pounds.



The decoction is next filtered, and eight pounds of sugar with two pounds of honey are dissolved in clear liquor; to which are then added forty pounds of glycerine and forty pounds of soda ley. The paper is dipped in this liquid. The quantities of the ingredients may, of course, be greater or less; but the above proportions must be preserved.

#### Arithmetical Characters.

The numerical characters of the ancients were composed of the letters of their alphabet. Thus, for the Romans, M stood for 1000, D for 500, C for 100, etc. The numerical character now commonly used in Europe is the Arabic, so named from its having been supposed to have originated with the Arabian astronomers. It is generally admitted that these symbols were introduced into Europe by the Moors, during their occupation of Spain; but there seems to be some uncertainty as to the period when they became known in France and the neighboring countries.

#### The Thermometer.

Hero, of Alexandria, who lived about 130 B. C., is said to have been the inventor of an instrument for measuring the heat of the atmosphere, which continued in use until the close of the sixteenth century. It was then reduced to a more convenient form by Sanctonio, an Italian; and was afterwards considerably improved upon, especially by Fahrenheit, a Dutchman, who, in 1720, affixed the graduated scale, and added other details, which chiefly tended to render the thermometer the instrument of practical utility which it now is.

#### Gloves.

These are supposed to have been introduced by the Persians, and their use was regarded by other nations as effeminate. As the habits of the Greeks and Romans became more refined, they adopted them. It is believed that gloves were not used in England until the tenth century, and then only by the nobility and clergy. They were not worn by ladies till the close of the thirteenth century.

#### Gunpowder.

This is supposed to have been invented in the East at a very remote period; and the Chinese are said to have used it as early as the year 85. Its discovery in Europe is traced to a work written by the famous Roger Bacon in 1216. Its application as ammunition is said to be due to a German chemist named Schwartz, who, early in the fourteenth century, is represented as making some experiments with nitre, sulphur, and charcoal in a mortar, and in the midst of his labors was surprised and alarmed at seeing the head of the mortar blown off to a considerable distance. Gunpowder was first made use of in warfare in Europe at the battle of Cressy, in the year 1345; and in 1380 it was used by the Venetians in their war with the Genoese. From that period it was adopted by every power in Europe.

#### Alum.

This is a neutral salt, formed by a combination of the earth called *alumina*, or pure clay, with sulphuric acid and sulphate of potash. The alum of medicine and commerce is afforded chiefly by a species of slate which is dug out of the earth for this purpose, and manufactured by first decomposing the ore, as it is called, and afterwards subjecting it to several chemical processes. Alum is used for several purposes. It is mixed with tallow to harden it; it is required also in dyeing, to fix and brighten colors; and in tanning. It is employed fearfully by some bakers in order to adulterate flour, and to render the bread white and compact. Alum was first discovered in the East, and is generally supposed, as early as the eighth century. It continued to be imported until the fifteenth century, when the Italians, who had obtained possession of the alum works at Constantinople, introduced the art of manufacturing it into their own country. It was subsequently produced in England by Sir Thomas Chaloner, who, having observed, while in Italy in 1535, that the clay from which the alum was manufactured was exactly similar to some that abounded on his estate in Yorkshire, discovered, on his return home, that he possessed the means of obtaining an article equal to the Italian, and even in greater abundance.

#### Embroidery.

The art of working upon cloth with the needle, and embroidering figures of various kinds with different colored threads, is of very ancient date, being taught by the Egyptians to the Israelites. The Anglo-Saxon ladies were so famed for their skill in the art of embroidery, that their productions of the needle were highly esteemed in foreign countries, and called, by way of eminence, the *English work*. At first, threads exceedingly massy were employed for weaving and embroidery; and large tassels, the threads of which are of pure gold, have been discovered at Herculaneum.

#### Saddles.

Saddles are said to have been unknown to both the ancient Greeks and the early Romans. It was their custom to throw cloths or housings over the horse, and to fasten them by a girth. It is said that the saddle was introduced into this country by the Romans; and among the Saxons it differed but little from that in use at the present day. Stirrups were common in the sixth century, and the Saxons used them attached to their saddles as at present.

#### Candles.

The origin of candles is obscure. They were first used to light cathedrals and churches, and were made of wax. History records that Alfred the Great employed a graduated wax candle, enclosed in a lantern, as the best mode then known for ascertaining the divisions of time. Candles were not in general use for domestic purposes till towards the close of the thirteenth century.

# Editor's Table.

ELLIOTT, THOMES & TALBOT, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

## TERMS FOR 1865!

With the January number, the DOLLAR MONTHLY enters upon its *twenty-first* volume. Never before has it enjoyed so large a circulation as at the present time. Although we were obliged to raise the price with the October number, yet its circulation has continued steadily to increase, and now we print nearly *fifteen thousand* copies more than we did one year ago.

The terms of subscription for the year 1865 will be \$1.50 A YEAR; SEVEN COPIES \$9.00; TWELVE COPIES \$15.00; and an extra copy for every club of twelve.

We will send either THE AMERICAN UNION or THE FLAG OF OUR UNION with the MAGAZINE one year for \$4.00. The NOVELETTE and MAGAZINE will be sent one year for \$3.75. The whole of the foregoing publications will be sent one year for \$8.50.

Each of these publications is distinct and separate, every article being expressly prepared for the publication in which it appears.

## REMEMBER THE TERMS!

AMERICAN UNION and DOLLAR MONTHLY, one year, for \$4.00.

FLAG OF OUR UNION and DOLLAR MONTHLY, one year, for \$4.00.

NOVELETTE and DOLLAR MONTHLY, one year, for \$3.75.

The whole of these publications, one year, for \$8.50.

IMPROVED LANDS.—Vermont has a larger number of acres of improved land than any other New England State. Of cultivated acres Vermont has 2,758,448; Maine, 2,577,517; New Hampshire, 2,307,089; Massachusetts, 2,105,513; Connecticut, 1,880,308; and Rhode Island, 329,884.

## ETIQUETTE AND MANNERS.

According to the reports from newspaper correspondents, and gentlemen who are well qualified to judge, the society at the numerous watering places during the summer months has not been noted for its refinement, *comme il faut*, but it is not to be wondered at, after a moment's reflection. During the war thousands have made money who never expected to be worth a copper. The acquisition of a large number of greenbacks for supplying the army with adulterated coffee, shoddy uniforms and bad beef, has naturally turned the heads and hearts of men and women who were wont to be honest and conscientious members of society. Of course, under the impression that money covers up bad manners, many of those who become suddenly rich rushed to the fashionable resorts, and tried to imitate those who were accustomed to good society, thinking that it was only necessary to squander money, dress extravagantly, and assume impertinent airs, to have the deception complete. Of course, we need not inform our readers that well-bred people do not spout out their orders in the dining-room, swear at waiters, and boast of being able to pay all damages if a glass is broken; yet such scenes have been noted at Newport, Saratoga, and other watering towns, much to the disgust of people who like peace and quietness, when compelled to pay for it, as they do at the two places mentioned.

We recently met with an article on etiquette and manners, and will transfer to our columns some of the opinions that we found embodied in it, to show our readers what constitutes politeness in other countries. The article states that "you ought to salute all persons of your acquaintance wherever you happen to meet them. It is bad taste to refrain from saluting an inferior until he has first saluted you. Not to return a salute, out of pride, is the proof of a silly and narrow mind. In out-of-the-way places, and in the country, it is customary to salute unknown persons whom you chance to meet. If you

are walking with a friend, and he is saluted by one of his friends, you also are bound to return the salute, though unacquainted with the person who makes it. Intimate friends salute by a motion of the hand; equals, by taking off the hat and raising it a little above the head. A lady salutes by a motion of the head, or by a slight bend of the knee, as if making a curtsy. When, after exchanging salutations, you enter into conversation with a superior or a lady, you ought, in France, to remain uncovered, hat in hand, until requested to replace it.

"In general, when accosting acquaintances, it is best to avoid familiarity of manner, which sometimes savors of unpoliteness. An impudent fellow, one day meeting a grand personage and addressing him with 'Good day, my friend! how do you do?' received for answer, 'Good day, my friend, what's your name?'

"It is not allowable to take the hand of persons you meet, except between equals, or by a superior to an inferior. When you take any one's hand, you may press it gently, but not shake it. It is unpolite to call any one loudly by name in the street.

"If you ask your way, it must always be done with the most extreme politeness, taking off your hat, even when addressing persons of quite an inferior class. In obedience to the law, 'Do to others as you would be done by,' the person so addressed is bound to supply the required information, if he can. In villages only, and the desert streets of towns, it is allowable to enter houses to make inquiries.

"Calls or visits are one of the connecting links of society; they bring people together and keep up more intimate relations than could arise from mere business intercourse. We cannot, therefore, allow, with misanthropes, that calls are too wearisome, and that they ought to be abolished. They are useful and even necessary, when made judiciously and a propos. If you come to settle in a town, whether in an official capacity or for affairs, it is usual to make what is termed 'a general call' on the persons with whom you have to do. In short, in France, the new-comer is the *first* to call; he is expected to seek, instead of waiting to be sought. After a dinner, ball, or evening party, you should call on your entertainer within the week following. The first case is sometimes spoken of as a '*visite de digestion*.'

Perhaps these are rather rigid rules to impose upon those who gather at watering

places, but at least they might imitate some of them, and thus improve society, as it has existed the past season at the fashionable resorts.

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#### MOON DAYS.

An English savant argues that "a day in the moon" equals fourteen of our days. It begins with a slow sunshine, followed by a brilliant sunshine and intense heat (about 212 degrees Fahr.); the sky is intensely black (there being no atmosphere like ours, to which blue sky is due); the stars are visible and the horizon is limited; there is dead silence; the cold in the intensely black shadow is very great; and there is no aerial perspective. Thus the moon is no place for man, or any animals or vegetables that we know of. The "night of the moon" (fourteen of our days) begins with a slow sunset, which is followed by intense cold (about 334 degrees below zero).

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#### A REFORMATION.

Thomas, the third son of Bishop Burnet, caused his father great grief by his excesses. One day the bishop observing the peculiar gravity of his son's countenance, asked, "on what he was thinking." "On a greater work than your 'History of the Reformation,'—*my own*," was the reply. "I shall be heartily glad to see it," said the father, "though I almost despair of it." It was undertaken, however, and vigorously pursued. The young rouse became a leading lawyer, and finally attained the rank of chief justice of the common pleas. He died in 1753.

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BRICK TEA.—Brick tea is nearly all shipped to Russia. Probably very few people out of China know what brick tea is. It is the refuse and powder of various kinds of tea worked up with blood into cakes looking like bricks.

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CLUBS.—Fifty-four workingmen's clubs have been established in England the present year, in addition to those already organized.

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GERMANS IN UNITED STATES.—There are said to be at least 4,000,000 Germans in the United States, 1,333,000 of whom are Lutherans.

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FAMILY TIES.—Strong family attachments are said to be a feature generally met with in superior minds.

## Facts and Fancies.

### "GOING IT BLIND."

Old Judge L—, who was for years the circuit judge of Louisiana, known as Attakapas county, was justly celebrated for his legal learning, and was greatly beloved by his neighbors and his friends. He was stern, upright and honest, and the death of the good old man, which occurred some years ago, was universally regretted throughout the State.

But with all his book-lore and legal attainments, he was, perhaps, not the greatest man at cards in his entire circuit. It has been said that he did not know the "Jack of Trumps" from a diamond. In the village of Opelousas three individuals were sitting around a table, in one of those doggeries, "with a billiard table attached," which are so common in the Creole parishes, playing a small game of three-handed poker, when a quarrel ensued, which resulted in an aggravated case of assault and battery. This did not end the affair, for at the next term of the court, at the head of the docket, stood "The State of Louisiana vs. John Allen, for an assault and battery, with intent to kill, on the body of Enos Griggs."

The trial came on, and the only witness to the affray was a Captain Johnson, who was the third in the game. Johnson was the skipper of one of those craft which transport sugar from that section of the country to New Orleans, and was a self-confident, go-ahead fellow, and was as undaunted before the judge and jury as he would have been before the crew of his own little craft. After being sworn, he was directed to tell the court and jury everything he knew about the affair. After clearing his throat, he commenced by stating "that him and Griggs, and John Allen, were over at Boulet's grocery, the second day of election, when Allen proposed that they should have a small game of poker; all agreed to it, and we went up stairs and sat down to the game; did not know there was any harsh feelings between Griggs and Allen, or I wouldn't a played, but heard afterwards—"

Here the witness was interrupted by the court, who directed him to keep all hearsays to himself, and confine himself strictly to the facts of the case.

The witness continued:

"Well, we sat down to the table—Griggs

sat there, John Allen here, and I there (making a diagram of the clerk's table, in order to elucidate the position of the parties). John Allen dealt the cards; I went blind; Griggs he went blind, and John Allen he wouldn't see him."

The Judge, who was a little deaf, was in the habit of making an ear-trumpet of his hand, for the purpose of sharpening his hearing, and, throwing his head a little forwards and sideways, interrupted the witness by asking him:

"What was the reason that John Allen didn't see Griggs?"

"The witness replied:

"I don't know, but he wouldn't look at him."

"Proceed," said the judge.

"Well, I saw him, and he saw, and just at that minute—"

"Stop, sir," said the judge, throwing himself into a hearing attitude, "did I understand you to say you went *blind*?"

"Yes, sir; I went blind, and Griggs he was blind, and Allen wouldn't see, but I saw Griggs, and then he saw—"

"Witness," exclaimed the judge, striking the bench with his clenched fist, "do I hear you right, sir? Do you say that you went *blind*, and then you *saw*?"

"Yes, sir," replied the witness, "I saw Griggs, and Griggs saw, and just at that—"

"Stop, sir," said the judge. "Mr. Clerk, fine the witness fifty dollars for contempt of court, and direct the sheriff to take him to jail, and there to keep him until he receives further orders from the court. Call up the next case, Mr. Clerk."

Captain Johnson was dumbfounded, and did not awake to the reality of his condition, until the sheriff laid his hands upon him, when he exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Mr. Judge, what have I done that I must go to jail?"

The judge, who was purple with rage, did not deign to reply to poor Johnson, but reiterated the order with increased vehemence, and the junior members of the bar, who had been anticipating the fix that the captain would eventually be placed in, were convulsed with laughter, which increased the rage of old judge to the highest pitch. The prose-

cutting attorney endeavored to enlighten the judge, and eventually succeeded; but not until he had produced a pack of cards, and after dealing out three hands, made the *blind* clear as day to the judge.

The fine and imprisonment were remitted, order was restored in the court, and Captain Johnson was allowed to proceed with his testimony.

### NO USE RAPPING.

Up on the Salisbury road, just outside of the town, there is a cemetery, the broad gate of which is seldom closed. Just at the entrance is a receiving tomb with a high front and iron door. So much for the "scene." Time, 1864. Neighbor L., so called for the want of a better name, had been out of town, and was on his way home. During his absence he had indulged somewhat in those libations which inebriate. Approaching the cemetery, he, supposing the tomb to be a tavern, drove up his team, and, hitching his horse to the gate, walked leisurely to the iron door and commenced knocking. The length of time which he continued knocking deponent saith not; he only knows that a gentleman driving by just at dusk, had his curiosity so aroused by the scene, that he halted, and inquired of the man in search of the landlord under difficulties, what he was about.

"Tryin' to wake the folks in here—can't rouse 'em—should think they were all dead!"

"Why, this is a cemetery, sir, and you are rapping at the door of a tomb."

"Am I?" said the man, who took the information very coolly, "then I guess it's no use rapping any longer;" and off he went.

### A PARTICULAR MAN.

Dick Davenant believes in putting things exactly as they are according to Lindley Murray, and keeping them so at somebody's expense.

Dick has a mill down on the upper Brandywine—makes the best corn meal in the market, and has the widest range of custom of any miller in four Delaware "Hundreds."

The other morning Sam Slathers slambang-ed into Dick's mill after a hundred of meal, and put it to Dick this way:

"Mornin', Dick. What's meal?"

"Meal—as usual, Sam."

"Sho! I mean how is it?"

"Pretty well, thank you. Always is."

"Blast it, man—what do you charge for it?"

"Don't charge at all, Sam. Have to sell for cash these war times."

"O, thunder! How does it go?"

"In barrels, bags, pillow-cases—sometimes in tin pans."

"Confound it all! How can you afford it?"

"I can't in reality. But I have to sell it as low as they do in the village."

"Lightnin'! Can't you understand English?"

"Not your way of speaking it."

"Well, I'll be banged. Here's a five dollar note. Will that buy a h-u-n-d-r-e-d?"

"A hundred what, Sam?"

"Gosh mighty! Can't I make the man understand me. Mr. Davenant—I want to buy a hundred weight of corn meal. How much will it be?"

"Just a hundred weight, of course."

"Look here, Dick—take this five, and give me some meal for it."

"Certainly, Mr. Slathers. Here is a dollar change, and now I'll weigh you out a hundred pounds of meal."

"And it's about time," muttered Sam.

### A LARGE LEMONADE.

A number of years ago, during a session of the New England Yearly Meeting of Friends at Newport, Rhode Island, a certain Quaker of the "free and easy" sort, from abroad, early one morning, feeling a "hankering" after something stronger than cold water or the smell of the sea-breeze, wandered into a basement-saloon on Thames street, determined to have something "cheering." A boy about twelve years of age, the only occupant of the place, stood behind the bar, evidently ready to wait on customers.

"Boy, dost thou attend here?" asked the Friend.

"Yes, sir—ee—about six days in the week," he replied, with a consequential air.

"Can thou make a lemonade?"

"Yes, and put a 'stick' in it if you like!"

"Well, thou may make me one; but I will give thee directions how to proceed. Now take one of thy largest tumblers and squeeze a lemon into it."

The boy immediately took a pint glass from the shelf and complied with the Quaker's request.

"Now thou may fill it about half full with thy best brandy; then put in three or four spoonfuls of sugar, and fill up the tumbler with water."

The juvenile bar-tender followed these direc-

tions in every particular, while his tutor stood rubbing his hands with pleasure as he anticipated the richness of the draught the boy was concocting. When it was ready, Broadbrim raised it to his lips and quaffed it with the *gusto* of one who was indulging in his favorite beverage. After paying for the drink, he patted the boy patronizingly on the shoulder, exclaiming as he did so, with an occasional smack of his lips:

*"Thou art a small boy; but thou makes a large lemonade!"*

### AN INDIGNANT COMMITTEE.

In an interior town they had, several years ago, a Philharmonic Society. They gave several concerts for the purpose of raising money to defray the cost of instruments, etc., and Adams was requested by the committee to sell some of the tickets to the concert. The performance was to be Haydn's Oratorio of the "Creation," the different parts, of course, to be taken by ladies and gentlemen of the society. Adams had unusual success in disposing of his tickets; in truth, some astonishment was created at the rapidity with which he worked them off. But presently it came to their ears that as a recommendation to purchasers, he represented that the performance was to be in costume. As the principal parts were Adam and Eve before the fall, the committee were indignant, and incontinently removed our over-zealous friend from office.

### WEALTHY MATILDY; OR, THE FATHER'S KUSS.

#### CHAPTER I.

matildy was welthy, she wos ann onley dorter. her farther rolled in his kerridge, and soled shoose for a livin att holesell. he lived on the back ba, nere beekon strete, in the sittly of bosting, & his mete bil was tremen juice!

#### CHAPTER II.

Jaikobb jinkersun loved metildy! aforesaid. jaik was poore! in sacked, hee wos so poore hee koodent stan a draught fur thre hundred thowsend moer! hee head know doeh! know sponse, knot mutch! metildy loved jaik kornsiderderable! "Sutch is life!"

#### CHAPTER III.

Metildy's farther sed shee shoood marry fitzklarence fitzpoodle. how hard! as shee diagustic hymn eckstreamly. she koodent tolly-raik hymn bekos he achtoualley skwinted! that's soe.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Things are getting kornsiderderably twisted up.

#### CHAPTER V.

Jaik eloped with meetilday! tha was marid! meetilday & her husband wreturnd 2 bosting. tha begged metildy's farther 2 forgiv & forgit! hee reefewsed! hee will never forgit! \* \* \* \* \* eye jest past 2 poore fookes, tha was very see day! it was meetildy & meetildy's husband! ! tha wos lookin fur wurk. they dident fined it. meetildy mite hayve marrid fitzklarence fitzpewdel! ann hev lived in a pallashall stile, and also might hev perewsed thee atlantick monthly! Sutch is life!

### MAKING A GREAT FUSS.

Two Dutch farmers at Kinderhook, whose farms were adjacent, were out in their respective fields, when one overheard an unusual loud hallooing in the direction of a gap in a high stone wall, and ran with all speed to the place, and the following brief conversation ensued: "Shon, vat ish te matter?"

"Vell, den," says John, "I was trying to climb on to top of dish high stone wall, and I fell off, and all to stone wall tumpel down on to me, and it hash broke one of mine legs off, and both of mine arms off, and smashed mine ribs in, and deese pig stones are lying onto te top of mine body.

"Ish dat all?" says the other, "vy, you hollow, so big loud I tot you got de toof ache."

### BEEF TEA.

A venerable Scotch divine, who in his day and generation was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to make some beef tea, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent.

"Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!"

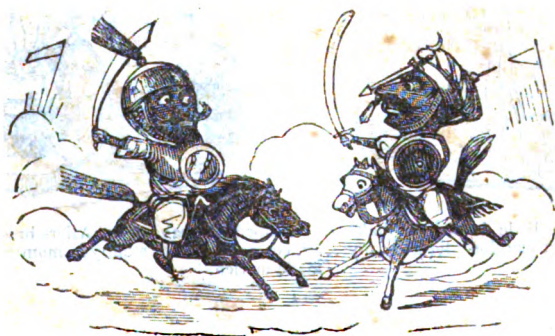


# Life Scenes of the Present Times.



A WASHINGTON STREET SCENE.

"Now, young ones, blow the expense. Give us a good shine, while I look at the girls."



A WAR SCENE.

The Virginia Chivalry, on a raiding expedition, have just heard of Sheridan's victory.

# THE DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.



Country Pedagogue—"Now, you young rogue, tell me what c a t spell?  
Young Rogue—"Dog, sir!"



Indignant Nurse—"You little brat, I'll shake your daylight's out of you, if you don't let go of my hair."



Escaped Contrabands—"Allers bress cotton, honey, cos de two bales what yer mammy got off has made us rich."

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